



# THE INDEPENDENT

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## NEWS SECTION

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7 PAGES OF SPORT

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## BROADSHEET REVIEW



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# Branson: I lost lottery after refusing to fund the Tories

RICHARD BRANSON yesterday indicated that he lost the contract to run the National Lottery because he refused to make a donation to the Conservative Party.

BY STEVE BOGGAN AND JEREMY WARNER

dropped that he would receive "favours" - possibly honours - if he made a donation.

Mr Branson received the dinner invitation via a senior party fundraiser who, during a telephone call, claimed to be "close to the director-general of Oflot" - the lottery regulator.

He said: "I had this bizarre call during the process of the lottery just before the decision was made. It was from a senior

fundraiser for the Tory party who asked if I wanted to have dinner with a senior person in the party."

Asked whether that figure was Mr Major, Mr Branson confirmed it was. He continued: "I wrote back and said I did not think it was a good idea. I felt it would be invidious at that time. It was an unnecessary call."

There was something else during the conversation from the fundraiser when I was told that the caller knew the director-general of Oflot very well. I

was uncomfortable with that. However, Mr Branson said he felt the fundraiser, whom he refused to name, was acting without the knowledge of Mr Major.

"I like John Major," he said. "I do not think he would have behaved like that. I thought he was being used."

There was widespread surprise four years ago when Mr Branson's non-profit-making lottery bid lost out to Camelot. The Virgin tycoon revealed last year how Guy Snowden, chairman of G/Tech, part of the Camelot

consortium, had offered him a bribe to drop out of the race, but he famously refused. He won a libel case against Mr Snowden in June this year.

Mr Branson, 47, said he was regularly offered hints of honours in return for donations. "It was fundraisers who approached, never ministers - they always put people between them," he said.

Asked whether he had ever been explicitly offered a knighthood or another honour, Mr Branson replied: "It was never

that clear cut. Everything was done by innuendo. It was made clear that if I scratched their back they would scratch mine."

"It was made clear that either you were a friend of the party or you were not a friend of the party. Obviously, friends would benefit. Clearly donating was important."

Mr Branson is arguably Britain's most successful businessmen but he has never been honoured - even though he is expected to be recognised within the next couple of years.

Labour turned down his nomination by the Tory leader, William Hague, for the last New Year's Honours List.

Mr Branson's book, *Lost My Virginity: The Autobiography*, is published next week, but he said yesterday that he could not recall whether he had named the fundraisers who hinted at favours.

"Hopefully, the new Conservative Party will show they are above this kind of thing," he said. "Whichever party is in power, they get the money and they do

not want to change the system, but it has to be changed."

He said he believed state funding of parties should be considered. "At the very least, all donations should be instantly published," he said.

A spokesman for the Tory party said: "The Conservative Party never accepts donations with strings attached and has never done so."

Branson's battle; Honours for favours, page 2  
Leading article, Review, page 3

## Clinton's message of peace to Omagh

THE PEOPLE of the battered town of Omagh yesterday put aside their grief for a day, turning out in their thousands to extend a warm welcome to Bill Clinton.

The beleaguered American President's visit to the County Tyrone town, with Hillary Clinton and Tony and Cherie Blair, was the focal point of a one-day visit which emphasised continuing US support for the peace process.

The two couples spent a harrowing hour in an Omagh gymnasium meeting relatives of some of the 28 people killed by a bomb planted by the so-called Real IRA earlier this month. They also met many of the injured, including a young girl who had both eyes covered with bandages and a boy with bandaged hands. Some had been released from hospital for the day.

The Clintons and the Blairs were said to have been deeply moved by the experience. Tony Blair's spokesman said he had found the courage and determination of the people inspirational, adding: "Just as on the Prime Minister's previous visit to Omagh, many of the people told him to keep going with the peace process."

This sentiment summed up the message delivered by Mr Clinton in a number of speeches during the day. He said of the chance of peace: "Do not let it slip away. It will not come again in our lifetimes. Give your leaders the support they need to make the hard, but necessary decisions."

"There will be hard roads ahead. The terror in Omagh was not the last bomb of the Troubles. It was the opening shot of a vicious attack on the peace. The question is not whether there will be more bombs and more attempts to undo with violence the verdict of the ballot box. There will be."

Speaking from the same platform, the Prime Minister called on local political leaders to take risks "even when close supporters criticise" and to show courage and imagination. This was viewed as directed towards

BY DAVID MCKITTRICK  
Ireland Correspondent

the Ulster Unionists' leader, David Trimble, some of whose colleagues are expressing opposition to moves towards a meeting with Sinn Fein's president, Gerry Adams.

This key political set-piece of the day, at Belfast's recently built Waterfront Hall, brought a moment which might be characterised either as a confrontation or the beginnings of engagement. In what was seen as a tough speech, Mr Trimble declared: "I say to those who are crossing the bridge from terror to democracy. Every move you make towards peace, I welcome. If you take the road of peace and do so in genuine good faith, you will find me a willing leader in that journey."

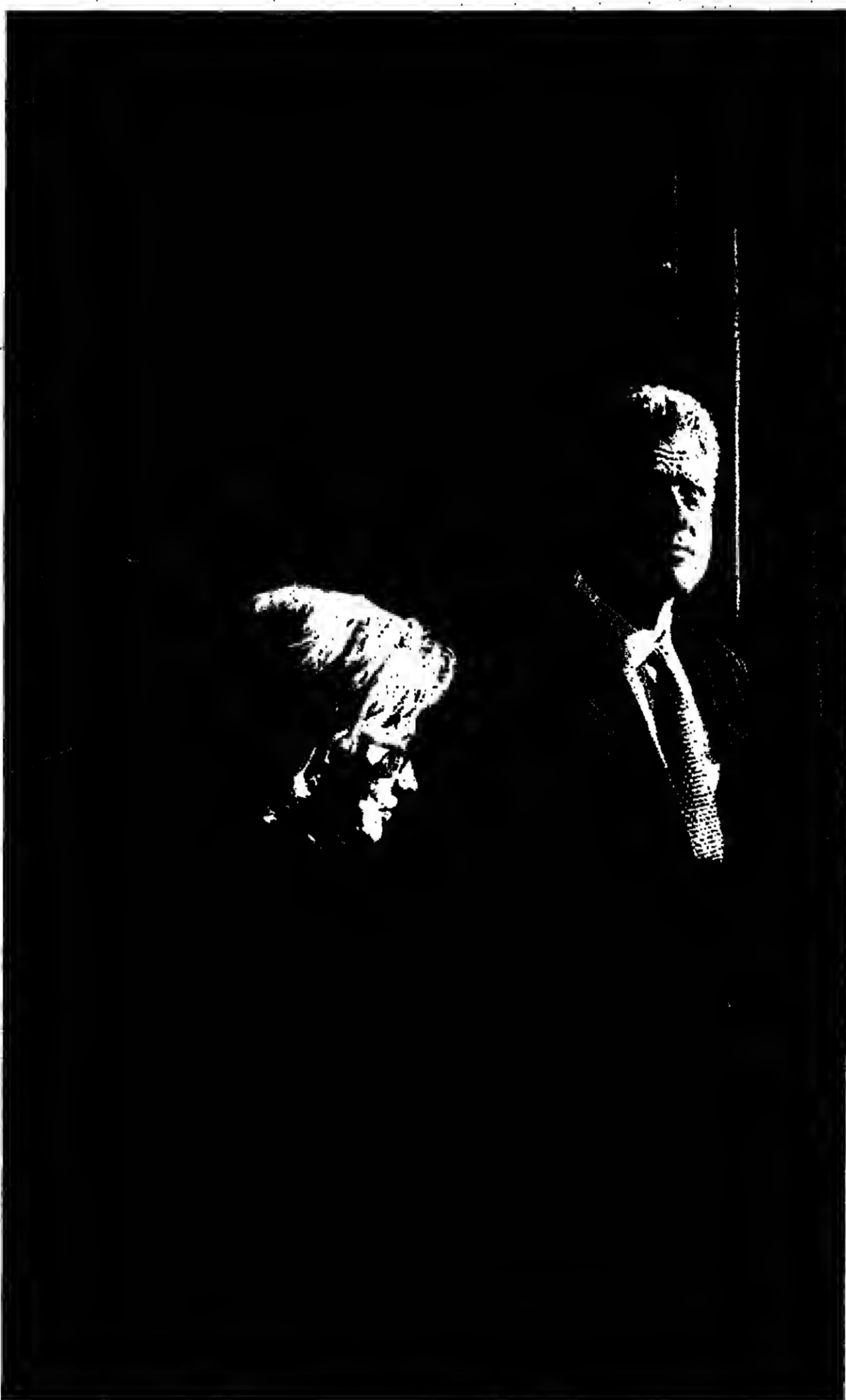
He also warned, however, that if the war was really over there could be no justification for holding on to illegal weapons, saying he could not reconcile seeking positions in government with a failure to dismantle terrorist organisations.

As he delivered these strictures he repeatedly glanced in the direction of Gerry Adams and Martin McGuinness of Sinn Fein, who were seated in the front row of the audience. The occasion was thus one of visual, if not yet verbal engagement.

Earlier, Mr Clinton met members of the Belfast Assembly, which he commended as a key part of the Good Friday Agreement and the peace process. He was afterwards to be seen in less formal mood, taking tea with the Northern Ireland Secretary, Mo Mowlam, and Mr Trimble.

In Omagh, Hillary Clinton laid flowers at a plaque which has been temporarily placed on a stone plinth close to the spot where the bomb exploded. The Clintons and Blairs walked through Market Street, spending longer than had been expected meeting local people.

Real IRA told to disband; A troubled visit, page 4  
Terror Bill debate, page 8



President Bill Clinton and his wife, Hillary, surveying bomb-damaged shops in Omagh

J Scott Applewhite

## 229 dead as jet crashes into Atlantic

SWISSAIR PILOTS issued the ultimate distress call "Pan-pan, pan, pan" as they fought vainly to keep the crippled flight 111 aloft, late on Wednesday night and make it to the airport in Halifax, airline officials said yesterday.

But their time ran out 10 minutes too early as the MD-11 jet - many of its passengers already dressed in life jackets as smoke poured into the cockpit - plunged into the Atlantic off the coast of the eastern Canadian province Nova Scotia.

The plane had been bound from New York to Geneva with 229 people on board, including 214 passengers.

While some 40 bodies had been recovered last night, at-

BY ANDREW MARSHALL  
in Peggy's Cove, Nova Scotia

most all hope of finding survivors of the crash had been abandoned. It was the worst disaster in Switzerland's aviation history and echoes the crash of TWA 800 off Long Island just over two years ago, which had also left New York bound for Europe.

As distraught relatives and friends of those on board the MD-11, three-engined aircraft gathered in airports in both New York and Geneva, investigators last night said they had no indication that the accident had been the work of terrorists.

Last flight of the 'UN shuttle', page 3

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**INSIDE**  
FULL CONTENTS  
PAGE 2  
TODAY'S TV  
SECTION 2, PAGE 26

### HOME

Children as young as four may be grouped in school according to their ability

PAGE 5

### POLITICS

Paddy Ashdown has unveiled a radical overhaul of Liberal Democrat policy

PAGE 8

### FOREIGN

Taliban militiamen in Afghanistan reportedly massacred thousands of Shia Muslims

PAGE 11

### BUSINESS

Jobs may be at risk after Shell and Texaco merge their refining and marketing business

PAGE 14

### SPORT

The Premier League is to talk to a group behind plans for a European super league

PAGE 26



JAN 16 1999





# Northern Ireland: President brings healing touch to devastated town as republican factions split over use of violence

## Provisionals tell Real IRA to disband

A VIOLENT feud between rival factions of Irish republicanism threatened to erupt last night as leaders of the dissident Real IRA were ordered to disband or face unspecified "reprisals" from the Provisionals.

A statement from the national executive of the 32 County Sovereignty Committee, which Gardaí believe is linked to the Real IRA, revealed the warning in a statement issued in Dublin yesterday.

The latest threats were allegedly made by senior Provisional IRA army council representatives during visits to

BY ALAN MURDOCH  
in Dublin

homes of up to 60 people this week saying action would be taken if the Real IRA did not disband within a fortnight.

"In the last 48 hours threats have been received from fellow republicans," it said. "This sullies the name of republicanism and we want these people to stop making threats against us."

The threat follows alleged warnings last month from Provisionals to individual members of the splinter group that they were now "dead men walk-

ing" as a result of the Omagh bombing. One man who was visited at his home added: "Two men called at my door and said the Real IRA had no right to exist and accused it of misappropriating weapons."

"At other houses, members of the Sovereignty Committee were told they had no right to speak against the peace process. Some were simply warned that action would be taken against them if they did not make amends within a fortnight ... others were informed they would be shot."

"Some of the callers ex-

plained they were just following orders." Universal anger at the Omagh killings are thought to have led to a number of supporters of the Real IRA backing away from further involvement.

Last week a split between those wishing to end the campaign and a rump committed to continuing violence was cited by Dublin observers as the reason for a failure to announce an anticipated Real IRA complete ceasefire. News of the private warnings follows a public instruction by the mainstream republican movement.

Interviewed in yesterday's O

issue of Sinn Féin's weekly newspaper *An Phoblacht*, Republican News (APRN), an IRA spokesperson said: "Irish republicans throughout the 32 counties have, both privately and publicly, made very clear their anger at the actions of those responsible for the (Omagh) bomb. They have done only disservice to the republican cause. They have no coherent political strategy; they are not a credible alternative to the Irish Republican Army."

"In the immediate aftermath of the Omagh bomb they announced a temporary halt to

their actions. This is insufficient. They should disband and do so sooner rather than later." Leading Real IRA figures have faced local hostility from Dundalk to County Cork after being identified in national and local media.

From today Real IRA members will face intensified police action in the Irish Republic after new laws making it easier to prosecute members of illegal organisations and those directing or assisting terrorism took effect last night.

The Irish Senate (Senate) yesterday backed the package following the Dail's approval on

Wednesday. With President Mary McAleese visiting Australia, her role in signing the legislation into law was taken by the three-strong Presidential Commission, comprising the Chief Justice and the speakers of the Dail and Seanad. If the Provisionals are drawn into a protracted violent feud recalling that when the 1970 split with the so-called Official IRA sparked years of beatings and shootings, the implications for Sinn Féin's role in the Stormont Assembly and the wider peace process could be serious.

Sinn Féin has formally endorsed the Good Friday Agreement and the earlier Mitchell principles specifically rejecting violence.

Clear breaches by the Provisionals of the principles now would present major difficulties for the embryonic consensus between unionists, nationalists and republicans.

Last week a widely-predicted complete ceasefire by the Real IRA failed to materialise, prompting rumours of an internal rift between those wishing to end the campaign and a hard-line rump.

## Clinton says get rid of all weapons

THE CLINTON visit was unarguably a big day in Northern Ireland yesterday, even if there was little of the jubilation and celebration which marked his first trip just under three years ago.

The theme of hope and the possibility of political progress ran through the day, though there was an emphasis on how many difficulties lie ahead in the peace process.

The event was, however, overshadowed by four separate elements. One was the Monica Lewinsky affair and the possibility of further embarrassments on Bill Clinton's return to Washington; a second was the Omagh bombing; a third was the fear, which he himself voiced, that "Omagh was not the last bomb of the troubles". On top of all these came the Nova Scotia air crash.

But if the visit understandably did not re-capture the euphoria and elation of the first Clinton trip in late 1995, it was by no means a dismal affair. A ceremony to mark a projected new peaceline university in the heart of west Belfast's urban deprivation, for example, concentrated attention on the themes of youth and education.

In Omagh, a suspicion that townspeople were growing tired of visits from VIPs in the wake of the bombing seemed to be dispelled when thousands flocked to the streets to see the president. Most of the rest of the Clinton visit to Belfast was meant to be seen

BY DAVID MCKITTRICK  
Ireland Correspondent

as a strong re-affirmation of US support for the peace process in general and in particular the Good Friday agreement with its centrepiece of the new assembly. He first met assembly members at Stormont, ranging from Sinn Féin to the Democratic Unionists.

Then at Belfast's Waterfront Hall pride of place was given to the assembly's leaders, first minister-designate David Trimble, leader of the Ulster Unionists, and his nationalist deputy Seamus Mallon. They shared the stage with Bill Clinton and Tony Blair.

In a short passage in his main speech the president set out two major targets: "To de-commission weapons of war that are obsolete in Northern Ireland at peace; to move forward with a formation of an executive council."

Intense American pre-visit diplomacy did not succeed in bringing about either actual de-commissioning or the handshake between David Trimble and Gerry Adams which would signal that both would be taking their places in an executive to run Northern Ireland.

But it did help propel the two sides towards each other, with Trimble-Adams meetings now in prospect and this week's republican moves on de-commissioning and on other fronts. The visit also served to show how far politics has already moved.



President Bill Clinton holds a copy of 'The Independent' with a picture of his wife Hillary on the front page, taken at her speech in Belfast last night

PA



Bill Clinton shakes hands with Sinn Féin's Martin McGuinness (left) watched by the party's leader, Gerry Adams

## Mr Retaliation comes to town

UNDER A balmy evening sky, President Clinton stood on the exact spot where the Omagh bomb exploded and wiped tears from his eyes.

Visibly moved as he stood amid the remaining wreckage, the American president unveiled a plaque in memory of the victims. In scenes described by the Prime Minister's spokesman as "very sombre and subdued", he then made his way down the tiny street to where a sea of people were waiting to greet him, accompanied by Mrs Clinton, Tony and Cherie Blair and Mo Mowlam.

As he moved slowly towards the crowds, surrounded by dozens of bodyguards and followed by a long line of limousines, the mood lifted with the

BY DARIUS SANAI

sounds of hundreds of people cheering.

Among the crowd were nurses from the hospitals where the injured were treated after the bombing and members of the fire and ambulance services.

"He had tears in his eyes," said Brenda O'Leary, one of the nurses. "I know he's a politician, but they were genuine."

He had arrived late to greet the crowd of 3,000 in the centre of Omagh yesterday afternoon, having spent longer than planned on a visit together with Mr Blair and the first ladies, to the local leisure centre.

There, away from the eyes of the media, they met the injured and the relatives of the victims

of the bomb - at the same riverside leisure centre where they had gathered after the blast waiting to hear if their loved ones had survived. The Clintons were said to be "very moved" by the experience.

No town that has witnessed the death and destruction wrought in Omagh could be expected to welcome any politician with wide open arms. But the Clintons received an unexpectedly warm welcome.

Above Market Street, where wreaths of flowers and teddy bears and cards dotted the spots where children had been killed by the Real IRA bomb, a young woman was pushing a pram. Summing up the thoughts of many of her townsfolk, she said that being the cen-

tre of world attention for a positive reason would inevitably galvanise the desire for peace.

"What's funny though," said Bronagh McCusker, "is that we all said there should be no retaliation when the bomb hit, and the politicians said it too. So what does Clinton do when the US Embassy is attacked? He retaliates by bombing civilians."

Claran and Liam Hagan, teenage cousins, were at the front of the crowd as the president's party arrived in town. "How can it not make a difference?" said Claran. "He spent so much time fighting for peace here."

Mary McAnerney said that President Clinton had made a particular effort to spend time

with the small children in the crush at the front of the crowd. "Even though I know a lot of these things are politically motivated, it still helps us."

Earlier in Belfast, Mr Clinton said it was the will of the people which had brought the country to a new moment of political hope, but he warned of a hard road ahead.

"The question is not whether tempers will flare and debates will be divisive. They certainly will be."

"The question is: How will you react to it all, to the violence? How will you deal with your differences? Can the bad habits and brute forces of yesterday break your will for tomorrow's peace. That is the question."

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## Blair to delay PR until after next election

TONY BLAIR is to delay reforms to the voting system for Parliamentary elections until after the next general election.

The decision, which means the next election will be fought under the present first-past-the-post system, will anger Labour supporters of electoral reform and the Liberal Democrats, who had hoped the Prime Minister would endorse immediate change to a more proportional method.

His critics will regard Mr Blair's position as a cynical calculation that Labour will win an overall majority at the next election, and then introduce electoral reform for the poll after next, when it may need to join forces with Paddy Ashdown's party to keep the

BY ANDREW GRICE  
Political Correspondent

Tories out of power.

In a policy document published yesterday, the LibDems pencilled in October next year as the likely date for the referendum on the voting system promised in Labour's election manifesto last year. But senior ministers told *The Independent* there was no prospect of the referendum being held before 2000, since legislation would not be introduced in the crowded Parliamentary session starting this November.

Another reason for delay is that changing the voting system would almost certainly require the Boundary Commission to redraw the map of Parliamen-



Opponents over PR: Robin Cook and John Prescott

tary constituencies, a process that would take two or three years. With Mr Blair likely to call the next election in 2001, there would not be time for a boundary review to be carried out by then.

Mr Blair will soon start con-



Opponents over PR: Robin Cook and John Prescott

sulting senior ministers about the scale of voting reform. He is treading cautiously because the Cabinet is split between supporters of full-scale proportional representation (PR), such as Robin Cook, the Foreign Secretary, and opponents

of change, who include John Prescott, the Deputy Prime Minister and Gordon Brown, the Chancellor.

Mr Blair, who has said he is "not persuaded" about PR, is expected to seek a Cabinet consensus for a limited change under which voters would list candidates in their order of preference instead of voting for one as under first-past-the-post.

Such a system is expected to be recommended next month by a commission, set up by Mr Blair last year, which is chaired by Lord Jenkins, the LibDem peer and former Labour minister. Under the Jenkins plan, the single-member constituencies would be reduced from 659 to about 500, with a

"top-up" of about 100 MPs elected according to each party's share of the overall vote.

Mr Blair is anxious to limit the number elected on a proportional basis. He wants a system under which it would still be possible for one party to win an overall majority, so that Britain would not be governed by a series of coalitions. Mr Blair therefore opposed a previous plan by Lord Jenkins for one third of MPs to be elected according to each party's share of the total vote.

Close allies insisted yesterday that Mr Blair had not made up his mind on electoral reform, with one saying: "It's a huge decision, one of the biggest he will make. It will require a delicate balancing act."

0500 804 804

# Infants to be in streamed classes

CHILDREN AS young as four may be set or grouped according to ability, ministers made clear yesterday.

New tests, which are compulsory for all children starting primary school this term, could play a part in deciding how young children are grouped.

Charles Clarke, the schools minister, said he was sympathetic towards the idea of more setting and streaming in primary schools. He said that the tests' purpose was to tell teachers what children could do, not to provide a basis for setting, but added: "Teachers should use all the evidence, of which this assessment will be a relatively small part, if they are going to go down the road of setting."

"It would be a mistake for a teacher to rely entirely on these assessments in taking a decision about setting or streaming."

Research into the results of pilot tests show that girls' performance surpasses boys even at the age of four or five, suggesting that lower primary school sets may be dominated by boys.

Teachers and parents argued that it was dangerous to associate "baseline assessments" for five-year-olds with setting, which separates children into groups by ability for different subjects. Streaming, by contrast, separates groups of children for all subjects.

Mr Clarke urged parents not to coach children for the tests. Assessments, which must be carried out in the first seven weeks of term, will include recognising and writing numbers one to 10, writing and spelling their own names correctly, recognising letters by shape and sound, and concentrating without supervision for 10 minutes.

Mr Clarke said coaching could be "counter-productive" because it is important that teachers and parents "understand directly, openly and honestly what a child's capabilities are". However, the Government is sending out a million leaflets to parents explaining how they can help their child to do well at school by talking to them, counting with them, encouraging them to use new words and showing them how to write their names using capital and lower-case letters.

The tests have three purposes: to improve teachers' knowledge of their pupils; to measure pupils' progress and therefore schools' effectiveness; and to encourage more co-operation between parents and teachers.

For the first time, ministers argue, teachers will know how to help the slowest and stretch the brightest pupils.

Parents who were unhappy with the assessment results should discuss them with teachers, Mr Clarke said. "One of the most damaging aspects of the way children are taught in this country is that there is not enough understanding between parents, teachers and children."

Margaret Tully, chair of the Campaign for State Education, said: "If assessment is going to play even a small part in deciding what group children are going to be taught in, then of course parents are going to coach children. They won't want them turning up at age five and being put straight in the bottom set."

Doug McCauley, general secretary of the National Union of Teachers, said baseline testing was designed to provide only a snapshot of a child's ability. "To overplay the role of baseline assessment in terms of setting is dangerous waters."

Most primary schools used individual grouping methods, with teachers responding from day to day to children's needs, he said. They would not want to start formal grouping of children in separate classrooms.

Ministers have said that assessing each pupil should take no longer than 20 minutes. Nigel de Grey, general secretary of the National Association of Schoolmasters/Union of Women Teachers, expressed concern about the workload. "I can only wonder what the other children in the class will be doing while one pupil is being individually observed and assessed."

John Coe, spokesman for the National Association of Primary Education, said setting could increase social division in schools. "Middle-class parents will appreciate the importance of getting their children in the top set and so, of course, they will coach them."

Government sources said later that it was unlikely that many five-year-olds would be set by ability.

BY JUDITH JUDD  
Education Editor

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Samuel Swanborough, aged four, meets his teacher, Mrs Share, on his first day at Oaklands Infant School, Crowthorne, Berkshire. John Voss

## BT plans faster internet access

BY PETER THAL LARSEN

BRITISH TELECOM is planning to bring the information superhighway to every home in the country as part of a high-speed telecom service it launched yesterday.

The service, to be called Home Highway, allows information junkies to talk on the phone while surfing the Internet by massively expanding the amount of information that can be carried over a normal phone line.

Ashin Mohebbi, managing director of BT's business division, predicted that the service would be available in the majority of UK homes within the next five years. "It is not for the technically gifted but for the mass market," he said.

However, observers criticised BT for the high price it is charging for the service. The company plans to charge £27 per month for line rental - three times more than the rental charge for a normal phone line. Users will also have to pay more than £100 to have the service installed.

Highway is based on a technology which converts copper wires to carry digital signals, allowing them to transport much more information.

The service is aimed at the growing number of people who work from home and need a fast connection to the Internet or their companies' computers. BT is also launching a Business Highway service aimed at small businesses.

The technology will allow users to access the Internet at a speed of 128 Kilobits per second - twice the speed available with the fastest conventional modem. Crucially, however, the service will allow users to make and receive telephone calls even while they are online.

But industry experts questioned whether BT's offering was fast enough. Cable & Wireless Communications, the cable operator, plans to launch a service next year that will give customers access to the Internet from their TVs at speeds up to 20 times faster than the fastest modem.

Business outlook, page 15

## Heads oppose new law on relationships with pupils

BY JO BUTLER

HEADTEACHERS HAVE come out strongly against plans for a new criminal offence to outlaw sexual relations between people in positions of trust and 16- to 17-year-olds.

The Government has proposed the new law as a safeguard against adults preying on vulnerable youngsters if the age of homosexual consent is lowered to 16.

But the National Association of Head Teachers (NAHT) said youngsters would be better protected by professional codes of conduct and strong action by employers rather than laws against behaviour which would inevitably be difficult to define.

The association said improper relationships between pupils and teachers in schools were already regarded as a "fundamental breach of trust", regardless of ages of consent.

Lowering the age of homosexual consent to 16, to match that for girls, should make "no difference" to the seriousness with which relationships between staff and under-18-year-olds were treated.

The association said trying to define what would constitute "a breach of trust" would be extremely difficult. Too narrow a definition, limiting it to intercourse, buggery and gross indecency, might prevent employers from taking action against behaviour which they considered inappropriate but which did not fall within the scope of the law.

On the other hand, too broad a definition could be draconian and risk criminalising consensual behaviour which did not warrant such drastic action. Particular problems could arise if children had been involved in a relationship with an adult before they found themselves in a pupil/teacher situation. A criminal offence would be even more impractical if the two parties were actually married.

The NAHT said professional codes regulations due to come into effect in 2000 would empower teaching councils to take disciplinary action against teachers found guilty of unacceptable professional conduct. The general secretary, David Hart, said the Government should look to employers rather than the police to ensure proper standards were maintained.

Mr Hart said: "The NAHT cannot support the creation of a new criminal offence for such conduct. Instead a very strong message should go to all employers, if there is equalisation, urging them to do what the vast majority already do: treat abuse of trust as a serious disciplinary matter which will warrant dismissal in the vast majority of cases."

The Government pledged to examine ways of protecting youngsters from predatory advances from adults after the House of Lords rejected a House of Commons attempt to lower the homosexual age of consent to 16.

One of the main complaints from opponents of lowering the age was the risk that the move would leave young people open to abuse from people in positions of trust.

A new attempt to equalise the ages of consent is expected in the autumn.

assessment in terms of setting is dangerous waters."

Most primary schools used individual grouping methods, with teachers responding from day to day to children's needs, he said. They would not want to start formal grouping of children in separate classrooms.

Ministers have said that assessing each pupil should take no longer than 20 minutes. Nigel de Grey, general secretary of the National Association of Schoolmasters/Union of Women Teachers, expressed concern about the workload. "I can only wonder what the other children in the class will be doing while one pupil is being individually observed and assessed."

John Coe, spokesman for the National Association of Primary Education, said setting could increase social division in schools. "Middle-class parents will appreciate the importance of getting their children in the top set and so, of course, they will coach them."

Government sources said later that it was unlikely that many five-year-olds would be set by ability.

Ashin Mohebbi, managing director of BT's business division, predicted that the service would be available in the majority of UK homes within the next five years. "It is not for the technically gifted but for the mass market," he said.

However, observers criticised BT for the high price it is charging for the service. The company plans to charge £27 per month for line rental - three times more than the rental charge for a normal phone line. Users will also have to pay more than £100 to have the service installed.

Highway is based on a technology which converts copper wires to carry digital signals, allowing them to transport much more information.

The service is aimed at the growing number of people who work from home and need a fast connection to the Internet or their companies' computers. BT is also launching a Business Highway service aimed at small businesses.

The technology will allow users to access the Internet at a speed of 128 Kilobits per second - twice the speed available with the fastest conventional modem. Crucially, however, the service will allow users to make and receive telephone calls even while they are online.

But industry experts questioned whether BT's offering was fast enough. Cable & Wireless Communications, the cable operator, plans to launch a service next year that will give customers access to the Internet from their TVs at speeds up to 20 times faster than the fastest modem.

Business outlook, page 15

Business outlook, page 15

Business outlook, page 15

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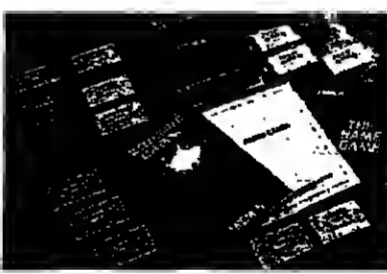
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THE EXPERT'S GUIDE TO WILD MUSHROOMS								
SPECIES	<b>CHANTERELLE</b> <i>Cantharellus cibarius</i>	<b>CEP</b> <i>Bolletus edulis</i>	<b>MOREL</b> <i>Morchella esculenta</i>	<b>HORN OF PLENTY</b> <i>Craterellus cornucopioides</i>	<b>SAFFRON MILK CAP</b> <i>Lactarius deliciosus</i>	<b>FIELD MUSHROOM</b> <i>Agaricus campestris</i>	<b>ANTONIO CARLUCCIO</b>	
								
DISTRIBUTION	Common in Britain, often in birch or pine woods. Apricot yellow in colour. The profile of French restaurants.	Large chanterelle mushroom with brown or chestnut coloured cap, found in all types of woodland throughout Britain.	A greyish mushroom with an elliptical cap, pitted like a honeycomb. Commoner in Europe than in Britain.	Blackish-brown, found in beech woods, shaped like a narrow trumpet. <i>Trompette de Mort</i> in France.	Found under conifers. Pale orange cap with darker orange concentric bands. fairly common in Britain.	The common pale wild mushrooms that people find in meadows in the morning, rarer than they once were.		
COST	About £13 per pound	About £40 per pound	About £100 per pound	About £85 per pound	About £13 per pound	Not often on sale		
CARLUCCIO'S VERDICT	Everybody thinks it tastes like apricots but it doesn't. It just looks like one. A very tender and nice mushroom, but it doesn't have a great deal of flavour. It's very delicate. That's why I serve it often with eggs, so as not to overpower the flavour.	Very robust in taste and texture, more or less the king of mushrooms. The taste is heaven. A very tasty taste, a very messy taste, extremely flavourous and mushroomy. But it's extremely versatile. It can be eaten raw, especially the small ones, with olive oil, lemon and parsley and a pinch of salt. That's fantastic.	They are lovely washed. They are hollow and they tend to incorporate everything in the place where they grow, so you have to be careful there aren't little stones inside. Cut the leg and open it. The flavour intensifies when they are dried, and they are the only dried mushrooms that regenerate back to their full original size when soaked.	Flavour rather like the Chanterelle, almost more delicate. Not full flavoured. It discolors a bit when cooked. I like it particularly with boiled sole or steamed fish.	That's a delightful one, lovely, but you have to be careful not to confuse it with <i>Lactarius torminosus</i> , which is poisonous.	These are wonderful, extremely tasty and very sweet, but again one has to be careful not to confuse them with the similar-looking yellow-stained <i>Agaricus xanthodermus</i> , which is poisonous.		<b>Picking advice:</b> If you don't know what they are, don't pick them. Go with an expert if first, and go often so you can recognise one or two, and then gradually go on to recognising more.

## Mushroom pickers get a code of conduct

BRITAIN'S FIRST code of conduct for pickers of wild mushrooms is published today. It calls on people to act responsibly, show restraint and leave some fungi behind.

The code has been developed in response to fears that the increasing vogue for wild mushrooms in restaurants is leading to over-picking, which is harming woodlands and wildlife.

Tasty species such as chanterelles, ceps and horns of plenty, collected with passion in continental Europe but for long left on the ground in the UK, are now fetching British pickers remarkable sums. A recent survey put their retail price per pound in supermarkets at £13, £45 and £85 respectively.

But such handsome rewards have led some collectors and commercial pickers to damage the habitats where the mushrooms grow. They have wiped clean whole areas of wood and forest by picking the inedible as well as the

BY MICHAEL MCCARTHY  
Environment Correspondent

the site. The code suggests that anyone who wants to pick seriously should attend a course, or a foray — an organised mushroom-gathering expedition.

"Be aware that some fungi are very poisonous and many others may make you unwell," it warns.

In drawing up the code English Nature has enlisted the support of the Forestry Commission, the National Trust, the Woodland Trust, the Association of British Fungus Groups and another expert body, the British Mycological Society.

Antonio Carluccio, owner of The Neal Street Restaurant in London and the capital's best-known enthusiast for wild mushrooms, also gave it his backing. "Take only what you need for personal use and pick only those you are 100 per cent sure about. Don't destroy the poisonous ones," he said.

The return to culinary

here, and partly because of the publicity given to their culinary value by people like Antonio Carluccio.

It was not certain that mass picking actually harmed the mushrooms themselves, Dr Johnson said, but it did harm

the aesthetic qualities of the woodlands they grew in, and the wildlife they supported.

"Wild mushrooms are enjoyed in the autumn by many members of the public who don't wish to pick them, but who see them as part of the sur-

roundings, yet we have had whole areas of the New Forest stripped of everything by eight in the morning," he said. "I've seen a Land Rover full."

Up to 1,000 insect and other invertebrate species depended on wild fungi, he said. "And

it's only common sense that if you pick out all the fruiting buds of one particular species year after year, you are very likely to cause local extinctions of the organisms that live on those species."

The mycologists have

agreed to the code but are slightly wary of some of its provisions. "The scientific evidence shows that commercial picking is not in fact damaging the numbers of fungi, and we want the code to remain flexible, and not be turned into a

law," said Professor Roy Watling, Britain's leading wild mushroom expert.

He retired this summer after working at the Royal Botanic Garden, Edinburgh. Yesterday he was leading 36 cep-fanciers on a foray in Perthshire.



Professor Roy Watling, a wild mushroom expert, hopes the new code will be 'flexible' Colin McPherson

edible species. After subsequent close examination the inedible ones are thrown away. Such practices have led commercial pickers to be banned in the New Forest.

The 30-point code, published by English Nature, the Government's wildlife agency, in collaboration with several other conservation organisations, offers guidelines on how to collect and enjoy wild mushrooms in a sustainable way.

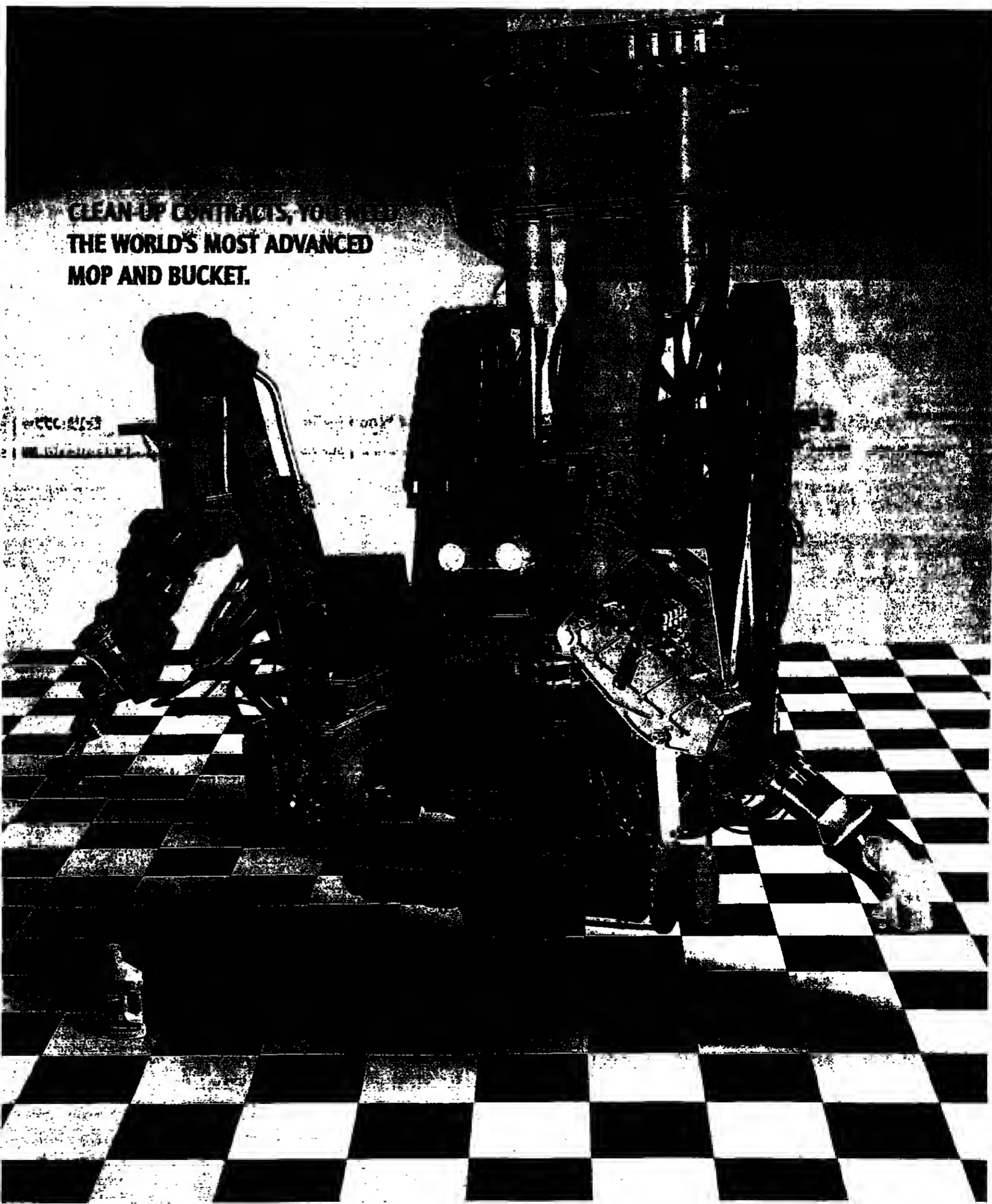
It urges pickers to minimise damage to vegetation, leaf litter and soil, not to take rare species, not to pick button mushrooms that have not yet expanded their caps, and to take no more than is wanted for personal consumption. This, it says, should be no more than about three pounds per person per visit, or no more than half the mushrooms of any one species present, whichever is the lower.

The code does not discourage commercial picking but says it should be agreed with the landowner or manager of

favour of wild mushrooms in Britain has been a notable, if small-scale, cultural event. Until the Seventies, Britons almost alone of the European peoples paid no heed to their wild fungi, eating only cultivated mushrooms and the common white field mushroom, and using the word "toadstool" for mushrooms they thought inedible. (The two words are in fact entirely interchangeable.)

But a change began in 1972 with the naturalist Richard Mabey's book *Food For Free*, which showed what culinary riches the countryside offered. It was followed by other cookbooks celebrating wild mushrooms, and then by restaurants putting them on menus.

"There has been an enormous increase in the collection of wild mushrooms in Britain in recent years," said Brian Johnson, English Nature's botanical services manager. "It's partly because people have eaten them in France and other places and want to try them



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## Flights at £16.99 in air-fare war

RYANAIR, THE low-cost airline, launched a sale of a million one-way flights in Europe yesterday as a response to BA's recent weekend of special offers.

The sale will last for 12 days. It includes flights to 26 destinations, to be taken between 12 September and 16 December, at fares from £16.99.

Michael O'Leary, chief executive of Ryanair, criticised the prices and availability of tickets during BA's 48-hour sale, and said: "Ryanair will have to show BA how a low-fare seat sale should be run."

A spokeswoman for BA said it was unconcerned by the Ryanair offer and had no plans to offer another sale at the moment. "Ryanair's sale demonstrates what we have always said, that competition benefits the consumer, but our sale

BY KATE WATSON-SMYTH

was much larger and involved more long-haul flights," she said.

"Competition is not restricted to fares alone, it includes service in the air and on the ground, and we offer a full service including food and drink, so the sales do not really compare."

The £16.99 fares will be available on flights from Stansted to Rimini in Italy, Kristianstad in Sweden and St Etienne in France, as well as from Luton and Liverpool to Dublin, and Stansted to Prestwick in Scotland. Flights to Pisa, Stockholm, Carcassonne and Oslo will cost £29.99 one way, but only for weekday travel.

Anyone travelling on Friday, Saturday or Sunday will have to pay £10 extra each way.

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## Ashdown moves Lib Dem policy radically to right

By PAUL WAUGH  
Political Correspondent

PADDY ASHDOWN threw down the gauntlet to leftwingers in his party yesterday when he announced a radical overhaul of Liberal Democrat policy.

Mr Ashdown guaranteed a stormy party conference later this month as he unveiled his "mid-term manifesto" to reposition the party away from the old-style politics of tax and spend and towards private enterprise and individual initiative.

Among the policies most likely to cause uproar are plans to take schools out of the control of local authorities, to make prisoners work and to introduce compulsory private second pensions.

Mr Ashdown admitted that he was prepared for "strenuous debate" of the proposals, while one MP warned that some of the plans were certain to "scare the pants off" the more traditional rank-and-file party members.

The blueprint, which follows an exhaustive six-month review, is intended to offer a brand new Liberal Democrat approach for the forthcoming elections to the European Parliament, Scottish Parliament and Welsh Assembly.

Mr Ashdown said that the Liberal Democrats should become the "pathfinders" of British politics, mapping out innovative ways of creating a nation of strong citizens backed by an enabling, non-interfering government.

"It is the most radical repositioning and recasting of a party's agenda that we have



Paddy Ashdown, the Liberal Democrat leader, launching his policy review at the party's headquarters in Westminster yesterday

Brian Harris

seen in the last five or ten years," he said.

"The decision is a very clear one - whether the party goes off to the left or whether the party goes out ahead of British politics and takes up its traditional position for the future."

The 113-page document, entitled *Moving Ahead: Towards*

a *Citizen's Britain*, proposes performance-related pay for ministers and senior civil servants as part of a new public service contract between government and the people.

The flagship policy of putting one penny on income tax to fund education remains intact, as does a commitment to proportional

representation, but other ideas show a marked shift away from what Mr Ashdown called "the Nanny State".

He contrasted his party's approach with that of the Labour Government, which he claimed had a strong "smell of moral authoritarianism".

He said: "Look at beef on the

bone. Mr Blair says he's a democrat but his government acts like a government of control freaks."

A new style of governing body for education - Neighbourhood School Trusts, whose members would be taken from the local community - would take over the running of

schools from local education authorities. Mr Ashdown said: "There are some people in the party who will not find it [the transfer of responsibility] terribly easy to accept or accommodate. Some local authorities will find it worrying that a local authority will change its relationship to a school."

The paper also proposes radical financial reforms, including taking 10 million people out of paying income tax by increasing the level of personal allowances.

Compulsory private second pensions would be introduced, with the proviso that the Chancellor could raise or lower the

level of contributions to keep inflation under control.

The document proposes greater entrepreneurship and experimentation in the delivery of public services and service delivery contracts to allow voters to monitor politicians' pledges.

The idea, which has been pioneered in New Zealand, would mean that a minister's pay could be docked by up to 15 per cent if he failed to produce the results he promised.

An early indication of opposition to the blueprint came from Jackie Ballard, MP for Taunton, who said that the idea of neighbourhood committees running schools was deeply flawed.

"There is a danger you will have a second tier of schools, whereas with the local education authorities, they have the duty to make sure all the schools in their area achieve a certain standard."

Philip Willis, Liberal Democrat education spokesman, acknowledged that the schools proposal was going to meet opposition.

"It's certain that parts of our party, particularly the councillors and even MPs, will feel that we are going to undermine our strong base in local government."

"It will scare the pants off many of them, but those fears are unfounded. Giving power back to individuals is the very essence of liberal democracy."

"There are many individuals in the party who are more in tune with Old Labour than liberal democracy."

Leading article,  
Review, page 3

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# Lords attack on 'rushed' terror Bill

THE GOVERNMENT'S emergency anti-terror legislation was set to become law today despite further attacks by peers about the lack of time to consider the measures with proper scrutiny.

While peers broadly supported the Criminal Justice (Terrorism and Conspiracy) Bill, they warned during a Lords debate last night that the legislation could contravene the European Convention on Human Rights.

Peers followed MPs in complaining about ministers' insistence to push the Bill on to the statute book in less than 48 hours, but agreed to pass it in one session.

The measures, drafted in the wake of the terrorist atrocities in Omagh, Nairobi and Dar es Salaam, are mirrored by legislation passed in the Dail, Ireland's Lower House.

The Bill will make it easier to prosecute people for membership of outlawed terrorist groups - the Real IRA, which claimed responsibility for the Omagh massacre, the Continuity IRA, the INLA and the LVF. It will also outlaw UK-based groups that conspire to commit offences abroad.

Leading the protests in the Lords against the Government's timetable, the Liberal Democrat chief whip, Lord Harris of Greenwich, said: "We are invited to abandon our role as a revising Chamber."

"We are asked to give the executive almost absolute power to put the legislation on the statute book without detailed debate in the normal manner."

The Opposition peers' leader, Viscount Cranborne, joined the protest, voicing "deep unease" about the manner in which the Bill had been introduced.

Lord Cranborne said the "extraordinarily hurried and unprepared way" it had been brought in was evident in its drafting and called for reassurances about being able to review the legislation later to ensure it was in good order.

Labour's Lord Stoddart of Swindon said there was absolutely no reason why the Bill's clause dealing with conspiracy to commit crimes abroad needed to be introduced with this Bill. He said: "We understand the need to have legislation to deal with terrorism, but it should be the right legislation and correct legislation that will do good."

Responding, the Leader of

By SARAH SCHAEFER  
Parliamentary Reporter

the House of Lords, Baroness Jay of Paddington, promised that Parliament would have the opportunity to review the Bill on an annual basis and assured peers that the Government's Chief Whip was already looking at the issue of dealing with emergency legislation.

"We take these matters very seriously and the substantive points raised will be addressed," she said.

Peers then approved without a vote the Government's motion to enable the Bill to go through the Lords in just one sitting.

Opening the Bill's second



Warnings: Lords Mayhew (above) and Molyneux



reading debate, the Home Office minister Lord Williams of Mostyn reminded critics of the legislation that it had been created in response to the murders in Omagh and to the "clear and present danger" of terrorism.

The Bill, aimed to stop terrorist groups from derailing the Good Friday Agreement, makes admissible in court the opinion of a senior police officer that an individual is a member of such groups, allows a suspect's failure to answer questions to be taken into account, and gives the police the power to seize their property.

The Liberal Democrat spokesman on Northern Ireland, Lord Holme of Chel-

tenham, said the Bill could have been introduced in a "more measured way".

The Bishop of Hereford, the Rt Rev John Oliver, said the Government's failure over the past two years to introduce audio-taping of police interviews in Northern Ireland proved that the Bill was "fraught with danger".

But the former Ulster Unionist Leader, Lord Molyneux of Killybegs, warned that the Real IRA was as deadly as the body to which they formerly belonged. He stressed that the renegade republican group had transferred much of its weaponry from the IRA and warned that it was likely to have built up a formidable armoury by early next year. "I cannot regard the Bill as totally adequate to contain such a threat," he said.

Lord Lloyd of Berwick, one of Britain's most senior law lords and the judge chosen to review the law on terrorism in 1996, said that Bill would contribute nothing to the fight against terrorism. He added that any conviction that stemmed from the Bill would not stand up in the European Court of Justice. "No judge anywhere in the world could convict solely on the say so of a police officer."

Lord Lloyd added that even Lord Diplock had considered and rejected the idea of drawing inferences from a suspect's silence, as long ago as 1973.

Lord Mayhew of Twyned, the former Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, acknowledged that there had been "overwhelming pressure" on the Government to introduce anti-terrorist legislation after the Omagh bombing. "But we have to be careful that this Bill does not turn out to be dangerous law," he said.

He opposed the power to allow the Home Secretary to override the Attorney General's refusal to prosecute a case, claiming "I find that quite extraordinary".

Lord Avebury, former chairman of the all-party human rights group at Westminster, tabled amendments opposing the entire conspiracy abroad provisions.

Earl Russell urged for a restriction of the conspiracy provisions to countries which have free and fair elections.

"Moral outrage, however justified, confers no dispensation from the immutable law of politics, that measures must be capable of producing the desired effect," he said.

# Lairds' feudal powers to be ended

THE lairds and public bodies that own vast tracts of Scotland will be put on notice today that their feudal grip is to be broken and ordinary folk allowed a greater stake in the land.

Donald Dewar, Secretary of State for Scotland, will tell a gathering in Aviemore there needs to be more diversity in the way land is owned and an end to a laird's power to block small community development initiatives. Land ownership is a

By STEPHEN GOODWIN  
Scotland Correspondent

symbolic issue in a country where even the most urban Scot retains a romantic attachment to the hills and glens. But domination by a small number of large estates and the feudal system governing tenures and usage have been sore points for generations. Labour and the Scottish National Party are pledged to re-

form, which will be high on the agenda of the Scottish Parliament when it starts work next year. But landowners fear they could become the victims of a new legislature wanting to demonstrate its virility and intent on misconceived revenge for the Highland clearances of 200 years ago.

Mr Dewar is to release the second of a series of consultation papers. The first, "Identifying the Problems", was

issued last February. Today's turns to possible solutions. A final report is to be issued at the end of this year.

The 360 responses to the first paper ranged from a minority in favour of the status quo to radical public-ownership demands. However, a source said there was "no strong demand" for a ban on foreign ownership of estates or on "absentee" landlords.

The attitude of Lord Sewel,

the minister chairing the land reform working group, is that "there are exceedingly good foreign owners and there are some exceedingly bad Scots owners". What matters is the way land is managed rather than the nationality or identity of who controls it.

While the Scottish Parliament will be free to adopt a more radical approach, the blueprint is likely to focus on removing feudal barriers to

small-scale businesses that could help sustain rural communities and increasing the "diversity" of ownership, though this seems to stop short of enforced sales. People should also be allowed a say in how the private land around them is used, it will suggest.

Most of rural Scotland consists of fewer than 1,500 private estates. Top of the private ownership league is the Duke of Buccleuch, with estates to-

talling more than 250,000 acres.

Any reform is likely to include powers to create new crofts or smallholdings. There are 17,500 crofts in the Highlands and Islands. Demand from young local people is well in excess of supply, though many holdings are unworked - another target of reform.

A novel idea could see crofting extended beyond its traditional areas to the Lowlands, providing an alternative liveli-

hood in communities once dependent on mining or industry.

The Scottish Landowners' Federation will resist giving tenants a right to buy and any restrictions on the size of estates or foreign ownership.

Yesterday it voiced the fear that a new parliament might use the issue to demonstrate it had teeth. "Hopefully, the idea of taking revenge for the Clearances has been stamped on," said a spokesman.



Crofters bought Eigg for £1.5m with partners the Highland Council and Scottish Wildlife Trust Murdo Macleod



Residents of Knoydart need to find £2.5m to buy their land back from English landlords

Jeff Mitchell

## The people's own island...

FOR SCOTTISH crofters who aspire to be masters of their own territory, a scrap of land in the Hebrides has become a symbol of a community's triumph over a series of indifferent foreign lairds.

The 60 residents of Eigg recently celebrated the first anniversary of a successful campaign to buy the island.

The deal, clinched in June 1997, ended 700 years of private ownership and was seen as an important victory for advocates of Scottish land reform.

Locals, who now own the windswept outcrop in partnership with the Highland Council and the Scottish Wildlife Trust, raised £1.5 million to buy the land. The deal made Eigg the first community-owned island in Britain and marked the end of decades of alleged neglect at the hands of absentee lairds.

The most recent was Marlin Maruma, an eccentric German artist who paid nearly £2 million for the 7,400-acre island in 1995. Mr Maruma, who failed to fulfil a promise to invest £15 mil-

lion, was forced by creditors to put Eigg up for sale after only 15 months. Islanders saw their chance and launched a public appeal that brought thousands of donations from around the world.

For decades, Eigg, an hour's ferry ride from the Scottish mainland, was regarded as a rich man's plaything.

Mr Maruma bought it from Keith Schellenberg, a Yorkshire businessman who fell out with residents after his vintage Rolls-Royce was set alight.

Crofters now have security of tenure on their land, and the community is putting together a development plan for the island based on tourism, farming and wildlife.

Another source of inspiration is the Assynt estate in Sutherland, which crofters bought from a private landowner six years ago. They run and manage it, and have introduced a number of innovative projects, including forestry, hydro-electricity and fish farming.

KATHY MARKS

## ...and the investors' estate

RESIDENTS OF the remote Knoydart estate in the West Highlands have long nurtured the ambition of buying their land. But they are still a long way off raising enough money to meet the £2.5 million asking price.

Knoydart has changed ownership three times in the past 12 years. Locals put in an unsuccessful bid earlier this year, and the estate passed into the hands of the current landlords, Stephen Hinchliffe and Christopher Harrison, English busi-

nessmen. Soon after the buy-out in April, it emerged that the two men have a chequered history. They are being investigated by the Serious Fraud Office and the Department of Trade and Industry because of a string of company failures.

The 70 residents, who passed a vote of no confidence in their landlords after Ian Robertson, the estate manager, was sacked, have launched a public appeal and raised nearly £1m through the fund-raising Knoydart Foundation.

The 16,000-acre estate, which lies on the edge of Loch Nevis, was one of the areas worst hit by the Highland clearances that followed the defeat of Bonnie Prince Charlie at the Battle of Culloden in 1746.

Over the years, it has had a series of colourful owners, including Lord Brockton, grandfather of the current peer, who was imprisoned for Nazi sympathies during the Second World War.

He sold out in the 1960s and it passed through several

lairds, including Lord Hesketh, the Conservative whip in the House of Lords. In 1983 it was bought by Titagaur, a Dundee jute company, which intended to turn it into an adventure holiday resort.

The estate is now owned by Knoydart Peninsular, in which Mr Harrison and Mr Hinchliffe have controlling stakes. John Turvill, managing director of the company, said recently that it had been vilified because it was headed by Englishmen.

KATHY MARKS

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# McDonald gets new documentary

ITV ANNOUNCED a new job yesterday for the newscaster Trevor McDonald. Hot on the heels of its campaign to abolish *News at Ten*, the network said that it has awarded the biggest contract yet for a current affairs programme, and that Mr McDonald will be the main presenter.

The new programme, to be based on the vintage American series *60 Minutes*, will be an hour long, and will be made by Manchester-based Granada Television and ITV. Mr McDonald's role will be in the American tradition, a charismatic central figure steering the viewer through in-depth reports and breaking stories.

BY JANE ROBINS  
Media Correspondent

A second presenter is likely, and the name of Channel 5's Kirsty Young is mentioned. However, contracts are far from settled, and ITV was not prepared to comment on the subject.

The deal, said industry insiders, smacks of horse-trading. ITN and Mr McDonald had been required to make a huge sacrifice by ITV in giving up *News at Ten* - but the *60 Minutes* deal delivers the company a compensating high-prestige project.

The contract and Mr McDonald's participation is

dependent on the Independent Television Commission (ITC) approving the *News at Ten* decision. However, Steve Anderson, ITV's controller of current affairs, said yesterday he was "confident of proposals put forward to the ITC proceeding."

The *60 Minutes* contract is worth up to £8 million a year, and the battle to secure it was long and bitter. Granada and ITN beat strong rival bids from other big players including Carlton, Twenty-Two Television, United Productions/Barracough Carey and Yorkshire Television.

Mr McDonald, as presenter, had been competing in a "beauty contest" with Kirsty Young

and, until he recently signed a new BBC contract, Jeremy Paxman. He was also Carlton's first choice as anchorman.

ITV's chief executive, Richard Eyre, said yesterday that Granada had won because "it combined a proven track record in delivering high quality ITV current affairs with a new and exciting way of producing the biggest factual show on television."

Those words will not sound sweet to losing bidder Carlton, which has had its factual programming discredited by controversy over a documentary, *The Connection*, which included fake scenes of drug smugglers, and another that failed an

exclusive interview with Fidel Castro. Mr Anderson, however, said Carlton had submitted a strong bid and had simply been beaten by a better one. In the final moments of the contest, a wrangle had been evident over whether the links between ITV bosses and Granada were too close for comfort. David Liddiment, the director of programmes at ITV, is a former Granada man, while ITV's Steve Anderson is the brother of Jeff Anderson, who is the series producer on the Granada bid.

The ITC, meantime, yesterday asked television viewers to submit their views on the abolition of *News at Ten*, and ITV's

proposals for a new evening television schedule.

The television regulator said the public consultation would be vital to its decision, expected in late November, on whether to allow ITV to proceed with its controversial plan.

Viewers are to be asked how much they care about whether films and drama are, as at present, interrupted by *News at Ten* and the regional news that follows it. The relative position of the BBC is also a factor. Viewers will be asked if they mind that, under ITV's proposal, the only full-length news bulletin on the five terrestrial channels between 8pm and 11pm would be on the BBC.



McDonald: Main presenter of the new programme

## Doctors' drinking 'out of control'

BY JEREMY LAURANCE  
Health Editor

JUNIOR DOCTORS drink up to six pints of beer a day and take illicit drugs including cannabis, LSD and ecstasy, according to a study.

The scale of excessive drink and drug taking may be putting at risk the health of the doctors and the safety of their patients, researchers from the University of Newcastle say.

The survey of 90 newly qualified doctors at 18 hospitals in the North-east of England found 60 per cent were drinking above the recommended safety limits of two pints of beer or equivalent a day for a man and one and a half pints for a woman. Ten doctors, four men and six women, were drinking at hazardous levels, defined as over 25 pints or equivalent a week for a man and 17.5 pints for a woman.

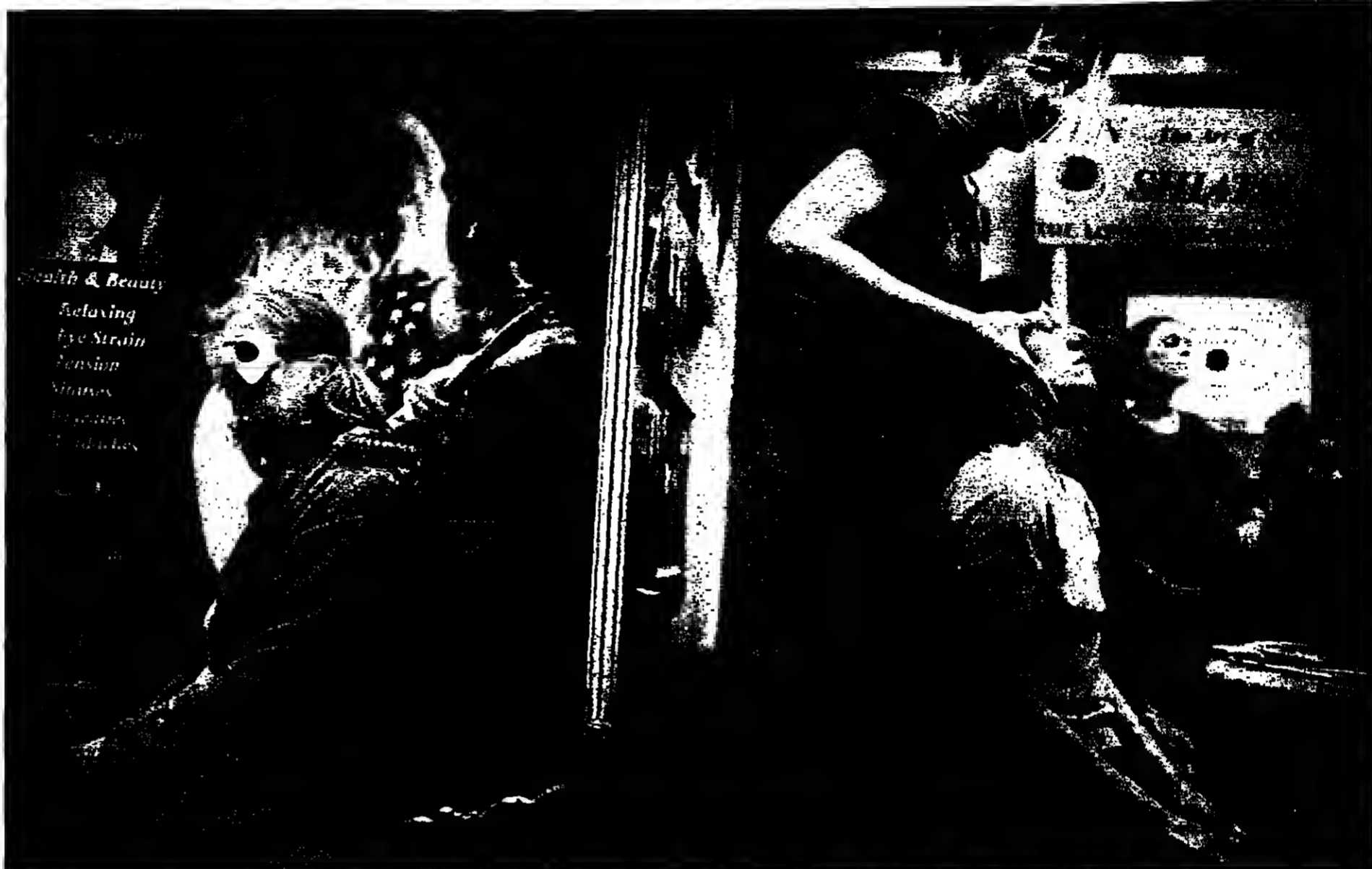
One man drank 42 pints a week (six a day) and one woman drank 30 pints (over four a day). Overall, the doctors' drinking had increased since they were medical students.

More than a third of the men and almost one-fifth of the women used cannabis and more than one in ten of both sexes said they used other illicit drugs including magic mushrooms, LSD, ecstasy, amyl nitrate and cocaine. The main reason they gave for their drug use was "pleasure."

The survey revealed that one-fifth of the men and nearly half the women had high levels of stress and anxiety, but this was related to pressures of work, not drink and drugs.

The authors, writing in *The Lancet*, say that the lifestyle of junior doctors uncovered by the survey is unlikely to be confined to the North-east. "The current drinking habits, illicit drug use and stress in some junior doctors is of concern, not only for their own well being, but also how they may affect patients' care."

They point out that mandatory urine screening is carried out by the British Army and some companies in Britain and among doctors in the United States. "Should routine or random drug and alcohol screening programmes be considered?" they ask.



Head and neck massage is one of the alternative therapies on offer at the Mind Body Spirit Festival at Alexandra Palace in London, ending on Sunday. Tom Pilston

## Scientists find billions of tons of ice lying under the Moon's poles

THE MOON possesses up to 10 times more water than scientists previously thought possible, according to the latest results of a study that could become the basis of a plan to colonise the lunar landscape.

Analysis of the data sent from the *Lunar Prospector* satellite has shown that there are likely to be billions of tons of ice just under the Moon's surface, which could be used as drinking water and fuel for future manned missions.

Scientists from Nasa, the American space agency, originally thought that the signals sent back from the satellite in-

BY STEVE CONNOR  
Science Editor

dicated that water existed as a widely diffuse "frost" of frozen water in the lunar soil.

But further analysis indicates that large chunks of frozen water are present, having been deposited over thousands of years by ice-laden comets falling into shaded craters where the day-time temperature has never exceeded the melting point of water.

Ice would be easier to mine as a source of drinking water for the inhabitants of a lunar base

and would be a valuable source of energy.

Solar-generated electricity could split lunar water into hydrogen and oxygen, the essential ingredients of rocket fuel, making it feasible for the Moon to be used as a staging post to explore other planets.

Bill Feldman, a lunar scientist at the Los Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico, said the latest data, which is published in the journal *Science*, shows that the mission to explore the lunar surface has been an "overwhelming" success.

An instrument on board the

\$33m (£103m) satellite was able to identify the presence of small amounts of hydrogen on the lunar surface, which serves as a signature for the presence of water.

Scientists believe hydrogen is likely to be bound up in water molecules in the lunar soil, trapped in the cracks and crevices of craters near the poles that have never been exposed to direct sunlight.

"The data show clearly where the hydrogen is. It's localised in spots near the poles and it has been buried about half a metre or so," Dr Feldman said.

"In making our initial estimates, we assumed the water was spread over the 'footprint' (area scanned by) the instrument. As we've gathered more data we've found that it's not spread out as we first assumed, but concentrated," he said.

Nasa scientists estimate that there may be as much as three billion tons of ice deposited at the lunar poles, with there being about 15 per cent more at the north pole.

Although the manned Apollo missions to the Moon failed to detect any water, scientists believe this was because the spacecraft landed near the

equator, where any water would quickly evaporate in the intense sunlight.

A satellite mission in 1994, called Clementine, suggested that there may be as much as a billion cubic metres of water at the lunar poles - enough to fill Lake Erie, one of the North American Great Lakes - but this result was disputed by some scientists.

The *Lunar Prospector* had the benefit of much more sensitive instruments, which could detect a cup of water in a cubic metre of lunar soil, with the result that it has produced a much larger estimate.

## Antibiotic misuse breeds diseases

DOCTORS AND patients must curb their appetite for antibiotics if the world is to preserve one of its most important pharmacological weapons against disease, the Government's chief medical officer said yesterday.

GPs are handing out more than 15 million inappropriate prescriptions for antibiotics each year and their overuse has led to the rapid growth of drug-resistant bacteria. Sir Kenneth Calman said the increase in drug resistance "ultimately jeopardises our continued ability to treat infections."

The chief medical officers of the European Union are to meet in Copenhagen next week to consider what must be done to tackle the problem. Anxiety at the scale of the threat has been growing for a decade and the House of Lords Select Committee on Science and Technology warned last April that we risked seeing diseases emerge that were untreatable.

Last July, the Government's

BY JEREMY LAURANCE

Public Health Laboratory Service reported that one in six infections with salmonella, the commonest source of food poisoning, was caused by a strain resistant to at least four drugs.

Yesterday, Sir Kenneth launched a report by the Standing Medical Advisory Committee which recommended no prescribing of antibiotics for coughs, colds or sore throats caused by a virus (the commonest sort). It said antibiotics for uncomplicated cystitis in women should be limited to three days. Ministers have accepted in principle the need for a national campaign to curb antibiotic use.

The *British Medical Journal* this week says the overuse of the drugs in farm animals as growth promoters is a bigger threat. It says 40 to 80 per cent of antibiotics used in agriculture are of "highly questionable" value.

Sir Kenneth said parents should not be put off taking

their children to the doctor when immediate treatment with antibiotics could be life-saving, as in meningitis, and patients should not be deterred from completing their full course of the drugs. He added: "The recommendations... will require a willingness... to treat [antibiotics] as a valuable and non-renewable resource, to be treasured and conserved in everyone's interest."

The report says about 50 million prescriptions for antibiotics are dispensed in England each year - one for every member of the population. Of these, 80 per cent were from family doctors and, to a much smaller degree, dentists.

Dr Diana Wallford, director of the Public Health Laboratory Service, who chaired the committee sub-group that produced the report, said about half the antibiotics prescribed by GPs were for coughs, colds, sore throats and other respiratory tract infections. Between two-thirds



Sir Kenneth: Warning

and three-quarters of these - accounting for up to 15 million prescriptions in England - were caused by viruses. But antibiotics are effective only against bacteria. Many patients were being given drugs that could not help them.

Dr Wallford said: "You can take a view that there's a significant amount of unnecessary antibiotic prescription in general practice." But she said she did not want to apportion blame or start "casting stones". She added: "What we must do is to help patients understand the problem."

## Crop engineering 'failing' the hungry

BIOTECHNOLOGY COMPANIES that claim their genetically modified plants will feed the world are being disingenuous, according to a leading crop scientist.

Professor Dick Flavell, of the John Innes Centre for Plant Breeding, said yesterday that while the technology used to create transgenic plants could eventually reap bigger crops in developing countries, "the product those people need isn't the same as the products that the multinational companies are making". He added: "Unless they can get a financial return, why should companies like that be there?"

GeneWatch, a pressure group, also claimed that sustainable agriculture methods, rather than genetic engineering, have already shown benefits by increasing crop yields in countries such as Honduras, India and Burkina Faso. "However, despite their clear advantages, and in contrast to the

BY CHARLES ARTHUR  
Technology Editor  
AND STEVE CONNOR

promotion of genetic engineering, these alternative approaches to agriculture have been starved of resources and research."

Professor Flavell said: "It is the governments and people dealing with the local plants' germ plasma, which doesn't have a commercial base, who hold the keys to continuing improvement of farming and agriculture." Every year the John Innes Centre, Norwich, trains 30 or more scientists from developing countries in gene transfer technology, which can be applied to plants to improve yields, he said. Better yields are needed to feed the growing world population, presently about 5 billion and expected to double in 50 years.

The criticisms emerged as research from the United States showed that genetically

modified crops are more promiscuous than ordinary crops. Thus they are more likely to create hybrid breeds of superweeds, which can spread unabated in the countryside.

The findings raise fresh doubts about the risks attached to growing crops with foreign genes. The fear is that the genes could "escape" into wild plants, creating superweeds resistant to control.

Joy Bergelson, assistant professor of ecology and evolution at the University of Chicago, said a field experiment on mustard plants in 1996 showed that there was an unexplained increase in the ability of transgenic plants to spread their pollen to nearby wild plants.

The experiment, reported in the journal *Nature*, found genes conferring resistance to a herbicide were 20 times more likely to pass from genetically modified plants than from naturally occurring mutants with the same resistance.

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# Schröder and Kohl slug out final duel

A NARROW win on points for the challenger was the general verdict after Chancellor Helmut Kohl and the Social Democrats' chancellor candidate, Gerhard Schröder, slugged it out for two hours yesterday in a heated clash, televised live to a nation baying for blood.

The venue was the Bundestag, the last gathering of German MPs before they disappear on the campaign trail for the general election on 27 September. The occasion was the debate over next year's budget, but about income and expenditure little was said.

Having backed out of a tele-



Schröder: Taunted Kohl

vision duel, this was Chancellor Kohl's moment to demonstrate his parliamentary skills and to expose the barrenness of Mr Schröder's policies. He may have succeeded in the second objective, but his rambling 80-minute speech, dwelling on his historical achievements, was definitely not what the spin-doctors had ordered.

The most memorable soundbite clearly came from Mr Schröder and, judging by the frown on Mr Kohl's face, it hurt. "You have lost yourself in the past, that's the problem," he declared.

There were more insults of the same kind, turning the spotlight on Mr Kohl's age - 68 - and his extraordinarily long tenure: 16 years.

"That is a speech about the past," Mr Schröder mocked, as the incumbent strode off the rostrum. "You are incapable of handling the future."

Mr Kohl's colleagues had dug up embarrassing quotes from Mr Schröder from way

BY IMRE KARACS  
in Bonn

back, and scathing criticism was levelled at his putative ministers.

Mr Schröder responded by pretending to reveal the Kohl camp's innermost thoughts: "The people in your own party feel that with you they cannot win. At the outset of the campaign we had declared, 'Thank you, Helmut, but that will do.' Your people have already forgotten the word 'Danke'."

Mr Kohl's slurs were comparatively tame. He accused Mr Schröder of acting like "Pavlov's dog", reacting against all government measures on reflex. The Chancellor and his lieutenants fired questions at Mr Schröder, seeking a few clues as to his policies. None came.

The government did, however, manage to wrong-foot the opposition for one moment. To the Social Democrats' obvious dismay, Theo Waigel, the finance minister, had incorporated in his budget a DM10bn (€3.5bn) tax giveaway, to take effect next January. Would this be the same DM10bn the SPD had promised in its election manifesto?

Mr Schröder, no stranger to borrowing the clothes of others, took it as a back-handed compliment. "It pleases me," he said, "that three-and-a-half weeks before the elections, you have ditched your unfinanceable tax model and picked up the SPD's."

The rest was pure husting. Mr Kohl, endeavouring to be statesmanlike, spoke about his role in German reunification, and tried to put a positive gloss on the problems encountered since in eastern Germany. "Of course people had expectations there that could not be fulfilled in such a short time," he said. "But just as clearly, the picture has been improving."

Unemployment was also about to improve, with the number of jobless due to fall soon to under 4 million. A "clear turn around" in the labour market was in sight.

Mr Schröder alleged that the Chancellor was out of touch. "You either do not know, or do not want to know, how ordinary people live."



The wife of a worker from Mando Machinery of South Korea, whose staff are striking over job cuts, using her child to hold back riot police at the company's factory in Asan. Thousands of police attacked strikers at six of the auto parts plants around the country yesterday

## World's largest Rubens collection to be unveiled at restored Prado

THE PRADO Museum in Madrid, continuing its efforts to haul itself into the new millennium, is to open 12 newly refurbished rooms devoted to 17th-century Dutch and Flemish masters, including a collection of works by Rubens that it says is the biggest and finest in the world.

The rooms, which will open on Monday on the gallery's principal floor, contain 160 works, two-thirds of them splendidly restored.

They include 20 paintings dusted off from the vaults to be revealed for the first time to the public.

Among the jewels on show are Rembrandt's *Artemis*, portraying his wife, Saskia, which after restoration seems to emit its own light; a collection of Van Dycks, including a portrait of the Englishman Sir Endymion Porter with the artist; and many Rubens masterpieces,

BY ELIZABETH NASH  
in Madrid

including *The Three Graces* and *The Judgement of Paris*.

One room is devoted to Rubens' equestrian portraits, anticipating a style favoured by Velázquez, with whom Rubens worked at the Spanish court.

Another room contains a dozen Rubens cartoons on mythological themes for tapestries commissioned by King Felipe IV for his hunting lodge, and yet another contains 12 Rubens portraits of the Apostles, which show the influence of Caravaggio.

Next week's opening will

relieve the worst of what the museum's authorities admit is a miserable chaos of building works, improvised displays and cramped quarters. However, the full improvement and enlargement process still has years to go.

Most of the Prado's Flemish works were commissioned or

acquired by Spanish monarchs and aristocrats to adorn their palaces, so the new rooms have been fitted out as palatial salons, rather than as municipal galleries.

The paintings have been arranged decoratively in thematic groups, rather than hung side by side as they were before in a chilly assembly line.

Responding to criticisms that the museum's labelling in the past has been cryptic to the point of incomprehensibility, the new displays have discreet but informative labels.

The latest expansion follows the triumphant inauguration last November of 10 rooms devoted to 18th-century European art.

In December the Spanish culture ministry is to announce expansion plans for the Prado to include an adjoining former cloister and the nearby military museum.



'Diana and Calisto', 'The Three Graces' and 'The Judgement of Paris' - all by Rubens, and among star attractions on show at the Prado in Madrid

## North Korea primes new missile

JAPANESE, SOUTH Korean and United States' forces were on heightened alert yesterday after signs that North Korea was planning to fire another ballistic missile, two days after provoking outrage by carrying out a long-range test launch over northern Japan.

Government officials in

BY RICHARD LLOYD PARRY  
in Tokyo

Seoul told the South Korean news agency Yonhap that US spy satellites and reconnaissance aircraft had detected preparations for a second missile test, three days after the launch of a two-stage Taepo

Dong I, which flew 1,300 miles over Japanese territory to land in the Pacific Ocean.

Japanese naval ships have been sent to the Sea of Japan, according to reports, where the booster stage of the first missile landed last Monday afternoon.

On the coast of South Korea,

military units were said to have been placed on increased alert, and the US announced that it had sent six additional bomber aircraft to its Pacific base on the island of Guam, although officials later suggested that they had merely been sent for training purposes.

Japanese officials said that the second missile was apparently a short-range weapon and that it was unlikely to be ready for launch before tomorrow, when North Korea's Supreme Assembly meets in the capital, Pyongyang.

The likelihood is believed to be next Wednesday, the 50th anniversary of the founding of North Korea, when the country's leader, Kim Jong Il, is expected to be formally elected president of the Stalinist republic.

## Cyanide in tea kills man as Japanese poisonings spread

IN THE latest of a string of bizarre poisonings that have embarrassed and mystified Japanese police all summer, a middle-aged man died after drinking a can of iced tea that had apparently been poisoned with cyanide.

According to doctors in Ohuse in the mountainous Nagano prefecture, Ichijiro Nakazawa, 58, died of heart failure on Monday shortly after drinking oolong tea bought from a local supermarket.

The can was found to have a small hole in its base, covered with tape, through which cyanide is believed to have been injected.

The incident was disclosed only yesterday, a day after a sim-

ilar can was discovered by a supermarket employee in a neighbouring town. He spat out the bitter-tasting drink, which was later discovered to contain cyanide, similarly inserted through a small hole. On the same day, a taxi driver in Nara was treated in hospital after drinking a bottle laced with insecticide, which had been left in the tray of a vending machine.

These appear to be the latest in what is turning into a plague of unsolved, apparently random and motiveless poisoning incidents.

The poisonings began in July, when four people were killed and 60 made ill after eating curry laced with cyanide at a local festival in central Japan. The police got off to a bad start when they misidentified the poison used, thus causing confusion among doctors treating the patients. They have made no discernible progress in finding the perpetrator.

A few weeks later, a group of workers on the other side of the country were treated in hospital after someone spiked their tea with sodium azide, a rare chemical used in the manufacture of car air-bags. Late last month, children at a school in Tokyo were sent bottles of disinfectant labelled as diet drinks. A boy who drank from one is still in hospital.

## Minister rejects sex and murder claims

BY RICHARD LLOYD PARRY

THE SACKED Malaysian finance minister, Anwar Ibrahim, accused the Prime Minister, Mahathir Mohamad, of cooking up accusations that he slept with prostitutes, sodomised his chauffeur, fathered an illegitimate child, committed murder and betrayed the country.

At a packed press conference 24 hours after his dismissal and with his arrest apparently imminent, Mr Anwar spoke of a "political conspiracy" masterminded from the top.

He said Dr Mahathir, who has led Malaysia for 17 years, intended to undermine his position as a potential challenger to him. Mr Anwar said that he might be arrested under the official secrets act or the internal security act, a draconian law regularly employed against opponents of the government, which allows police to imprison people indefinitely and without charge.

"I am totally surprised and shocked to see that the instruments of government could have been used in such a despicable manner to stage this conspiracy to oust me," Mr Anwar said.

"Since they realise that I cannot be defeated in the political arena through the democratic process, they resort to dirty and disgusting means... to slander me, frame allegations and force witnesses to make false statements," he added. "This is an unjust administration. If the No 3 man cannot be sure of justice, then I'm sorry for Malaysia."

The allegations have been circulating for months in the form of poison-pen letters and a book entitled *Fifty Reasons Why Anwar Cannot Become Prime Minister*, whose author is being sued for defamation by the former minister.

Yesterday, Malaysia's official Bernama press agency printed the details of an affidavit filed by the chief of police in which he cited alleged evidence of sexual offences and bribe-taking.

Malaysian newspapers have shed their caution about discussing the rumours concerning Mr Anwar, 52. "The local media, led by certain people, are also deliberately undermining me," he said, by accusing him of everything "from sex scandals to murder, and fleeing and agent for a foreign nation, corruption and treason."

"I told the Prime Minister that by naming 100 prostitutes who had sex [with me] will not alter the fact that this is a lie... I told them also that I can pay some money to get some prostitutes to admit to having sex with some others if that is the game you want to play," he said.

Until this week, Mr Anwar was the second most powerful man in Malaysia, an economic liberal respected by conservative Muslims at home, and by foreign businessmen and politicians. Last May, during a visit to the capital, Kuala Lumpur, the Chancellor, Gordon Brown, referred to him as a "good friend". But yesterday, his former supporters in his party, the United Malays National Organisation, appeared to be distancing themselves from him. Whatever the truth of the allegations, his position now looks insecure.

One of his closest friends, S Nallakuruppan, has been arrested on arms charges after ammunition was allegedly found at his home by police. The charges carry a mandatory death penalty. According to the police, Mr Nallakuruppan acted as a pimp for Mr Anwar, who passed state secrets to him.

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IND011

## Mandela does U-turn on Congo military aid

IN A STARTLING shift in its diplomatic policy, the South African government has said it now supports the intervention of Angolan, Namibian and Zimbabwean troops on the side of Congo's President Laurent Kabila.

President Nelson Mandela said yesterday the shift did not conflict with regional attempts to broker a ceasefire in the Democratic Republic of Congo. He said that in the face of aggression, President Kabila had the right to call for military help.

Mr Mandela was speaking after a meeting of Southern African Development Community members, attended by the UN Secretary General, Kofi

Annan. One South African official said military intervention had helped to create a certain balance between the warring parties in Congo and could help lead towards a ceasefire. This view was echoed by Mr Mandela at a news conference held with Mr Annan, and the Secretary General of the Organisation of African Unity, Salim Ahmed Salim. All three men attended a meeting of heads of state from the Southern African Development Community, called to discuss the conflict in Congo.

South African officials say that a diplomatic initiative can work hand-in-hand with military intervention.

WE ASK OURSELVES WILL OUR GRANDCHILDREN BE PROUD OF THE WORK WE DO TODAY?

09/11/2015

# Value of rouble halves in three days

By Phil Reeves  
in Moscow

BORIS YELTSIN returned to the negotiating table yesterday in an effort to end his stand-off with parliament amid a worsening crisis that saw the rouble plunge to a new low and police guards patrolling at food plants in Moscow.

Food hoarding is gathering pace in the capital, after the drop of the rouble to a fixed rate of 13.4 to the dollar. Street prices were as low as 18, nearly one-third of the value before devaluation, and half of what they were on Monday. Shelves that were until recently crammed with imported goods have suddenly begun to look thin, as fears take hold that Russia could see a return to the food shortages and endless queues of the last years of the Soviet Union.

As the rouble tumbled, there was a fresh rush to the banks by Muscovites whose savings are dwindling by the hour. The deterioration of the economic climate came as President Yeltsin dispatched his chief-of-staff, Valentin Yumashev, to parliament in an effort to end a stalemate that has left Russia without a functioning government since the last one was sacked last month.

Mr Yumashev carried what the Kremlin described as a "slightly amended" version of an earlier rejected offer, in which President Yeltsin agreed to forgo some of his powers in return for parliament's approval of his unpopular acting prime minister, Viktor Chernomyrdin.

The State Duma, or lower house, is expected to vote for a second time on the premier's candidacy today, but the odds favour his rejection. The Communists, who have 138 of the 450 seats in the chamber, and the 45-strong liberal Yabloko party remain adamantly opposed to him, though 51 seats of the nationalist Vladimir Zhirinovskiy's Liberal Democratic Party - which has long been open to offers from the Kremlin - have come out in support of the nomination.

Predictions by General Alexander Lebed, who is notorious for his rhetorical outbursts, that Russia could see a repeat of the 1917 revolution



Muscovites try to get into a bank to withdraw their savings. Viktor Chernomyrdin, the acting prime minister, has urged Russians to think carefully before switching their savings into the state savings bank, Sberbank, from other commercial banks

were dismissed as wildly exaggerated by political analysts, and there is no sign that unrest is imminent.

However, the Defence Minister, Marshal Igor Sergeev, sounded a warning note. The armed forces - long in a state of semi-collapse - were "not in a festive mood."

"They feel the same as the rest of Russians do. They are worrying over when the situation will stabilise, and the government will take the economic helm. God forbid we have a repetition of 1993", Marshal Sergeev said, referring to the year when Mr Yeltsin dismantled parliament with tanks.

Another measure of the underlying tension was the appearance of police guards at food depots in the capital. If Mr Chernomyrdin loses today's vote, Mr Yeltsin and the Duma both face a tough gamble. Another rejection at a third vote next week would lead to the dissolution of parliament, and Mr

Yeltsin would be able to finally install his government.

However, the President is acutely aware that the next Duma - which must be elected within four months - is certain to be far more hostile and could quickly throw out his government with two successive no-confidence votes. The prospect

of being disbanded is far from popular in the Duma, particularly among members who fear losing their jobs in a sweeping Communist victory.

There is a further complication: under Russian electoral law, political parties must register for elections one year before they are held. None of

them did so before this May, a fact that could, theoretically, ban parties from any ballot until the early summer.

In another effort to boost confidence in his ability to govern, the beleaguered Mr Chernomyrdin is promising to make a "sensational" speech in which he will outline solutions to the

economic mess, drawn up by a crisis team of reformist officials, including the former chief taxman, Boris Fyodorov.

Yesterday the prime minister designate reiterated his intention to set up a "government of accord", which suggests that he is willing to include some Communists in his cabinet.



Viktor Chernomyrdin  
Acting prime minister  
Called for calm on the eve of the crucial Duma vote



Vladimir Zhirinovskiy  
Liberal Democratic leader  
Promised his party's support to Chernomyrdin



Gennady Zyuganov  
Communist leader  
Determined to reject Chernomyrdin again

## EUROPEAN TIMES BUDAPEST

### I saw that Tsar in the back of a carriage once

IT WAS the winter of 1913. Europe was on the brink of war and revolution simmered in Russia. Natalia Puhlimskaya had been given the day off from school, in the southern Russian city of Krasnodar, to cheer the Tsar. Nicholas II did not cut a very imposing figure, even for an eight-year-old schoolgirl. "He was travelling with the hetman, the Cossack leader. We all thought the hetman was the Tsar; he was dressed in such finery, while the Tsar just sat there, hunched up like a little soldier."

The Tsar had five years to live before he was shot in Yekaterinburg. Those bullets ushered in a new world for Russia and helped to shape Natalia's life. Her father perished in Stalin's purges; her brother, Sergei, killed himself in exile in Paris after fighting for the Whites in the revolution. Her late husband, Pal Sos, a Hungarian Communist, served as a doctor at the front during the Battle of Stalingrad. She was a major in the Red Army medical corps.

Born in 1905, she is one of the few who can recall those decades that shook the world. "My father was a delegate to the Congress of Workers and Soldiers in Moscow at the end of the [First World] War," she says. "There was a great feeling of tension in the air; it was the beginning of the Revolution and you could feel it, it was extraordinary. We felt the old system was collapsing and we would build something new to take its place."

"Our town [Krasnodar] was always shifting back and forth between the Reds and the Whites in the civil war. Our neighbours played revolutionary songs on their piano, while my brother Sergei played 'God save the Tsar' [the old Russian national anthem] on



Natalia Puhlimskaya, who as a child saw the Tsar, 'hunched up like a little soldier' Andrea Arco-Strauss



Bela Kun, leader of the short-lived Hungarian Soviet Republic of 1919, disappeared in the purges. A word of denunciation from a neighbour was enough to earn a trip to the Gulag, and a foreign husband just increased the danger. "Everyone was scared. Fear was in the air and there were spies everywhere."

his mandolin. When the Whites had Krasnodar there were British soldiers billeted in our school. "When the Reds finally won they moved some Cossacks into our flat. One of them painted huge moustaches all over my picture book. The Reds ... stopped people using money and gave out ration cards. We stood in line to get our food, barley soup and barley cutlets, sometimes potatoes."

The civil war tore apart her family. While Natalia supported the Bolsheviks, Sergei passed by one day with the White army on a brief visit. It was the last time she saw him. "My parents weren't at home, and I ran a bath for him. He fled to Sofia and eventually France. He sent us many postcards and took a job in Paris as a railway porter. Then the postcards stopped. He committed suicide."

By the late 1980s Natalia was working outside Moscow in a hospital and had married Pal Sos. They were years of terror in the Soviet Union, and many of the foreign Communists she knew, such as

During the war Natalia was sent back to Moscow, while her husband was sent to a military hospital on the Stalingrad front, sorting casualties into those who could be saved and those who could not. "They worked under terrible conditions, in incredible cold. The only way to keep going was to drink vodka, which they got as part of their rations. Sometimes they worked for three days and nights, non-stop."

In 1951 Natalia, her husband and two children were sent to Budapest, where they stayed until the revolution in October 1956.

The Hungarian National Uprising was dangerous for Russian Communists. "It was chaos on the streets. The Hungarians would even go into hospitals and kill any wounded Russians they found there. I wouldn't leave the house. At the end of the year we were evacuated to Russia."

After the Russian invasion she returned to Budapest. Hungary's new leader, Janos Kadar, ran a dictatorship, but it was also considered the "happiest barracks" in the Eastern bloc.

Natalia, like many old Hungarians, looks back on the Kadar era with nostalgia.

"Everyone had a job, there was free education and health care. Every factory even had its own free holiday resort and things were cheap. Of course, there were positive improvements now as well, such as much more choice in the shops, but I personally don't need all these things."

Natalia observes the collapse of the rouble, and Russia, with anguish. "I'm not a political person, but if someone had told me a decade ago there would no longer be a Soviet Union I would not have believed them."

"It was a great mistake to demolish the Soviet Union, instead of reorganising it. It was Stalin's fault - he killed so many of the intelligentsia, all the people with brains. That's why someone like [Boris] Yeltsin has come to power in all this chaos, and why the rouble has collapsed. They wanted to change everything so quickly. You can't do that in Russia."

ADAM LEBOR

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52 WEEK

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## SPORT

# Anderton willing and able to repay Hoddle's faith

AFTER ALL, Darren Anderton has been through it may seem a little cruel, but it still comes as a surprise to find him playing for Spurs and in the England squad, not out injured after his exertions in the World Cup. So far, since his third hernia operation in February, it is looking good for all concerned and earlier this week at Burnham the 26-year-old midfielder was enjoying a welcome change from explaining his latest injury or defending Glenn Hoddle's decision to pick him at all.

"It's a little strange seeing everyone from the World Cup again," he said. "That all finished so suddenly, but now we're back here it just seems like yesterday. Not a lot's been said about it, it's more just looking forward to Saturday's game against Sweden."

For Anderton and club-mate Sol Campbell linking up with England is probably just the escape they were looking for given all the fuss over Tottenham's poor start to the season, notwithstanding last Saturday's win at Everton. "It's nice to be here with

England's midfielder is ready to enjoy the challenge of a full and injury-free season for club and country. By Adam Szreter

everyone being so positive towards the game and looking forward to it," Anderton admitted. "Before last week's game against Everton there were a lot of people saying that things weren't going well within the club. But one win changes all that really."

"Whenever we have a couple of bad results it's blown up because we haven't been successful over the past four or five years and after last season, to come back and lose the first two was not what people were looking for. It wasn't even so much the scoreline as the way we played. It was shocking really. But we changed a couple of things on Saturday, we had four in midfield, we knew we had to battle for a win and that's what we did."

It was pointed out that even he looked as though he was getting stuck in at times, not a side of his game Anderton is generally noted

for. "I've always tried, I'm just not particularly good at it," he said.

As far as criticism of the team and its manager, Christian Gross, is concerned, Anderton said: "It seems at the moment that all the players are behind him, but of course results are what count. When you start losing games everyone wants to blame each other."

"The fans went crazy at the first home game of the season. We could sense we needed a good performance, but as soon as the first goal went in they turned on us. We know their frustration but in the position we're in now it doesn't help. They need to get behind us, especially at home."

Anderton's own relationship with the Tottenham fans has been stretched to the limit by the injury problems that have restricted his appearances at club level over the past three years, despite playing in

both Euro 96 and the World Cup. "I don't think I've got anything to prove to the fans," he said. "I just want to do well for myself and right now is the best I've felt for three or four years."

"I think I owe Tottenham a bit, but at the end of the day I was under their care and maybe if things had been done differently at times I wouldn't have been out injured for so long."

"But that's all in the past now and yes, I want to do it for Tottenham but I want to do it for myself as well. I showed my loyalty to Spurs by turning down a move to Manchester United at a time when things were going very well for me."

Looking back on the World Cup, the doubts about his fitness and the criticism over his selection ahead of David Beckham at the start of the tournament, Anderton said: "It would have been nice if people had

said it's good to see him back playing again after the injuries he's had. I guess it was a bit of a gamble but Glenn [Hoddle] showed faith in me and the medical staff said there would be no problem with my injury as long as I continued to do the exercises. From then on it was just a matter of getting my match-fitness, and I've always been naturally fit in that way."

"I had a few doubts after the first game against Tunisia when we won 2-0. I thought I did okay but I got slaughtered in the press and after that I thought, 'Well, I'm just going to go out and enjoy it'. Scoring against Colombia after all I'd been through, with the injuries and the stick, made it very satisfying."

"I wasn't too surprised it went well though because I was playing with great players. In that wide position you're relying a lot on your teammates to give you the ball, but with England you're always going to get involved."

With Beckham and David Batty missing from tomorrow's England line-up, Anderton might find himself



Darren Anderton takes a break during training with England at Bisham Abbey ahead of tomorrow's game in Sweden PA

as involved as he was against Argentina when he took over Beckham's central midfield role following the sending-off. "I enjoyed that," he said. "It was a huge challenge, backs against the wall, but everyone just worked very, very hard. I was absolutely shattered when I came off - it wasn't just the physical side, it was the mental side as well."

As for the future, Anderton

speaks optimistically without taking anything for granted. "I hope my peak years are still ahead of me," he said. "I've lost three years, apart from playing in the European Championship and the World Cup. "I'm lucky with all the injuries I've had to have played in those tournaments, but now I just want to get a good full season under my belt and take things from there."

## Rising sons of Tartan Army

Three of Scotland's bright young talents are preparing to don the national shirts also worn by their famous fathers. By Alan Nixon

IT WOULD be no surprise if the anthem struck up in the Vingsis Stadium today for Scotland's Under-21 international with Lithuania was that dodgy '70s refrain, "Son of my Father". Because the old Chicory Tip number certainly applies to the latest crop of recruits for the Tartan Army's feeder team as much as "Scotland the Brave".

By a quirk of genes and fortune, Paul Dalglish, Gavin Strachan and Jamie Buchanan will follow the footsteps of their famous dads at the same time on the international stage. A generation game with a difference.

The emergence of Dalglish junior as the latest cub to sport the lion rampant on his chest has had supporters and experts alike turning misty-eyed with memories of the halcyon days of their fathers.

It is a comparison that Dalglish in particular has had to suffer, but like young Strachan and Buchanan he has inherited more than just the family name. The skills of the Newcastle United striker, like the Coventry midfielder Strachan and Aberdeen's Buchanan, have come through.

Dalglish has been protected by his father, Kenny, from the glare of publicity, but his belief that his son would come good has been proved correct at a time when dad's own fortunes are at a low.

Kenny gave Paul his first outing in football when he was 16, Dalglish junior coming on as a substitute in Blackburn Rovers reserves' final game of the season at Wigan. Although the thin youngster trained with the team, mixing with senior players such as Alan Shearer, Dalglish felt it better that his son continued his football education away from possible accusations of nepotism.

Paul joined Newcastle United courtesy of Dalglish's friendship with Terry McDermott, and was even put up in a hotel under his mother's maiden name in an attempt to

stop the news leaking out. Dalglish then used his connections at Celtic to persuade them to give his son a chance. It was a regular occurrence for father to travel hundreds of miles to see his lad in action.

Some doubted Dalglish's ability to live up to his father's name, but shrewd judges felt it was only a matter of time before he came good. He has superior pace, but does not have the chunky backside that his father used to turn bemused markers. Like his father, he sees openings and has the touch and vision to link with team-mates.

Dalglish showed some promise in the reserves before being released. Again his father made the key call and his boy went to Liverpool, where he grew in strength and found the physique to go with his football brain.

A chip off the old block in looks too, Dalglish Junior then joined Newcastle last season, but was immediately loaned to Bury, where he made a handful of first-team appearances. He mixed easily with their journeymen and his pleasing personality made him popular. Now he has developed enough to sit on the Newcastle bench - bizarrely, for the game after Kenny's departure.

His son's first international call-up to the Scotland Under-21 team cheered Dalglish - capped 102 times by Scotland - greatly on the day of his abrupt departure from St James' Park. While Dalglish Junior has the burden of being instantly likened to one so famous, Gavin Strachan has the advantage of being facially and physically dissimilar to his dad, Gordon. Even in their daily proximity at Coventry, it would surprise an outsider to know they are related.

Strachan Junior shares the competitive edge of his father, but is taller and leaner. He has already strode the Premier League stage and Gary McAllister, the Scotland and Coventry midfielder, is impressed: "Gavin has looked at



Three legends of Scotland's international past (from left): Kenny Dalglish, Gordon Strachan and Martin Buchan Varley-Wilkinson/Allsport/Mirror



And the new guard (from left): Newcastle United's Paul Dalglish, Coventry City's Gavin Strachan and Jamie Buchanan, of Aberdeen Empics/Empics/Evening Express

ease from a young age," he said. "It's obvious that he has been taken to games by his dad and watched carefully. He has a knowledge way beyond his years."

"The boss's other son, Craig, is also with us now, and they are both men in their own right.

They certainly don't abuse the fact that their dad is manager. It goes without saying that they get no special favours, in fact possibly the opposite."

Jamie Buchanan is the most established of the new generation. Like his father, Martin, who was captain of Aberdeen, Man-

chester United and Scotland, he has been able to handle the top level at a tender age.

Young Buchanan has been at Aberdeen since he left school, a first-team squad man soon after and now an Under-21 regular. These days his father is a football promotions manager for

Puma, based in England and travelling around the world. Buchanan Senior considers his son has attributes he lacked and said: "Jamie can do things with a ball that I never could. He is also more laid back than me. I was very intense as a youngster, maybe too serious about life as

well as football. In that way Jamie is unlike me, as he is a freer spirit and expresses himself on the pitch."

It is 19 years since Buchanan won the last of his 34 caps for Scotland - he went to the 1978 World Cup with Dalglish, during an era when the bloodline

was obviously at its strongest among Scottish footballers. Archie Gemmill's son, Scot, is a full international; Bruce Riech's son, Gregor, is now with Hull City; while Lou Macari's lads, Paul and Mike, and Frank Gray's son, Andy, have also made the grade at

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# Blackburn ready to sell Sherwood

FOOTBALL  
BY ALAN NIXON

BLACKBURN ROVERS are ready to sell their captain, Tim Sherwood to Tottenham for £5m. Rovers have rejected Tottenham's opening two offers, but are expecting an improved package today for their midfielder. Sherwood is prepared to talk to Spurs if the fee is agreed and

it seems certain that he would go to London, where he has a house. Blackburn will not stand in his way should the offer match their valuation even though they were counting on his services in Europe. The Scottish international Billy McKinlay is available to fit into that role, although he has an Achilles tendon injury at the moment to complicate the timing of the deal. The sides will

meet next week at White Hart Lane and a transfer may be tied up before the game. Sherwood's pending departure is the latest bad news for Blackburn. Colin Hendry left for Rangers before his testimonial year, Kevin Gallacher and Martin Dahlin are unsettled, and the futures of Stéphane Henchoz and goalkeeper Tim Flowers are in doubt. To make a bad situation worse, Rovers' promising

teenage winger, Jim Corbett, is unlikely to play again until the New Year after breaking his leg during a reserve team game against Nottingham Forest this week. Manchester City's new signing, Danny Allsopp, is willing to reject his home country of Australia and try to play for England. Allsopp, 19, has been a big impact at Maine Road since arriving from Port Melbourne Sharks

and now he has his sights on English international honours, and will not play for Australia. The Portsmouth manager, Alan Ball, is hoping to complete the signing of Walsall's French midfielder, Jeff Peron, for £150,000 within the next few days. Ball has agreed a fee and the Frenchman will sign a two-year contract at the First Division club subject to his passing a medical.

The former Scotland winger, Pat Nevin, yesterday took up a new executive role at Motherwell. Nevin, a long-time friend of new Motherwell owner, John Boyle, was expected to become the first player to also hold a seat in the boardroom. Crystal Palace have received work permits for their two Chinese internationals, Fan Zhiyi and Sun Jihai. Both should be available for selection for

Palace's next match against Crewe on Tuesday. Peter Shreeves yesterday revealed he is looking for a new challenge in London after leaving Sheffield Wednesday. Shreeves, who was the first-team coach at Hillsborough, parted company with the Yorkshire club on Wednesday. The Owls are expected to announce shortly that he will be replaced by Birmingham's Frank Barlow.

Shreeves said: "I have had two super years at Sheffield Wednesday and I really took to the Yorkshire people. I think I did well for the club and the club did well for me. That door is closed now and I am back in London, looking for the next challenge." The former Tottenham manager added that he did not have a job lined up at this stage.

## Dodds dashes to make plane

BY PHIL SHAW  
in Vilnius

AT LEAST no one can accuse Billy Dodds of not being quick enough for international football. The Aberdeen striker made a 100mph dash from the granite city to Glasgow airport yesterday, arriving in time to join the Scotland squad's trip to the Lithuanian capital for tomorrow's opening qualifier for Euro 2000. Dodds, whose Scotland career amounts to four caps and three seconds, was already two hours into training with his club when he was summoned by Craig Brown to replace the injured Scot Gemmill. A two-hour delay before take-off meant he need not have rushed, but then the 29-year-old from Ayrshire is accustomed to false starts where the Scots and the Baltic republics are concerned.

His last touch in his country's colours was to kick off the infamous "game that never was" in Estonia, two years ago next month. That match was instantly abandoned due to the small matter of the hosts failing to turn up, and Dodds drove South yesterday knowing that he might not even be asked to get changed on this occasion.

Whether he is actively involved or not is likely to hinge on the fitness of Ally McCoist. The talismanic attacker, 36 this month, warned Brown after training on Wednesday that he felt a slight recurrence of the calf condition which has troubled him since his heyday with Rangers. By the morning he believed he could play, only for Brown to stress that the player's wishes were not the sole consideration. "We've got to look closely at McCoist in training," the Scotland manager said. "He's still a doubt. It would be totally unfair to Kilmarnock if we played him when he wasn't 100 per cent fit and the problem was aggravated. They've made a big investment in him." The way Scotland ask their front-runners to operate - as the first line of defence, harrying opponents to stop them from building from the back - may count against McCoist. "If he plays, he's got to do the shift," Brown said. In theory, Gemmill's indisposition with a thigh strain should have been the cue for Brown to call up another midfielder. Despite the Nottingham Forest player joining a list of absentees which already in-

cluded Gary McAllister, Craig Burley, David Hopkin and Billy McKinlay, he considered that the more pressing need was for a striker. Gemmill, who did not kick a ball in earnest in either Euro 96 or France 98, might well have occupied the anchor role in a central trio alongside John Collins and Paul Lambert. Now the position is earmarked for Colin Calderwood. Brown previously hinted that Barry Ferguson, the 20-year-old playmaking prodigy from Rangers, would win his first cap. If he does, it will probably be as a substitute. The manager expressed the view that "a tough away fixture like this is one for experienced players, guys who've been over the course." Lest anyone was tempted to suggest that he was guilty of talking up modest opposition, Brown revealed that he had shown his players a film of Lithuania sharing a goalless draw with the Republic of Ireland in Dublin during the last World Cup qualifying series. "After 20 minutes, the Irish hadn't been up the park once, whereas they had two chances," he said. "It was a warning to us."

## Could dispels talk of rift with Speed

BY GUY HODGSON

GARY SPEED will captain Wales in their European Championship qualifier at Anfield tomorrow night, dispelling reports that an unbridgeable rift had opened between him and Bobby Gould. The Welsh manager confirmed that "words were expressed" after Wales lost 4-0 to Tunisia immediately before the World Cup finals but could not have been more emphatic in denying it had harmed their relationship. "Gary is a forthright young man with opinions," Gould said. "Which at times he feels he wants to put forward for the benefit of the team. I remember a dark haired centre-forward who was just the same. I voiced my opinions, too. You knock things backwards and forwards, of course you do. If you've got opinions you should voice them as long as you do it at the right times and through the right channels. Words were expressed but it's

a dead subject as far as I and the Welsh FA are concerned." If Speed had an axe to grind yesterday it was over a venue made necessary because the National Stadium in Cardiff is being rebuilt. He would have preferred a Welsh ground such as Colwyn Bay or Merthyr Tydfil but economics ruled that out. "I think it makes our task more difficult," he said. "Most of our players have played there before but I think it will suit the Italians more than us and they will get better support from Italian nationals based in this country. They are a very strong team but we've got battling qualities and if we get in among them we could cause an upset." Mick McCarthy, the Republic of Ireland manager, warned yesterday a weakened Croatia will still set his team a major test of their qualification ambitions at Lansdowne Road tomorrow. Croatia, who finished third in France, their first World Cup campaign, flew into Dublin minus five big names. Davor

Suker, the top-scorer at France '98, Robert Prosinecki, Slaven Bilic of Everton and Goran Vlaovic are missing, along with the Lazio striker Zoran Borkic, whose knee injury, which prevented him going to the finals, is still a problem. However, McCarthy insisted: "Croatia still have a lot of other excellent players - Boban, Jarni and Stanic to name just three." McCarthy is missing only the striker Niall Quinn and the suspended David Connolly from his squad and could recall Tony Casciaro. That would mean an "old and new" pairing up front with Casciaro, who was 38 earlier this week, partnering the 18-year-old Wolves forward Robbie Keane. Keith Gillespie is ready to make his comeback and prove to the Newcastle manager, Ruedi Gutknecht, that he deserves a new contract. Gillespie is set to play for Northern Ireland against Turkey in tomorrow's qualifier in Istanbul after five months out with ankle trouble.

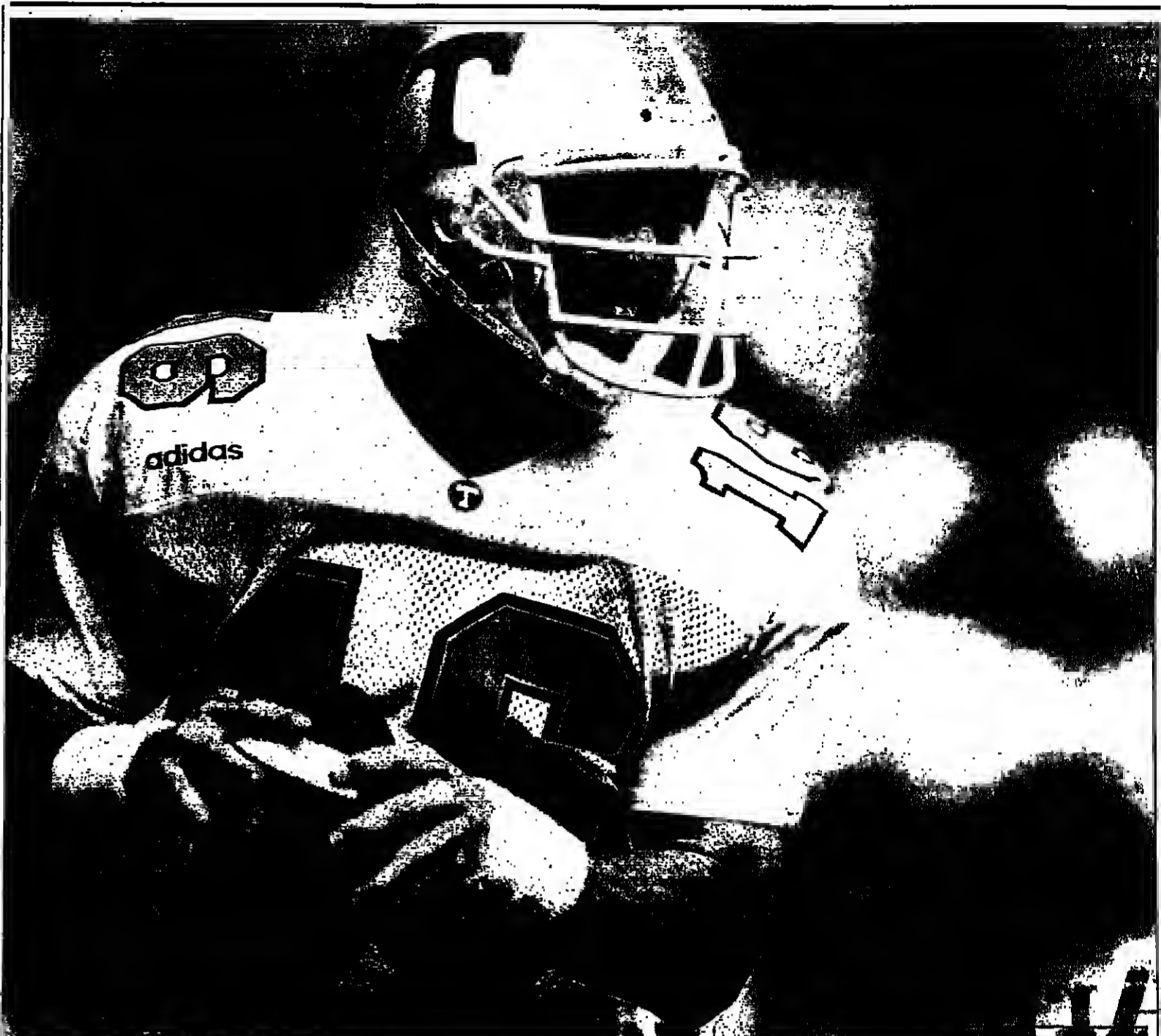
## Diamond geezers of Rushden on the rise

NON-LEAGUE  
NOTEBOOK

THE BOOKMAKERS decided that Rushden & Diamonds were the pre-season favourites to claim the Football Conference title - and the Northamptonshire club are doing their best to prove them right. The Nene Park outfit have won all six of their opening fixtures, scoring 20 goals in the process, and they have accumulated a four-point lead at the top of the table. It is the best start to a Conference campaign by any club this decade. Despite starting only four of the six games together, Diamonds' new front-line partnership of Adrian Foster (seven goals) and Darren Collins (six) have already found the net 13 times between them. Their defensive team-mates have been equally effective, conceding just two goals so far. Brian Talbot, the former

Ipswich, Arsenal and England midfield stalwart who is now Rushden's head coach, said yesterday: "It's a fantastic start. We couldn't have done any better - but there's a long way to go and we have to keep working hard. We won't win every game." Diamonds are reaping the benefit of a full-time professional playing staff, a rarity below the Nationwide League. The Conference squad of 27 senior players is backed up by the 16 apprentices that are the pick of the club's youth programme, making a total staff of 43 training at Nene Park every day. The funding for this ambitious set-up comes from the club's chairman Max Griggs, whose business interests include the Dr Martens footwear company. "It's Mr Griggs' club," Talbot, who is thriving after an unhappy managerial experience at West Bromwich and

Aldershot, said. "He's made it, he's built it, he funds it." Griggs has given Rushden what is probably the best stadium outside the League and is now trying to make sure that Talbot's playing staff is of comparable quality. The emphasis is on experience, with last season's regulars like Chris Whyte, the former Arsenal and Leeds centre-half, and Colin West, once of Sunderland and Rangers, being joined this summer by new recruits like Paul Wilson, the ex-Cambridge United and Northampton left-back, the former Crewe goalkeeper Mark Gayle and the ex-Bristol Rovers winger Lee Archer. The former Queen's Park Rangers and England forward Rodney Marsh is lined up to become the managing director of the Dr Martens League club, Ashford Town. Marsh apparently wants to make the Kent side "the Macclesfield Town of the south".



A new breed of quarterbacks: The Indianapolis Colts' Peyton Manning and (inset) Ryan Leaf, of the San Diego Chargers. "If I don't win, the money means nothing," Manning said of his \$30m, six-year contract. Allsport

## Time up for old guard as gridiron enters new era

AMERICAN FOOTBALL  
BY NICK HALLING

EARLIER THIS year, the National Football League concluded what is thought to be the biggest television deal in the history of sport, an eight-year contract worth slightly over \$16bn (\$9.5bn). The gridiron game may have its problems on the international front, as evidenced by the closure in June of the England Monarchs, but at home, American football remains a national obsession. A new season opens for business on Sunday night, and just as the massive influx of television money is certain to have far-reaching consequences of the field, an excitingly different era is dawning on it. An elite group of quarterbacks, who have dominated affairs for more than a decade, are slowly but surely in decline; on the sidelines a fresh young, brash group of passers stand ready to consign them to history.

The quarterback is the single most important player on a team's 45-man roster. With 30 franchises in the league, talent is spread thinly; the few passers of proven quality are protected jealously by their teams, while the rest hope the annual collegiate draft throws up a few gems. This year, the draft delivered two genuine prospects: Peyton Manning, from

the University of Tennessee, was selected by the Indianapolis Colts, while Ryan Leaf gave up his studies at Washington State early for the chance to join the San Diego Chargers. They are considered the brightest young stars since Dan Marino and John Elway arrived in 1983. Marino and Elway have enjoyed illustrious careers and are still playing. Elway, having led the Denver Broncos to victory in the Super Bowl last year, while Marino, with Miami Dolphins, remains the only person in league history to pass for more than 50,000 yards. Both are multi-millionaires, but even their jaws will have dropped at the amount of cash thrown at their young rivals. As the first beneficiaries of the new TV money, Manning signed a six-year deal worth \$48.5m (\$30m), while Leaf had to settle for just \$31.25m (\$19.5m) over five years. "People are asking me what I plan to do with the

money," Manning said. "The truth is, I plan to earn it. If I don't do the job, which is to win, the money means nothing." The two youngsters, both dashing physical specimens at 6ft 5in and over 180lb, are blessed with the confidence of youth. Leaf is already talking in terms of winning a Super Bowl in two or three years, while Manning predicts good times ahead for a Colts franchise mired in decades of mediocrity. Most rookie quarterbacks are gently eased into the front line over a two or three-year period, but Leaf will be at the helm when the Chargers begin their season against Buffalo, while Manning has the chance to observe Marino when the Colts entertain the Dolphins. "There's no question that Ryan is ready," Leaf's college coach, Mike Price, said. "Not only is he strong and fast, but he has the right mental attitude." Jim Mora, the Colts' coach, speaks similarly of Manning:

"Peyton will be a great player in this league," he said. "He will progress faster than most rookie quarterbacks because he has such special talents." Sobering stuff for the old guard, aware that in the ruthless business of American sports, past achievements count for nothing. Marino, who will be 37 in less than a fortnight, has already learned that owning every passing record worth having has not stopped malicious tongues wagging. Last season, the unthinkable happened when it was suggested in many media quarters that the Dolphins might be better served by a change of quarterback. If they struggle this season, their pragmatic head coach, Jimmy Johnson, might yield to temptation. Flushed with Super Bowl elation, Elway considered retirement before deciding to give it one more year. Considered the most technically accomplished quarterback

ever, the Denver passer's talents are clearly eroding. The daring, mazy runs that were once his trademark are rarely seen these days, while an arm which once propelled the football with finger-burning velocity has lost some of its snap. Then there is Seattle's venerable Warren Moon, 42 in October, desperately trying to hold off the challenge of the young Jon Kitna, who showed huge potential playing for the Barcelona Dragons in the World League in 1997. When the NFL season ends in January, it is possible that all three will have taken their final snap. Bizarrely, the Atlanta Falcons have brought Steve DeBerg out of retirement to back up Chris Chandler, their frequently injured passer. The 44-year-old DeBerg hasn't played since 1993, and has spent the last four seasons coaching. "I see it as a great opportunity," he said. "I plan on enjoying it." Unfortunately for yesterday's men, age rarely finds accommodation on the gridiron. An exciting future beckons, and for Ryan Leaf and Peyton Manning, the young guns of the NFL, that future is now.

SUPER BOWL XXXIII: THE ONES TO WATCH		
THE FAVOURITES KANSAS CITY CHIEFS	THE DARK HORSES TAMPA BAY BUCCANEERS	FOR THE FUTURE ARIZONA CARDINALS
Under head coach Marty Schottenheimer, the Chiefs have become play-off regulars but, up to now, have regularly failed to unexpected defeats. However, the addition of defensive ends Chester McClockton and Leslie O'Neal should make a team which finished 13-3 last season even more powerful. Despite running back Marcus Allen's retirement, the Chiefs may never have a better chance.	Derided as a joke for most of the last 15 years, the Bucs have become contenders under the leadership of Tony Dungy. In Warren Dunn and Mike Alcott, they have the best running game in the league. The only question mark is over their quarterback, Trent Diller, who remains limited, despite Dungy's best efforts to build an offense he can operate.	The Cardinals have not appeared in a championship game for 50 years, and have made just one play-off appearance since 1975. An impressive draft should assist their young quarterback, Jake Plummer, and the defense has high-class performers in Eric Swann and Aeneas Williams. Expect a big improvement, with a serious challenge in years to come.

## McGwire barrage edges towards record

BASEBALL

MARK MCGWIRE slugged his way to the brink of immortality on Wednesday night, striking two home runs to move within two of Roger Maris' 37-year-old Major League record. The St Louis Cardinals' first baseman hit a pair for the second consecutive night during a

14-4 rout of the Florida Marlins in Miami. The barrage kept "Big Mac" on course to beat the record of 61 set by Maris of the 1961 New York Yankees, who outslugged his team-mate Mickey Mantle when both chased Babe Ruth's mark of 60 in 1927. "It will probably sink in on the flight home," McGwire

said. "I was more surprised when the first one went out. It was three feet off the ground and that's why I put my fist in the air - I was amazed that I got it." McGwire's two blasts came after Sammy Sosa, the Chicago Cubs outfielder, hit his 56th homer of the season in a 4-2 win against Cincinnati Reds.

Homer No 58 for McGwire came on a 2-1 pitch from the Florida reliever, Brian Edmondson. The ball flew 497ft into the left-field upper deck of the Joe Robbie Stadium - the third-longest hit in the ballpark's six-year history. In the eighth, he made it 59 when he clubbed the first pitch from Rob Stanley 458ft to left-centre.

The previous day, McGwire hit two homers against Florida to break the National League record of 58 set in 1930 by Hack Wilson, of the Chicago Cubs. The Cardinals have 23 games remaining in the regular season and McGwire is on pace to hit a record-breaking 68 homers.









## SPORT

ANDERTON REPAYING THE FAITH P20 • BEST'S HARD-UP PROFESSIONALS P23

## Premier League opens the door

BY NICK HARRIS

THE PREMIER League said yesterday it was prepared to negotiate with Media Partners, the Italy-based marketing company behind a proposed super league, over the future of football in Europe.

Although the move reduces the possibility of a breakaway league, it may lead to confrontation between Uefa, European football's governing body, and the Premier League. It may also lead to some role in European football for Media Partners, a move thought highly unlikely until the Premier League understood how seriously some of its clubs were considering breaking away.

The news came after a meeting between 20 Premier League chairmen and Media Partners yesterday morning in London. Peter Leaver, the chief executive of the Premier League, said afterwards: "We had a very positive meeting. The mood of the meeting was to look forward. The meeting listened very carefully to presentations from Media Partners and Uefa and noted the points made."

"There was clear and unanimous opposition to the suggestion of a breakaway but it was agreed that reform of European club competitions was needed," he said. Media Partners' proposals, which were put to the chairmen yesterday, include a three-tier league of 36 clubs, and a knock-out competition involving 96 clubs from all of Uefa's 51 domestic leagues. Media Partners said that domestic leagues would continue to operate as normal.

The Premiership clubs were told that 10 places will be available each season for them (four in the league, and six in the cup) and a total of £44m would be shared between the four in the league and at least £28m with the six in the cup.

The proposals would be funded through the sale of television rights, and would guarantee Media Partners having a six-year marketing role.

Leaver stressed that any further negotiations with Media Partners would happen through the Premier League and not by individual clubs, several of whom - including Manchester United, Arsenal and Liverpool - have had secret negotiations about the plans. It is understood that several clubs met with Media Partners after yesterday morning's meeting to continue planning the super league, and that the Premier League will have more meetings of its own in the near future.

"We will continue to welcome, through the League, talks with interested parties and to work closely with Uefa's task force [set up last weekend to plan change for Uefa's competitions] to bring about positive change in the interests of English football," Leaver said. "Nothing is in. Nothing is out. The paper is blank. We'll have to see what develops."

In an unprecedented move, Gerhard Aigner, Uefa's general secretary was invited to address the 20 Premier League chairmen. Uefa's stance so far has been to completely reject Media Partners' proposals and Aigner's comments as he left the meeting suggest it has not changed. "We don't need television people to develop football concepts," he said, and maintained Uefa had no intention of working with Media Partners.

Leaver said Media Partners' plans have been a "good stick with which to beat Uefa" into making changes to its competitions and give more money to the clubs participating. The Uefa task force - which includes Leaver - will meet on 14 September in Geneva and aims to prepare a report in time for the Uefa executive meeting on 6 October. Potential conflict lies ahead.



Scotland complete their training in Glasgow yesterday before they flew out to Lithuania for tomorrow's European Championship qualifying match

Scottish News

## Owen's pace gives Shearer space

BY GLENN MOORE  
in Stockholm

THE LAST time Alan Shearer was in Stockholm he narrowly avoided being the fall guy in Graham Taylor's most infamous substitution.

With England losing 2-1 to Sweden and about to miss out on a place in the semi-finals of the 1992 European Championships, Shearer was told to warm up only for Alan Smith to be sent on instead. Off came Gary Lineker, still a goal short of Bobby Charlton's England record.

England lost, neither Lineker nor Smith played for England again and Taylor's relationships with press and public were irretrievably damaged. Shearer went on to be Lineker's successor as captain and centre-forward.

Six years on England are again searching for their first win in Stockholm since 1937, again in a European Championship tie, again with the manager and captain under pressure. While Glenn Hoddle needs a re-

sult to stem the growing criticism of his manner and methods, Shearer needs a goal, or at least a dynamic performance, to silence the whisperers about his place.

His captaincy is challenged by Tony Adams' assertion that he should be skipper, and his role as goalscoring totem is under threat from the emergence of Michael Owen. While Shearer's place is not in doubt as yet - and, unlike Lineker, he has the support of his coach - the time is coming when Owen may be regarded as the leading striker.

Since returning from injury in January he has had a poor return for Newcastle and scored once from open play in his last five England games. His World Cup performances were disappointing given his previous high standards and, in difficult circumstances, he has not started the season well at Newcastle.

Yet there remains a calm certainty about Shearer and, as he looked forward to tomorrow's first qualifying match, he appeared at

ease with himself and his "rivals". Of Adams, whose comments came in his recently serialised book, he said: "I haven't spoken to him about it but he would say that because he is Tony Adams and you make sure you look after your own interests. Glenn Hoddle has chosen me for his reasons and that's that as it goes."

Adams and Shearer are not close but there is a deep professional respect. Shearer is clearly unhappy with this week's focus, though, and he added: "There's been enough rubbish written and said this week but the only important thing is the match. I've no problem with people doing books but it's a shame we're so close to it and this is dominating the build-up."

Shearer was happier on the subject of Owen, with whom he appears to be developing a promising relationship probably assisted by sharing the same personal adviser. "Even before Sunday [when Owen scored a hat-trick against Shearer's Newcastle] I knew he was a very ex-

citing player with a great future ahead of him. Don't talk about his age because he is doing it now. The important thing is he wants to learn and wants to listen."

Pressed, he added: "I do see something of myself in the way he handles things on and off the pitch. He's a bit more mature than most 18-year-olds will ever be and has handled it. He hasn't changed from the day he came in. He's a very confident lad; he gives and takes his fair share of stick like everyone."

Shearer has passed on a few tips to Owen though he is not convinced he needs much help. "He said to me when we were taking the penalties against Argentina: 'What shall I do?' I just said: 'Do what you normally do, put it in the back of the net.' And he did. I was always confident he would score."

Shearer hopes Owen's presence will give him more space; his pace certainly gives England more options. "If there's one thing defend-

ers don't like it's movement and pace and he has both. He presents a dilemma for defenders. Do they sit deep and cut his pace off which creates space in midfield for us? Or do they play up the pitch, try and play him offside, and leave space for him to run into?"

Shearer would not be drawn on the recent changes at Newcastle but he insisted that speculation about his own future did not affect his focus. "After the disappointment against Argentina it is important to get off to a good start, especially for anyone who has not got that out of their system."

Shearer did that with some R&B in Barbados on a family holiday. "I was disappointed but also relieved it was all over because of the pressure involved. It was difficult to take it home because I have two little girls. They want to hold you and you can't be running around being miserable. They don't understand and I don't want them to."

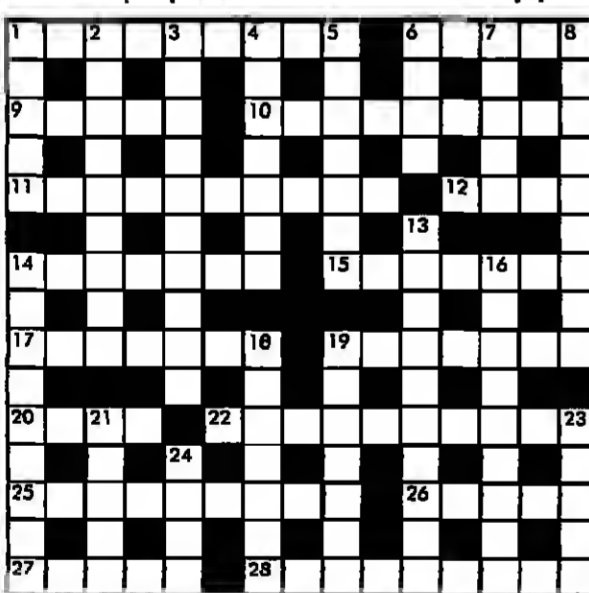
Only a game then? Not any more but a little perspective never goes amiss.

## THE FRIDAY CROSSWORD

No. 3707, Friday 4 September

By Sparrows

Thursday's solution



DOWN  
1 DEPUTY with old gun riding in carriage mostly (9)  
6 Hospital wing housing oriental women's quarters (5)  
9 Seaweed initially obscured fish (5)  
10 Damaged pool car is behind chafed (9)  
11 Source of rolls, the kind you get in bars (10)  
12 Somewhat gloomy, this story (4)  
14 Northern town newspapers mostly associated with style (7)  
15 Rebellious group in France facing lawsuit (7)  
17 English magazine for Germans carrying article in Chinese, for instance (7)  
19 Mean to declare with a good chance, ultimately (7)

ACROSS  
1 Deputy with old gun riding in carriage mostly (9)  
6 Hospital wing housing oriental women's quarters (5)  
9 Seaweed initially obscured fish (5)  
10 Damaged pool car is behind chafed (9)  
11 Source of rolls, the kind you get in bars (10)  
12 Somewhat gloomy, this story (4)  
14 Northern town newspapers mostly associated with style (7)  
15 Rebellious group in France facing lawsuit (7)  
17 English magazine for Germans carrying article in Chinese, for instance (7)  
19 Mean to declare with a good chance, ultimately (7)

20 Ambassador's ring stolen - and why? (4)  
22 Give information about subject - just superficial knowledge (10)  
23 Creed a nun translated, showing perseverance (9)  
26 Stand for a bathroom item not quite finished (5)  
27 Let's start to live with simplicity (5)  
28 We hear sirens let off (9)

DOWN  
1 Fire engulfs opening of tall chimney (5)  
2 Strings he's pulled to get justice (9)  
3 Old landlord accepting writer's public communication (4, 6)  
4 Lecturer subjected to a prohibition quit (7)  
5 Attention focused on mistake - cover of The

Listener (7)  
6 Optimism evident as man secures work (4)  
7 Having account opened in bank is something of an event (5)  
8 Slip, or what one sometimes does, we're told? (3)  
13 Use more gas for cooking a cereal etc. (10)  
14 Breakfast with bishop, perhaps, or description of parts of it? (9)  
16 Incline to the right? (9)  
18 No sodium in pharmacist's measure - that's insignificant (7)  
19 Unsophisticated East-ender's without tender feeling, we hear (7)  
21 What Dvorak would have drunk right? (5)  
23 Suppose visitors take time out (5)  
24 Release without charge (4)

## Lloyd escapes with 'severe reprimand'

CRICKET  
BY DEREK PRINGLE

DAVID LLOYD, the England coach, yesterday escaped severe censure after meeting with his employers, the England and Wales Cricket Board. Instead, his thinly veiled comments over the bowling action of Muttiah Muralitharan, made as England struggled to a 10-wicket defeat against Sri Lanka at The Oval, have brought him a second warning in two years.

In a statement yesterday, Tim Lamb, chief executive of the ECB, said: "Following his inappropriate comments about the Sri Lankan off-spinner, Muttiah Muralitharan, and his subsequently reported altercation with a television presenter, David Lloyd has been severe-

ly reprimanded, warned about his conduct and left in no doubt as to the responsibilities that go with such a high-profile position. The matter is now closed and David goes as coach to Dhaka and to Australia with our full support."

The meeting, which was attended by Lamb, Simon Pack, the international teams director, and Lesley Portlock, the personnel manager, was not a disciplinary one. Sri Lanka, despite their captain Arjuna Ranatunga's outburst, in which he said he "couldn't care less if Lloyd lost his job", had not officially complained, merely asked the ECB to investigate.

Lloyd, a popular coach, is generally reckoned to have done a good job since taking over in May 1996. A highly strung and immensely patriotic man, he

unfortunately allowed his private feelings to spill out into the public domain. Zimbabwe, where he was warned following a drawn Test England should have comfortably won, was a case in point.

For former players of Lloyd's generation, suspect actions are an emotive subject. One former Essex spinner, when told by a local radio reporter that Muralitharan had been cleared by an ICC panel, said: "Who was on it? Eric Brindley and Jockey Wilson?" Although it did not bear his position as coach, it was those sentiments that Lloyd was echoing with his ill-judged intonation.

Having pondered his actions, the England coach, whose contract expires after next year's World Cup, was suitably contrite. "I am sorry for the offence that I have caused," he said.

## Bedford strike threat

RUGBY UNION  
BY ROBERT COLE

CARDIFF'S CONTROVERSIAL friendly fixture with Bedford tomorrow, which had been arranged without the approval of the Welsh and English authorities, is being threatened by a strike by the Bedford players.

The players are unhappy because they did not receive their pay cheques on 1 September. After a series of meetings they put an ultimatum yesterday to the old board of directors, who

now own just 10 per cent of the club following the takeover by Frank Warren.

Paul Turner, Bedford's director of coaching, said: "The players asked for guarantees that money will be forthcoming in the future, that players' bonuses will be paid and that our tax difficulties will be sorted out."

The players have discussed strike action, but the Bedford chief executive, Geoff Cooke, said: "If not playing on Saturday has crossed their minds they need to know it would not achieve anything. It would be a

breach of their contracts and would be reflected when it came to paying their wages at the end of September."

He added: "Frank Warren has told them they will be paid their August wages on 14 September. He is asking for a couple of weeks and bearing in mind how far he has brought the club, that is reasonable. He has made a promise and if that is not borne out in two weeks' time we will have to take stock then. The club has a cash flow problem like all clubs at this time of year. It's hardly surprising we're struggling."

If you like the sound of the South of France you'll love the taste.

A faraway look comes into people's eyes when mention is made of the South of France. For most, it is the capital of chic: a sun-kissed playground of exotic resorts and spectacular scenery studded with ancient vineyards - among them, La Motte, La Bouliardiere and Les Garrigues de Truilhas, where James Herrick makes the definitive Midi Chardonnay. Rich, stylish and full of taste; fresh, yet fruity and long-finishing. And amazingly inexpensive. Why settle for vin ordinaire when you can afford the glorious South?



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# FRIDAY REVIEW

COMMENT • FEATURES • ARTS • LISTINGS • TELEVISION

**T**his week, while most politicians headed for the Commons to debate the anti-terrorism Bill, Margaret Thatcher's dark blue Jag could be found heading in an entirely different direction along London's North Circular. If there is a hell – and many believe that Lady Thatcher might know a thing or two about how to create such a place – then the North Circular is certainly part of its integrated transport system. In fact, it may be one of the few places in Britain with more noise, dirt and stupid stunts than Parliament. Hardly surprising, then, that the Lady seemed remarkably relaxed as she arrived, resplendent in a Wizard of Oz green coat, at the Nissan dealership, just opposite the World of Leather superstore.

The place was in a state of high excitement. A tea-table had been set up in front of a violently turquoise convertible. Seth, the man who valets the cars, was everywhere with his video-camera. About 30 people were on hand to watch as Lady Thatcher handed over the keys to a new Motability Scheme car-owner to mark the charity's 21st year. The whole thing took an hour and Lady Thatcher was a total professional throughout. If she would rather have been elsewhere, you would never have known it. The woman who commands a reputed £35,000 per speech abroad (though not in Britain) was doing this one for free, because she is a patron and has been for decades. Everyone was smiling except for two Nissan customers who had fled to the coffee room. John and Lily Alford had come by to pick up their brand-new Micra, only to find their car dealership in the grip of the Iron Lady. Didn't they want to meet her? John looked incredulous. "Not! It took us 10 years to get rid of That Woman."

She will always be That Woman to most Britons. When I told people I was going to see Mrs Thatcher, there were two reactions. "How can you stand to be in the same room? Evil woman!" said one camp. "So what does she look like?" asked another. "What is she doing these days anyway?"

They may stop for a moment to discuss the interview that appeared last week in *Saga* magazine, in which Lady Thatcher reveals an ongoing bitterness against the men who betrayed her, her sadness at rarely seeing her grandchildren and the fact that she does her own ironing. (Spot the truly unbelievable statement.) But surely the leader who not so long ago was the most powerful woman in the world should engender something beyond revulsion and mild curiosity in her own country? In America, former presidents (even falling-down ones such as Gerald Ford) are treated with utmost respect as they organise their libraries and beaver away at their memoirs. They are always called "Mr President", never That Man. No such respect here for a Lioness in Winter.

She is adored in the States, often to the point of embarrassment. Take this, from a speech by Congressman Dick Army from Texas. "When you think of freedom, what comes to mind? I think of the Liberty Bell. I think of President Reagan's speech at the Berlin Wall. And I think of Lady Thatcher," he says. "Lady Thatcher has left an indelible mark on virtually all areas of international policy. Her extraordinary political vision and self-confidence, as well as her profoundly nationalistic approach to foreign policy, have prompted comparisons with Winston Churchill, Charles de Gaulle, Elizabeth I and Victoria."

You can see why her favourite seat these days is on board a transatlantic aircraft. This year she will go there on seven speaking tours. (Her next one is scheduled right after her upcoming jaunt round Croatia.) This is good not only for her ego but, with each one earning her tens of thousands of pounds, also for her bank account. When asked what she had been up to recently, she replied: "I've made quite a lot of money." And spent it, too. Much goes to help the cause of freedom in central and eastern Europe through the Thatcher Foundation (which is a company, not a charity) and to endowing the archives she is sending to Cambridge. In addition, she is setting up something called the Chair of Enterprise Studies at that university. Oxford, which refused to give her an honorary degree, is not mentioned.



BY ANN TRENEMAN

## The lioness in winter

She still moves among the trappings of power, though now far away from its reality. In public, her constant refrain is betrayal – of both her and her 'legacy'. Retirement for Lady Thatcher has brought not rest, but only further battles

In person, she is much smaller and less plasticky than expected. On television she wears that terrifying lacquered, teased-up hair helmet (a style that seems to be favoured by other women of true power, such as the US Secretary of State, Madeleine Albright) but, for the North Circular, the hair was much calmer and in the realm of the believable. Her teeth, so infamously painful to engineers, looked good. She wafted a bit, smelling old-fashioned and talcum-powdery, and her conversation veered between chatty and bossy. One moment she was revealing her recipe for spag

bol, the next telling the photographer exactly how to take her picture. In one dicey moment, she was separated from her black patent alligator handbag. "You're removing my trademark," she said. The handbag was back in hand within nanoseconds.

Such a person, for all her recipes, cannot be lovable. While she definitely has the human touch for the purposes of the odd trip to the North Circular, she remains separate from her party, the people of Britain and also her own family.

This separateness, the overriding

theme of her recent interviews, is the theme of her career and perhaps her life. She is 72 years old, and the first woman prime minister has now been the first woman ex-prime minister for some years. Yet she is still searching for her role and, though she would hate the thought, the reason why it is so difficult is probably the fact that she is a woman. She wants to be an international stateswoman, but there is no such word. She also remains a true believer and, as such, seems as if she is permanently playing a tribute album to herself. She has long been a caricature, but has now

become the Gerald Scarfe version. And still no one really knows what to do with her.

She loves to drop domestic details into interviews, but remains completely work-oriented. She may, in fact, make Denis his breakfast of an egg or bacon and tomato ("grilled, never fried") but then she is out through the front door of her Belgrave home and in through the back door of her nearby office at 36 Chesham Place. Here, at last, is a piece of the past. With its floor-to-ceiling curtains, revolving globe of the world and huge desk, the place is not unlike a certain other office. She has a staff

of five or six and works all day, every day she can. Rumours of her drinking, always rife, continue. But does she drink any more whisky than most other (male) politicians? Some say she is losing it. At one recent prizegiving she is said to have worked herself round the greeting-line, only to turn back and start again at the beginning, as if appearing in some musical farce. Others talk of "getting stuck" with her at parties. "She is becoming a bit of an old bat," said one onlooker.

Politics remain her passion. "Her idea of relaxing remains a good political argument," said a friend. But the Tory party does not want to argue with this woman. And it doesn't have to. Unlike most other leaders, she left the Commons as quickly as possible. She appears at party conferences and always makes headlines (last year by covering up the multicoloured tails of British Airways planes) though her comments are hardly constructive.

Take her version of her downfall – a subject that preoccupies her. "She doesn't get up in the morning gnashing her teeth about it, but she is bitter," said one. That much is obvious from her almost petulant description of the events that took place while she was in Paris in November 1990. "It was just about the most cruel thing that could have happened because I had to meet all my colleagues at the conference and go on to a dinner at the Palace of Versailles. I must say, President Bush and Barbara, in particular were absolutely marvellous," she told *Saga*. "I was stunned by the results of the ballot, of course I was... How did I feel inside myself? Inside myself, I felt precious little of some people in the party."

Nor, evidently has that changed much. "I was lucky. I had 11 and a half years. I got things really right. The Conservative Party had gone left for a long time – a soft left – and we as a government brought it back to true Conservatism. I left with a majority of 100. John Major managed to hold it, and then we had an election and the greatest defeat the party has ever known. It was catastrophic for me because I'd got things right, and that defeat stemmed from that incident."

Could it be that Lady Thatcher is turning into the *doppelgänger* of the man she hates the most, Edward Heath?

And what are we to make about her comments about her own family? Mrs Thatcher's views on motherhood always did seem moored in the land of apple pie and the only part of her version of grandmotherhood that is recognisable is her sadness that it has all turned out so badly.

"Let me put it this way. When your mother is Prime Minister, children are very much in the limelight and the press are very tough on them. So much so that I thought it better for them to leave the country. And they're both still away." She rarely sees her grandchildren, who have dual citizenship. "One day they will have to make a decision as the baronetcy goes down the line," notes their grandmother. Then she says: "Look, you can't have everything. It has been the greatest privilege being Prime Minister of my country and having many friends all interested in the same subjects. Yes, I wish I saw more of my children. We don't have Sunday lunch together. We don't go on holiday, skiing any more. Our grandma used to live with us – my mother's mother – so Granny was always about, and grannies are a great asset. My grandmother used to tell me what life was like in her young days, and I used to sit at her feet fascinated. But I can't regret. And I haven't lost my children. They have to live their lives. I took a different life."

Her daughter Carol responded to this in the pages of the *Daily Mail* ("Is this any way for a family to communicate?") and was clearly not enamoured with the idea of a cosy extended family with Grandma Baroness *in situ*. "No one has all the qualities needed to scale the greasy political pole, and also those that make you want to take your kids cycling and picnicking, and read their bedtime stories." She then tells her mother and us (the readers) that she is planning a trip to see her parents. "I fully admit that I'm no model daughter, but now I know I'm missed I shall try harder."

Carol Thatcher signs off this "letter" not with a "Love" or a "With love", but with a "Yours". Evidently a "Yours truly" would not do either. It makes you see why the North Circular (never mind America) can seem such a friendly sort of place.

**INSIDE**

Letters 2  
Leaders and comment 3-5  
Obituaries 6-7

Features 8-10  
Science 11  
Architecture 12-13

Design 14-15  
Pop & Jazz 16-19  
Classical 20-21

Law 22  
Listings, satellite, radio, 25  
Today's TV 26

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Well, as Bill right? Whatever the French are good at, are they really best of all at public relations?

Put it another way. The word "pub" has two meanings in French. When it is masculine, *le pub*, it means a pub. But when it is feminine, *la pub* is short for *la publicité* and means public relations. There is no doubt which the French think is more important and which we do. Well, *vive la différence*, as someone once said. Frenchman *unpubly*

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## Some sound ideas, but don't forget liberalism, Paddy

IT IS the ultimate test of political utility: if the Liberal Democrats did not exist, would we have to invent them? Fortunately for Paddy Ashdown, the answer is emphatically Yes. Without them, there would be a liberal-shaped hole at the heart of the nation. But, by the shades of Gladstone, Keynes and Beveridge, that does not stop Paddy talking a lot of guff. He presented yesterday's wide-ranging policy document as "the most radical repositioning and recasting of a party's agenda I think we have seen in the last five or 10 years".

It was a claim as baseless as it was unnecessary. Whatever we think of the merits of Mr Blair's cult of the New, and his re-writing of Labour's constitution, his is a hard act of repositioning and recasting to follow. And Mr Ashdown should not try to follow it. Liberalism has a past of which it should be proud, and which provides it with a strong claim to the future. Mr Ashdown does not need to go around ditching and dumping in order to produce a party committed to the free market, to Europe, to the environment and to a more democratic constitution. The Liberal Democrat party and its predecessors have long been those things.

We should, too, take yesterday's policy document with a pinch of salt - or, rather, as a pinch of salt. Its function should be to add flavour to the political debate. After all, this is less an old-fashioned composite resolution and more an American-style "platform" for the Lib Dem party convention in Brighton later this month.

The proposals on tax are useful, not because it is feasible to abolish income tax on everyone on, or below, average earnings. It was the case after the war that income tax was only paid by the better-off, but the shape of income distribution has changed since then. Nevertheless, it is worth asking the question: is our tax system progressive enough?

For the vast bulk of the population, combined marginal rates of tax and National Insurance rise (with a dip in the middle) from 33 per cent to 40 per cent. There is a strong case for cutting taxes on income at the lower end, and raising revenue instead from taxes on energy and pollution, with protection for those on state benefits - a case the Liberal Democrats are well placed to make, with both Labour and the Tories prisoners of history in this matter.

As for the other new gizmos in the document, the gist of the policy on pensions is right in suggesting personalised pensions for all but, as Frank Field found, the



details can be diabolical. While the idea of "neighbourhood committees" to run schools, instead of local councils, sounds like the sort of charter for social misfits and busybodies that such well-meaning attempts at local democracy often become.

However, the real value of the Lib Dems is not as a glorified think-tank but as advocates of an ideology. Yesterday, Mr Ashdown trotted out his by-now standard evasion of the question of whether he was moving the party to the left or the right. He says he is moving the party forwards, "out ahead of British politics". It sounds good, but it is meaningless. He should be moving his party towards genuine liberalism.

His consistent defence of civil liberties, his opposition to censorship, his advocacy of our rights as citizens rather than subjects, should all be applauded. Unfortunately, his actions have not always lived up to his words. On Wednesday night, for example, Lib Dem MPs should have been voting against the Government's rushed and unnecessary Terrorism and Conspiracy Bill.

When it comes to the Government's failure to enact Freedom of Information law, and its decision to arrest David Shayler, Mr Ashdown has been curiously muted. His desire to secure a historic reform of the electoral system is understandable, but his pandering to Mr Blair should not be allowed to obscure the liberal message.

## Stop selling off our honours

IT IS now more obvious than ever that when the Prevention of Abuses Act put an end to the scandal of Lloyd George's sale of honours, it simply drove the practice underground rather than eradicated it. Richard Branson has told *The Independent* that the last government hinted at an honour if he would chip in to the Conservative party's coffers. This is the kind of direct *quid pro quo* in return for *quid* which was always suspected of the Tories, but never proven. Scrutiny of the published Tory donations from companies showed a remarkable degree of correlation with the award of knighthoods and peerages to their bosses. Labour's much greater openness last weekend about its source of funds revealed a similar, if less strong, correlation.

There are two solutions. One would be to revert to the pre-1925 position, only to remit the funds raised to the Exchequer rather than to the Prime Minister's party. Now that the DVLC has realised that it can save public money by fingering off unusual combinations of numbers and letters, the Treasury could move in to realise the value of the long lists of Ks, OBEs, MBEs and so on, which are currently handed out free of charge. The going rate for peerages before 1925 was £100,000, for baronetcies £20,000 and knighthoods £10,000. Gordon Brown could pay off the National Debt in no time if those were updated to today's prices.

However, that might be thought a little demeaning to the ideas of merit, not to mention honour, which are supposed to be embodied in the honours system.

The other solution would be to abolish knighthoods and rewards for political or royal service, and to give responsibility for the handing-out of honours of equal worth to an independent body. The careful gradation of imperial orders is an incentive to the worst of British snobbery: there should be a single mark of public respect - the British Medal, say. It could be awarded in the Queen's name, on condition that the monarchy give up any pretensions to political power - or "prerogative" as George V used to mispell it when complaining to Lloyd George about his policy. That way, long-serving lollipop ladies and heroic police officers could be recognised without the honours lists being clogged up with time servers and party funders.

Membership of the House of Lords, similarly, should be allocated by an independent commission - to the extent that it is not decided by the rather more exacting mechanism of democratic election.

Fifteen prime ministers after Lloyd George, the old rascal's clean-cut successor has failed to attack the corrupt honours system with his vaunted radicalism.

## A modernised monarchy? I don't think so - just look at poor Harry

THOSE POOR, poor boys must be left alone. This was the sentiment when Diana died. Her sons must be left to develop as "normally" as possible. The gentlemen of the press agreed. At the funeral we were asked not to look at Harry and William, even though millions watched those kids walk for what seemed like miles behind their mother's coffin.

Prince Harry, however, is back on the front pages. He is not being left alone, and I feel as sorry for him as I ever did. The boy has not only got to cope with his loss, but is now being sent off to Eton. This is apparently considered what's best for him. When I look at this teenager in a tweed jacket with leather elbow patches, I could weep. What other 15-year-olds do you know who wear "light sports jackets"? What are they doing to this kid who, when he changes out of his sports jacket will have to change into a penguin suit?

He will be lovingly informed, be referred to as an "F-tit". He will have an armed detective sleeping next door, and he will, according to past survivors of Eton, probably feel so intimidated by the older boys that he will not be able to eat anything. He will follow in the footsteps of his older brother, who was so nervous that when asked what religion he was, had to be told that he was C of E. Perhaps his father had never told him that this was yet another institution that he was head of.

Though Harry has lost his mother, he is being sent to an establishment where women will be few and far between. There is, of course, "the dame" of Manor House who he will have to call Ma'am. Last year, The

*Daily Telegraph*, writing of the plight of Prince William, said that: "No boarding school is better equipped than Eton to offer consolation and support to a boy who has lost his mother." I beg to differ. For a start, inspectors from other independent schools have recently commented on the shortage of women in senior positions on the teaching staff. Fewer than 10 out of 146 means that the pupils have "only limited opportunities to witness adult females in key roles in the school". Eton prides itself on its pastoral care, but please don't try telling me that knowing a few "dames" amounts to anything resembling normality.

This may be the Nineties, when some people are talking about the end of the age of deference, yet for all the baseball caps and chaps with various Spice Girls, the young princes have entered a system that effectively bypasses the 20th century. I am well aware that putting children into care and calling it education is a long time habit of the ruling classes, but please let us not pretend it has anything to do with a modern sensibility, which apparently the royals are now keen to convey.

Charles, who some would say was permanently traumatised by his experiences at Gordonstoun, could have made a stand about his own children's schooling, but when it comes to public school, we know that the sins of the fathers are invariably revisited upon their own sons. Those who are happy to tell of the dreadful abuse and loneliness they suffered, in what Orwell once called the "nurseries of empire", still feel compelled to inflict such experiences upon their own offspring.



SUZANNE MOORE

*Though Harry has lost his mother he will be sent to an establishment where women will be few and far between*

We have witnessed the efforts that the ageing, dithering, immensely sheltered Charles has made to be more touchy-feely since the death of Diana. According to certain opinion polls, it has paid off. No one, even me, is totally devoid of sympathy for this damaged specimen.

Yet, despite pronouncements from the palace, and despite the presence of spin doctors on fat cat salaries, what has the modernisation of the monarchy actually amounted to? The public reaction to Diana's death provoked a re-think. Not, you understand, a re-think about the reality of the monarchy, but a re-think about the way that reality is to be presented. "We have certainly learned lessons from the way the Princess carried out her engagements," a palace spokesman said. "We have tried to incorporate a greater informality into the planning of royal events." The

palace has also recognised Diana's unerring ability "at picking issues".

But what is planned informality apart from an oxymoron? It appears to mean that the Queen has seen single parents, a pensioners' flat, a public house and a hamburger bar. Little else has changed. Even the Palace admits that when it comes to the Queen, a change of image has not occurred, but rather there has been "a fine tuning" of the way she is presented. This makes her sound like an old boiler, but obviously we all know the Queen is too far gone to alter much. Asking her to appear hip is as silly as expecting us to believe that Tony Blair is fundamentally cool.

Something though, is expected of Charles, and his faltering attempts to deliver a public persona slightly more in tune with the times seems to have fooled at least some of the people some of the time. Yet what has happened to Earl Spencer's pledge to continue to help bring up the boys in "the imaginative way" his sister had pioneered? There was, it must be said, a limit to Diana's imagination, for she presumably must have consented for Prince William to have been sent to Eton in the first place.

Now, as privilege dearly replicates itself in its institutionalised form, we must ask if any thing resembling modernisation has really occurred. The stilted efforts at the common touch have been left to the younger generation of royals, as if we might be persuaded that the products of this archaic institution are just like us. Sometimes they are. Fat, drunk, divorced, gay and miserable.

I'm afraid though that the sight of Harry in his "light sports jacket"

should remind us that, in other ways, these people are not like us at all. Not for them the nightmare of parental choice over schooling, or even the qualms that ordinary people might feel about single sex education, about not living with their own kids for much of the year or about handing over their emotional care-taking to employees. Instead, they are confident that an upbringing which promises "surrogate mothers" and sexual apartheid, which is broken only by the groups of suitable girls who are bussed in occasionally, is character forming.

Diana may have done some of this differently, but on the whole she went along with the programme. Her extraordinary ability was to make people feel she understood something of their lives, even when her own was so vastly different. Not one of the other royals has this gift, and nor is likely to happen if these awful traditions are carried on.

A year ago, we thought that if the monarchy did not modernise, it would be finished - a year later it has made concessions only in its style, not in its substance. Compassion for Harry and William is not enough to quell the demand for change. The monarchy should still be concerned, not at republican hatred, but at public indifference. The odd informal visit to the real world - the way the people of this country live now - only reinforces their distance from it.

What evidence is there that the firm has, in any serious way, become more modern? The Blairs have been anointed as favoured in-laws and, oh yes, Zara Phillips has got her tongue pierced. How radical.

### QUOTE OF THE DAY

"You voted for a future different from the past. Now you must prove that the passion for reason and moderation can trump the power of extremes."

Bill Clinton

addressing the people of Northern Ireland

### THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

"A clash of doctrines is not a disaster - it is an opportunity."

A N Whitehead,

British philosopher

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CAPITAL CONTROLS are being recognised as a respectable option for governments wanting to prevent further financial turbulence. Malaysia is the first affected Asian country to take the measures of exchange controls. Its decision should be welcomed as an effort to break through the maze of crises. If the Malaysian policies succeed, we can expect others to follow in its footsteps - if the IMF allows them to, that is. *The Star, Malaysia*

DOOMSDAY SCENARIOS for Malaysia are everywhere being drawn, the most common conclusion being that now Dr Mahathir has fenced the country off from the outside world, genuine investors will no longer bother with it. If Mahathir is using these drastic measures to put his house in order, before reopening to the outside world with stronger regulations in place, he may yet have the last laugh. Only time will tell. What matters most is that the regional financial turmoil

## MONITOR

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD  
*Mahathir introduces exchange controls in Malaysian markets*



which has taken a heavy toll will not bring about social disorder. The moves, contrary to IMF prescriptions, may be what the country needs at this stage. *Hong Kong Standard*

THE SHOCKING measures announced by the Prime Minister, Daim Seri Dr Mahathir Mohamad, to peg the ringgit at a fixed rate to insulate the economy from further external

vulnerabilities, is hitting the nail right on the head. It is absolutely right to control currency speculation. The bold move will definitely strengthen the value of the ringgit and restore the economy speedily. *Sarawak Tribune, Malaysia*

CAN SUCH drastic and unorthodox measures stop the economy from sliding into a slump? The truth will be known in the critical days ahead. Dr Mahathir hopes that Malaysia can be sheltered from the

turbulence that has roiled the world's financial markets. But interference with the free movement of capital has its costs, and there is no certainty that the new measures will solve Malaysia's economic crisis. Everything depends on how the measures are implemented. Malaysia had better pray that they succeed. If not, there is much to lose. These are a supplement to reforms, not an alternative. Dr Mahathir should remember that. *Straits Times, Malaysia*

# The telly's no place for reality

conclusions, as seems likely, will there be a place for Paddy in their bibliography?

It's difficult to get worked up about Victoria Cheetham and her boyfriend's deception on *Blast!* Films: they were giving the filmmakers precisely what they wanted. And film-makers, in turn, give viewers what they want: a good story. Will Keith achieve his dream and become a singing star? Will Carol overcome years of heartbreak and become pregnant? Will crippled little Samantha ever dance again? Well, of course they will: because there's no point in telling an against-all-the-odds story if the odds triumph. That's not a story, that's real life: and real life is not something anyone is interested in.

So we are back to the policy vacuum. To continue current policies undermines all those parents who are desperately trying to keep their kids drug-free.

As you struggle both with issues unique to Northern Ireland and with ones experienced by women everywhere, I want you to know that the American government, the American people, and the larger worldwide community want to help

# Make it safe, but keep it free

THE INTERNET child porn sting that earlier this week resulted in dozens of arrests across the world, has quite rightly been applauded as a key strike against a pernicious business. Having agreed that we should be aware that this global operation has long term implications for freedom of speech on this fledgling medium. If governments can succeed in their strike against one form of expression, why not others? Why not, say, hate speech, marijuana promotion or political dissent? After all, the technology that generates and distributes kiddie porn images is the same technology that processes the traffic on political discussion groups.

This discussion would not have occurred even two years ago. Until recently, civil rights advocates were gleefully portraying the Internet as the key to a Golden Age of free speech. They assured us that this amazing, chaotic medium would deliver a death-blow to State censorship throughout the world.

Looking back to, say, 1996, it seems everyone from the G7 to the man-in-the-street was convinced that the Internet equated to anarchy. Cyberspace, they believed, could never be controlled by any government - totalitarian or otherwise. This is still the common view. But now, those same civil rights advocates have turned on a shi-  
pence, and are warning that the world is on the brink of an era of unprecedented mass censorship. Far from being a morass of anarchy, it turns out that the Internet is homogeneous and orderly - ideal conditions for control. And despite their much vaunted embrace of free speech, the major European States are moving quickly with the United States to ensure that the old vision of the Internet will be still-born.

Developing countries have already travelled a long way down this road. In 1996, China began establishing a technological surveillance mechanism over the Internet to capture and track the pedlars of "detrimental information". Then, on August 13 1996, the government of Singapore announced a plan to institute a draconian Internet censorship policy intended to "focus on content which may undermine public morals, political stability and religious harmony".

Three weeks later, the ASEAN nations (Brunei, Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia, Philippines, Thailand and Vietnam) agreed to "police the Internet and block off sites that run counter to Asian values".

European authorities have decided to follow this route, albeit for different reasons. A new European-wide initiative - "Action Plan for Safe Use of the Internet" - will be established this year. Its intention is to conduct the censorship equivalent of a high-tech driftnet fishing expedition over the Internet, blocking access to content deemed to be harmful, unlawful or undesirable. And instead of going through the process of legislation to achieve this end, the exercise will be carried



**SIMON DAVIES**  
*Once the filtering infrastructure is in place the era of mass censorship will have begun*

out on a "voluntary" basis through enforced co-operation from all areas of the communications media. It is bad news for an Internet that was supposed to be rich with content, and free from restraint. The precedent was created in 1996 when, in the wake of anguish over the spread of child porn on the Internet, the UK Conservative government backed the creation of a voluntary body called the Internet Watch Foundation (IWF). Its brief was to alert Internet Service Providers (ISPs) - the conduits for Internet traffic - about the existence of pornographic images on their sites, and to facilitate their removal. The initiative was, in essence, a reporting hotline - benign and uncontroversial. And everyone applauded loudly.

Everyone, that is, except the Internet rights groups concerned with such issues as freedom of expression. The IWF decisions, they warned, would be "arbitrary and unaccountable". Government was let off the hook on the thorny question of censorship, but under a voluntary system of censorship there would be no due process in law, and no legal redress for anyone who wanted to contest the IWF's intervention. Who determines, for example, the line between obscenity and news reporting, or the line between pornography and art?

But while Internet rights groups quite correctly ended up conditionally supporting measures against child pornography, they warned that the voluntary arrangement might soon be extended to other topics of public outrage. At that point, they signalled, legitimate free expression could face arbitrary censorship without due process or appeal. The boundary between racism and constructive dialogue is grey. So too is the line between right and free speech and "incitement". The warnings had substance. Twelve months after it set up shop, the IWF now wants to tackle everything from hate speech to terrorism. And the Government intends to back it to the hilt.

The plan emerged earlier this year when the IWF published its annual results. Apparently, thanks to the IWF, 2,000 pornographic images have been removed from the Internet, and several prosecutions have resulted. And while this is - in



Attempts to stop pornography on the Internet could lead to blanket censorship

the words of one rights advocate - "like hailing out the Atlantic with a spoon", the effort attracted praise from all quarters of government.

Launching the annual report, junior trade and industry minister Barbara Roche said the IWF had been so successful she wanted its brief extended to include adult pornography, breach of copyright, racism, and "ways to protect Internet users from legal but harmful material".

The full spectrum of areas likely to be censored and controlled is set out in the "Action Plan on Promoting Safe Use of the Internet". It lists numerous targets, including: abusive forms of marketing threats to national security, bomb-making instructions, drug manufacture, terrorist activities, violence, incitement to racial hatred, racial discrimination, fraud, piracy and malicious hacking.

Other areas to be included are unauthorised communication of personal data, electronic harassment, libel, unlawful comparative advertising, trading standards violations, copyright infringements and intellectual property offences.

Then there is the former minister's enigmatic expression "legal but harmful". Malcolm Ruffy of the

Campaign Against Internet Censorship in Britain has described this as "basically anything that falls through the legislative net", while Yaman Akdeniz of the UK-based Cyber-Rights & Cyber-Liberties believes it is "anything the minister deems to be offensive, controversial, subversive or pernicious".

The Foundation's proposals seem at first sight to be benign. Offensive or illegal material will be kept at bay through the use of software that can detect the extent of offensive content on websites by scanning for words, phrases and other indications. This approach would, assured the IWF, "meet parents' concerns about Internet content that is unsuitable for children".

In addition, blocking and filtering programmes which scan websites for offensive material before they arrive on your PC would ensure that only the right sort of information will reach your child's screen.

But from any other perspective, these technologies are bad news. Last year, the Electronic Privacy Information Center (EPIC), a privacy rights watchdog in Washington DC, found that the "family-friendly" filtering technology blocked access to well over 90 per cent of "decent" material on the Internet.

EPIC loaded up the family software, then used powerful Internet searching systems to locate information about schools, charitable and political organisations, educational, artistic, and cultural institutions, using search terms including "American Red Cross", the "San Diego Zoo", and the "Smithsonian Institution", as well as such concepts as "Christianity", the "Bill of Rights" and "eating disorders." In every case, EPIC found that the family-friendly search engine prevented access to almost 90 per cent of the materials available on the Internet. In many cases, the search service denied access to 99 per cent of "decent" material. In short, EPIC concluded that the filtering mechanism prevented children from obtaining a great deal of useful and appropriate information that is currently available on the Internet.

David Banisar from EPIC says the result of using such technology would be "like reducing the Library of Congress to a village children's library". He is also concerned that the "voluntary" arrangements for censorship may fall through the freedom of expression protection of the constitution which were intended to stop federal gagging.

Despite evidence that censorship technology is unworkable, the EU Action Plan, which will establish a Europe-wide platform for ratings and filtering systems, will receive between 14 and 17 million ECUs (10 to 12 million pounds) over the next three years to install and promote the technology. Once the filtering infrastructure is in place - supported by computer manufacturers - the era of default mass censorship will have begun.

ISPs have claimed that they should be immune from liability for content - as are telecom companies - but the new arrangements will mean that, unlike phone companies, they will be responsible for monitoring content. They are, of course, entitled to refuse to do this, but the iron fist in the velvet glove is that ISPs will end up having to conform to content monitoring as a condition of their licence.

No one should oppose genuine efforts to crack down on child porn, but any attempt by government to load other censorship measures on its back should be resisted.

Simon Davies is a Visiting Fellow in the Computer Security Research Centre of the London School of Economics

## RIGHT OF REPLY

NEIL MACCORMICK



The SNP's constitutional affairs spokesman counters David Aaronovitch's attack on the Scots

THE CULTURES of even near-neighbour societies have differences of nuance and historical inheritance. But if they are different, which is better?

England and Scotland have had some differences. The history of kindly rule, and interpretations of the "law of the kingdom", differed before the union of 1707. There is even a difference revealed in the choice of whether to describe the instrument of union as the "Act of Union" or the "Treaty of Union".

Aaronovitch is an "Act of Union" person. This implies that the English Parliament by the Act admitted into itself Scottish peers and MPs at the same time that the Scottish Parliament liquidated itself. The "Treaty" alternative implies agreement between equal partners, each of which abolished itself by separately legislating to incorporate a new entity.

The forging of the imperial nation-state formally entitled "Great Britain" involved much assimilationist historiography. Classroom history taught that the blessings of civilisation came to be possessed in the non-English parts of the UK to the extent they assimilated, and abandoned ancient barbarisms. With the decline of Empire, assimilationist fallacy was reversed. But it remained a fallacy. The global evaluation of cultures or constitutional traditions is always suspect and in this case nonsense.

Aaronovitch is accordingly both right and wrong: right in reproving any Scot who is tempted into the equivalence of difference and superiority; wrong in counter-asserting a global superiority for freedom-loving England. I commend instead the attitude "a bit different - and no worse". I commend it equally to supporters and opponents of self-government in Scotland.

## The life of Dennis the menaced

FROM COLIN Blakely as a hairy, humanistic Christ striding sedulously across Gaillee, through Bob Hoskins dancing cheek to cheek with his bank manager and Michael Gambon having his scaly skin greased by Nurse Joanne Whalley, Dennis Potter created some of the most memorable dramatic images in television history. Yet from much of the advance publicity for Humphrey Carpenter's biography, it would appear that Potter was a dirty old man who somehow managed to pen his award-winning plays in the gaps between visits to prostitutes.

If it is dangerous to judge a book by its cover, it is even more so to judge one by extracts. Carpenter's biography is a 600-page study which examines every aspect of Potter's life and relates it to his work. There are those who have questioned the ethics of such a project, noting that biographical speculation was anathema to Potter - who nevertheless peopled his plays with historical figures from Casanova to Jesus Christ - but Carpenter's approach proves fully justified. With the exception of Tennessee Williams, no modern playwright has mined the raw material of his life as relentlessly as Potter. Indeed, his plays are less autobiographical than auto-obsessional, as he returns to childhood trauma and adult guilt.

Potter was born to a mining family in the Forest of Dean, which served as a setting for plays as varied as *Blue Remembered Hills* and *The Singing Detective*. His early life was spent in abject poverty. Until he was 14, he not only shared a bedroom with his parents but a bed with his sister. An early beneficiary of the Butler Education Act, he gained a place at New College, Oxford, where he harped on his origins to the annoyance of other working-class students. His performances at the Union, on the stage and in *Isis* magazine made him a star. A *New Statesman* article about his life at Ox-



ford led to his first brush with the medium to which he was to devote his life, when the BBC producer (later MP) Jack Ashley asked him to contribute to a series of documentaries, *Does Class Matter?*

Class remained the young Potter's theme both in the polemical books, *The Glittering Coffer* and *The Changing Forest*, and the two Nigel Barton plays. The first, *Vote, Vote for Nigel Barton*, was based on his experiences as an unsuccessful Labour candidate in the 1964 election. Its last-minute removal from the schedules, to prevent charges of political bias, was the first taste of the controversy which was to dog his entire career.

Nevertheless, the BBC remained a loyal patron. He wrote 10 scripts for *The Wednesday Play* and *Play for Today* between 1964 and 1972. The odd flirtation with fiction and the theatre, and a longer relationship with Hollywood

notwithstanding, it was a loyalty he shared. "Television," he said, "is the biggest platform and you should kick and fight and bite your way on to it".

Potter's public image (and statements at the time of the *Blackeyes* controversy) belied his devotion to his wife Margaret, a factory typist whom he married while still at Oxford. She bore the stresses not only of his illness - the psoriatic arthropathy that crippled him for over 30 years - but also of his romantic obsessions, notably with Caroline Seaborn, the ex-wife of his friend Roger Smith, and the actress Gina Bellman.

How sexually active Potter was, given the impotence-inducing effects of his many drugs, remains a source of contention. The one certainty is that he never recovered from a childhood assault by an uncle. He himself linked his subsequent sense of pollution to the onset of psoriasis, while his associate



Bob Hoskins and Cheryl Campbell in 'Pennies from Heaven'

Rick McCallum saw his crippled hands as cups to protect his genitals. The play *Only Make-Believe* makes concrete the connection between abuse and visits to prostitutes, to which Potter confessed both to several friends, and through various author-figures in his plays.

Carpenter paints a compelling portrait of a complex man with deep emotional and physical scars, whose religious faith failed to exorcise his inner demons. He shows how Potter's overwhelming sense of guilt at once drove him to write (not for nothing did he repeatedly refuse analysis) and furnished him with his lifelong subject. And yet the question remains whether Potter really is "the greatest dramatist the medium has ever produced" or simply its boldest innovator. There can be no doubt of the abiding power of works such as *The Singing Detective*, *Follow the Yellow Brick Road* and *Where Adam Stood*, but too many of his plays (perhaps because he was

ploughing a narrow furrow) rely over-much on formal experiment. The dazzling exuberance of the surface distracts from the lack of depth.

Nevertheless, *Pennies from Heaven*, with its pot pourri of Potterisms (the non-naturalism, popular song, and blend of high and low culture) forever changed the vocabulary of television drama. The irony is that such drama has all but disappeared. In the formulaic series, classic serials and international co-productions that dominate the schedules, there is no place for the single play and virtually none for singular writing.

So, while debate may rage as to whether Potter or Mervyn, John Hopkins or Beaudale, should be awarded the highest accolade, it is hard to imagine that any future contender will emerge - or that there will ever again be such an exhaustive study of a television playwright.

MICHAEL ARDITTI

## FRIDAY BOOK

DENNIS POTTER:  
THE AUTHORISED BIOGRAPHY  
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## FRIDAY POEM

THE DEATH OF THE BALL TURRET GUNNER  
BY RANDALL JARRELL

From my mother's sleep I fell into the State,  
And I hunched in its belly till my wet fur froze.  
Six miles from earth, loosed from its dream of life,  
I woke to black flak and the nightmare fighters.  
When I died they washed me out of the turret with a hose.

This is our final selection from "Poetry of the Second World War: an International anthology", edited by Desmond Graham (Pimlico, £10)

'One of the most poignant, funny, intelligent, frank and horribly addictive books you're likely to read'

Sunday Telegraph

STEPHEN FRY  
MOAB IS MY WASHPOT



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# Sir Alastair Dunnett

ALASTAIR DUNNETT, the editor of *The Scotsman* from 1956 to 1972, was passionately committed to working in Scotland; on separate occasions he declined the offer of the editorship of the Fleet Street titles *The Herald* and *The Sunday Times*.

For several decades – until Roy Thomson's death in August 1976 – Dunnett's life was inextricably bound up with Thomson and the spectacular growth of his empire.

He wrote about him:

The fear of Roy H. Thomson – Lord Thomson of Fleet and North Bridge in the City of Edinburgh [the office of *The Scotsman*] – was that he would not die at work, whether in London, Toronto, or some other base. In the later years all that he ever complained about were the small defects that came with old age, and made him cut his working week. But in spite of concessions there was always his spirited presence, driving on, questioning, speculating, demanding, expecting.

Thus did Alastair Dunnett embark on an affectionate and perceptive tribute to a press baron, equalled only by Michael Foot's essay on Lord Beaverbrook, "Tribute to Beelzebub".

It was fitting that Roy Thomson's son should on the occasion of Dunnett's 85th birthday say that for the older generation of his Canadian family, Dunnett quite simply was Scotland. And Dunnett's description of Thomson would well have applied to Dunnett himself, "his spirited presence . . . driving on . . . questioning . . . speculating . . . demanding . . . expecting".

Dunnett was born in Kilmakolm, Dumfriesshire in 1913. His father was an invalid. In 1901, at an international football match between Scotland and England at Ibrox Park, Glasgow, a wooden stand had collapsed, throwing layers of men forward so that those in the lower ranks were crushed and killed. David Sinclair Dunnett, being tall, had his head and shoulders clear, but could not breathe.

His future brother-in-law, Danny Mowat, was thrown clear, and ran up and down to look for David, who shouted "Danny" with his last gasp. Mowat seized him by the collar, and dragged him out. David Dunnett, suffering from crushing of the heart valves, and took this impairment with him through a long life.

Albeit suffering frequent physical chastisement as a result of his father's ill-humour – caused by pain – Dunnett developed a powerful sympathy for invalids, and those not able to fend for themselves.

As a pillar for 40 years of the Establishment in Glasgow and Edinburgh, Dunnett's instincts, that we Scots are indeed our Brother's Keeper, were exceedingly influential in explaining why Scotland and the Scots were Mrs Thatcher's despair. Critical of the Labour Party and many of its prominent beliefs, Dunnett nonetheless helped create an ethos where prosperous Scots in their hundreds of thousands would discontinue voting Tory.

Dunnett's mother's father, Alexander MacTavish, after whom he was called, was a master mariner

from Loch Fyne. For most of his life, MacTavish was captain of one of Clyde Trustees' sledge boats, carrying cargoes of effluent down the river to be dumped in the open sea. His maternal grandmother, Christine MacTavish, came from a family of fish-curers, who also ran cargo smacks plying between the parts of the West Coast and the Far Outer Isles.

Not only did Alastair Dunnett take a special interest from the editorial chair in the developing problems of the fishing industry, but as a member of the Scottish Tourist Board (1956-69), he played a part in the conscious drive to introduce young people to the delights and challenges of the rugged areas of the West Coast.

Dunnett's formal education ended at 15. His otherwise wretched schooldays at Overtown Public School – actually a slum infant school but mistaken, as Dunnett chuckled, by some Englishman later in life for private education – and

and his friend Seamus Adam were founding a magazine for boys called *The Claymore*, he arranged for the bank to help them by buying advertising space. Yet Dunnett's experience in the bank was to stand him in good stead when he became a mogul of Thomson Oil.

Dunnett was the first person I remember warning me that there would be real trouble in the Six Counties. In his excellent autobiography, *Among Friends* (1984), Dunnett recalls how in Galway he had come across a lovely young group of people who were running a Gaelic Theatre. They had wanted to take one or two plays into the Six Counties but had been refused by the repressive regime.

He tried to warn Erskine of the seething hostility, as he thought he might be a reconciling influence. Dunnett's *Scotsman* was one of the very few, if not the only quality paper in Britain, before 1968, to address itself to the incipient horrors of Northern Ireland.

A quintessential Celt, Dunnett's attitude to the English is encapsulated in a passage from his autobiography:

I was there at the game against England which looked like ending in a draw until Alex Chynes of Aberdeen playing on the wing, scored a goal, direct from a corner-kick. George Allison, then the self-important boss of Arsenal Football Club who was doing the radio commentary in his nasal long-winded fashion, had announced that the game was virtually over and was talking it out when his attention was drawn to the fact that the ball was in the English net. Undismayed, this Barnum of the early large-scale football days changed his and proceeded, "While I've been speaking it appears that a goal has been scored by Scotland at the other end of the field . . ."

Editing *The Claymore*, later to be commemorated by Dunnett in the oil-field of that name, got him the position of printer, producer and editor of the Aberdeen edition of the Glasgow daily newspaper *The Bulletin*, bought by my grandmother Dame Mary Marjoribanks for the sole purpose of reading the "Adventures of (The Bear) Scottykins". It was a family newspaper, to which Dunnett introduced picture spreads that told their own story.

In 1937, Dunnett joined the *Daily Record*, by invitation of Clem Livingstonstone, as Art Editor. Dunnett recalled:

Up to that point the pictures had been mere illustrations. Apart from the illustrations to news stories, the centre spread of pictures, which at that time was a feature of the "popular" type of newspaper, tended to have the least of fashion pictures. "Latest London fashion – a tasteful togetherness with semi-rail seen at military show in . . ." or "A merry group at last night's Draper's Ball in the Ca' d'oro . . ." or, worse still, "The wind played tricks with the bride's veil at the pretty wedding in St Mary's Church yesterday . . ."

No theme ran through these snapshots. They served, no doubt, some purpose, a kind of national family album. I had always felt that pictures positively added to the news and indeed that the right pictures could eliminate the need for a news story. It wasn't long before I was telling my team of photographers that our job was to make the reporters obsolete. The right picture and the right caption – and I would do the writing of



Dunnett in his office at *The Scotsman* where he was editor from 1956 to 1972

the caption – should be able to do away with some of the news stories for which the photographer had accompanied a reporter, merely to illustrate what the reporter thought was a visual impression, adding some percentage to his story.

For 10 years after the Second World War Dunnett edited *The Record*, which he described to the Fleet Street pundits as "a working-class *News Chronicle*", and which he left six weeks after it had been acquired by Cecil King, whom Dunnett found a grim and menacing figure, who had driven the *Daily Mirror* to "larty success" over a number of years.

Before leaving the *Record* in 1940, and returning as Editor in 1946, Dunnett was Chief Press Officer to

Tom Johnston, Regional Commissioner for Civil Defence and then Secretary of State for Scotland. Sir Horace Hamilton, the considerable war-time Permanent Secretary at the Scottish Office, who had known all the notable politicians and public men in Government in his distinguished career, told Dunnett that the only person he had ever known who could match Tom Johnston at getting to the heart of a situation was David Lloyd-George.

Johnston and his inner-team, among whom Dunnett was prominent, had a post-war vision of Scotland, which would create hydro power to feed electricity into the paraffin-lit homes of the North and the West. They dreamed up a Scot-

tish Tourist Board, and had the brainwave of setting up the Scots Ancestry Research Council, which in practical terms would find a ranney or two for Americans, Canadians, Australians and other likely dollar-carrying visitors. Ever inventive, they got the money for the project by cajoling my constituent the late Earl of Rosebery to hand over for the public good his race winnings when his horse Blue Peter won the Derby, in 1939.

Dunnett's self-confessed failure reveals a lot about Dunnett, as do his perceptive criticisms of British institutions, such as the House of Commons:

It was a study to walk through the corridors with one's lobby correspondent

and hear him greet eminent statesmen and Prime Ministers on all sides with "How's it going, Ted?" or "Busy questions today, Harold?" and other amiable greetings. So it became clear to me that the parliamentary teams looked on themselves as a permanent element at Westminster. Prime Ministers and senior Secretaries of State came and went, but the recorders of the action were always there.

So I proposed a scheme by which top-grade reporters and first-class writers, preferably younger than the average, would go on a rota to cover these parliamentary jobs for about three years at a time, and the whole team would be switched round and not become cosy dug in. The scheme was greeted with horror naturally by the Westminster team, but also, to my great surprise, by most of the senior team in Edinburgh at our head office.

The general belief was that you needed to spend 20 years at Westminster before you began to understand what it was all about. I knew this was daft and that a good reporter could get the hang of it in six months . . . Looking back I am sorry that the move didn't come off. It would have freshened up parliamentary reporting considerably and done the House of Commons, as well as my paper, a great deal of good.

In 1956 I wrote an article following my participation in the first NUS visit to Russia, concerning my 17th-century ancestor and namesake, Sir Walter Scott's "Bluidy Muscovite". Roy Thomson saw it, found it tickled his fancy and summoned me to the presence, with a view to offering me employment. Perplexed that I was adamant about remaining at Moray House Teachers' Training College, Thomson revealed how he, Dunnett and Jim Coltart, had embarked on a great European venture, later to extend from newspaper ownership to television and oil.

Dunnett gave a start to many talented and successful young journalists, and it was he who launched his supremely talented artist-wife, Dorothy, on her authorship. The great American publisher, Lois Dwight Cole, of Dutton's, to whom Alastair introduced Dorothy, used to say in old age, "I always thought that Margaret Mitchell – author of *Gone with the Wind* – was my greatest friend, but Dorothy Dunnett gave me more real pleasure."

To provide material for Dorothy's books, she and Alastair would go together to Italy and France, Yugoslavia and North Africa, Orkney and Shetland for purposeful holidays to get material. The relationship is encapsulated by a woman friend of the Dunnetts, who said to them as they were drinking at a small table together, "You two are amazing. I would never guess you are married. There you were sitting and talking and laughing as if you were strangers who wanted to get to know each other." It was a wonderful marriage.

TAM DALYELL

Alastair MacTavish Dunnett, journalist, born Kilmakolm, Dumfriesshire 26 December 1913; Chief Press Officer, Secretary of State for Scotland 1940-46; Editor, *Daily Record* 1946-55; Editor, *The Scotsman* 1956-72; K2 1995; married 1946 Dorothy Halliday (two sons); died Edinburgh 2 September 1998.

## Jackie Blanchflower

JACKIE BLANCHFLOWER was not quite 25 and approaching his footballing prime. Already he had been showered with bouquets as one of Manchester United's vibrantly successful Busby Babes and was firmly established as a Northern Ireland international. With the Red Devils seemingly poised for limitless conquests, the future beckoned alluringly for the versatile younger brother of Danny, the famous captain of Tottenham Hotspur.

But tragedy intervened when United's plane crashed at Munich on the way home from a European tie in Belgrade in February 1958. Eight players and 15 other passengers lost their lives; Blanchflower lost his livelihood and, for many years, his peace of mind.

After the accident on the snowy German runway he received the last rites, but he survived. However the hitherto vigorous young athlete was a physical wreck – he suffered a fractured pelvis, a complete set of broken arms and legs, shattered ribs and severe kidney damage – and even when the bodily devastation began gradually to be repaired, the mental scars remained vivid.

For three traumatic years he was consumed with bitterness, railing against his reversal of fortune and did precisely nothing. Even after that, as he tried to reshape his future outside football, there were more blows in store and only much later in life did the eloquent Irishman regain contentment, earning renown as an entertaining raconteur and drollly hilarious after-dinner speaker.

Jackie Blanchflower had followed Danny over the Irish Sea in 1949, leaving his native Belfast as a precociously talented 16-year-old to sign on at Old Trafford. Skilful, intelligent and industrious, though a little short of pace, he made rapid

strides through United's junior teams and made his senior debut at right-half in 1951. But it was as an inside-forward that he attained a regular place in 1953/54, the season in which he won his first full international cap.

Emerging as both a creator and scorer of goals, he netted 24 times over two campaigns and was rewarded with a Championship medal in 1955/56. However, following an accomplished defensive stint for his country and with increasingly brisk competition for inside-forward berths – the likes of Dennis Viollet, Liam Whelan, John Doherty and the exciting young Bobby Charlton were

goals which stopped United becoming the first club this century to complete the League and FA Cup double. Come the ill-fated expedition to Belgrade, Jones was back in the side and Blanchflower travelled merely as a reserve, being declared fit to do so only at the last moment. Clearly, though, there was no doubt that he remained an integral part of Matt Busby's ambitious long-term plans.

At first, after Munich, there were hopes that he would recover well enough to resume his career and he remained on United's books until June 1959. But the injuries proved insuperable and the devastated Ul-

sterman faced a grim outlook.

Understandably enough he felt the world was against him as a succession of occupations, all in the Manchester area, brought frustration. He ran a sweetshop – and a supermarket – opened around the corner, he did a stint with a book-maker and horse-racing was so hard hit by cruel winter weather that he lost the job; he took on a pub – and two weeks later the breathalyser was introduced; then he became a printer only to be made redundant in 1976.

After that he studied to become an accountant but that brought no change of luck as positions as finance officer for a youth association

and as a company accountant ended in lay-off. Happily a turning point was to arrive, courtesy of his wife, Jean. During the 1950s she had been a successful club vocalist with the Vic Lewis Big Band and three decades later she took to performing again. Blanchflower, who had been blessed with liberal quantities of self-deprecating charm, began introducing her to audiences before her shows and found that both he and the punters enjoyed his unheeded patter.

As a result husband and wife became a double act from which public platform Jackie moved on to the after-dinner speaking circuit, rapidly finding himself in such demand that he had to relinquish another accountancy post.

Before an engagement not far from his Stalybridge, Cheshire, home in the mid-1980s he reflected: "Life has been full of ups and downs, but without pathos there can be no comedy. The bitterness goes eventually and you start remembering the good times. I loved it at United. From this distance, even going through the accident, was worth it for those years at Old Trafford."

Only two weeks ago, he was able to attend the testimonial Munich match; it was an emotional night.

IVAN PONTING

John Blanchflower, footballer, born Belfast 7 March 1933; played for Manchester United 1949-58; capped 12 times by Northern Ireland 1954-58; married (one son, two daughters); died Manchester 2 September 1998.



Blanchflower playing for Northern Ireland against England in 1954

Press Association

09/01/2015



# The best days of your life, the worst of mine

Summer's over, the new term is about to begin. What are the nameless terrors lurking in the pit of your stomach, and why don't your children seem to share them?

There is something about the first day at school which demands spanking new shoes

BY SOPHIE RADICE

**W**hy do I do it? I, who always laugh at the herd-like instincts of the French blocking the roads of the nation as they leave and return from their holidays on exactly the same day. And yet, here we all are, once again in Brent Cross shopping centre on the run-up to the start of a new school year, grimly going from shoe shop to shoe shop while children weep and whine and mothers either shriek or go all glassy-eyed and retreat to that place in their head where mothers who don't shout go.

We could all have done this a couple of weeks ago, or indeed waited until next weekend or the weekend after that, but there is something about the first day of the new school term which demands absolutely spanking new shoes. Of course, their feet will have grown over the holidays, and, of course, most of us feel guilty about their having worn £1.99 jellies for the whole of the summer ("little feet are precious and growing bones must be supported" said a sign in one shoe-shop), but there is more to it than that.

I remember the ritual of going to buy shoes at John Lewis (who now give out sleepers at this pre-school rush so that parents can "shop at their leisure" to pass the two-hour wait) and my feelings of fresh optimism and excitement being bound up in walking into my playground and lacing up for the first time in ages with fine new shoes. Much of that first day would be spent spitting and rubbing the shoes in an attempt to keep them nice and shiny.

I suspect all the mothers clutching alarmingly high-number tickets in Russell and Bromley's Kid store while a Disney film blares out from strategically placed television screens have similar memories. Like our own mothers at the beginning of the school year, we all want to do absolutely the right thing by our child, as if making them feel smart and confident for the first day will set the tone for the whole school year.

At this shoe store they have not only trainers with light-up heels and laces but also nice, round-toed, medically approved leather ones. Both are horribly expensive, and I have to admit that when I have been skint at other times of the year I have just got the right size from Safeways and pinched the front bit to make sure there is enough room when I put them on my kids' feet. I have even put second-hand sandals on to my children's feet, and sometimes they only wear wellies for weeks on end.

And guess what? They have been fine: they have not developed bunions, pigeon toes, flat feet or strange postures. If I told this to the specially trained fitting assistants who spend their lives on their knees measuring the length and width of children's feet and feeling and prodding for a perfect fit, I am afraid I would be asked to leave. In fact, it wouldn't be the first time. Once my (then two-year-old) daughter was so dismayed at not being able to get some glittery red Doc Martens in her size, that she slapped the shop assistant who told her the bad news. They asked me to come back when she was in "better spirits" and her brother and I slunk away embarrassed, with her screaming abuse over my shoulder.

The woman sitting next to me has daughter problems too. Her prematurely teenage 10-year-old is sneering at her mother's suggestions for school shoes, refusing to try on a pair of lace-ups that they have waited an hour for. The mother gets so desperate at the thought of going to another shop and waiting for another length of time that she caves in.

"Go on, choose anything you want so long as it's black. You know your school insists on black." Sulkily the girl finds a pair with as much of a heel as you are ever going to find in a children's



shoe shop and the assistant comes out of the store room to tell them that they don't have any in her size. "You could order them, madam," the young assistant offers helpfully. "But we need them now. She starts school on Wednesday, you see." The mother is clearly in tears, and as they leave her daughter appears to be smirking.

All around are similar scenes. Anyone who has only had experience of grown-up shoe shopping would be absolutely appalled at the chaos and publicly displayed emotions here. Children run about whacking each other while others just loiter around holding shoes that they have taken off the shelves. Mothers do not seem to have any sense of camaraderie, but view each other as annoying hindrances to getting the shoes that they want. Add to this a team of overtired and increasingly surly assistants (and who can blame them, when you look at their customers?) and you get the picture.

When it is finally our turn, I have already promised my two all sorts of delicious bribes so they will desist from hurting each other while we are in the shop. They have both decided on their top four choices of shoe so that we will have something to fall back on if the shop does not have what they want.

Our nice young assistant admits that the preschool days are "hell on earth" and that he feels like offering incentives for mothers to come back in a couple of days' time.

My children do not humiliate me this time. They both walk up and down when they are told to, so that the assistant can ask how they feel. Amazingly enough, it takes only 20 minutes for them both to be happily fitted into shoes that they are both so thrilled by that they sleep with them on their pillows.

Tomorrow - haircuts!

It's like a scene from Vermeer or Pieter de Hooch: Interior with Seamstress, School Uniform and Cash's Name Tapes. In the middle of the kitchen sits the children's nanny, laboriously sewing little white tags on to a bewildering succession of garments.

"Games skirt - black," she recites, like a drill sergeant checking off recruits. "Shorts - black cycling. Tights - black footless (footless?). Jogging trousers - black with white stripe. Leopard - black. Kilt - grey. Lab Coat..." I assume she is winding me up (what are they trying to turn my gorgeous daughter into? A gym-haunting Amazonian huffin with a penchant for Scottish dancing?). But no, they're all genuine school requirements; all part of the severe, monochrome wardrobe in which my daughter Sophie will soon be festooned, emblazoned and be-knickered as she starts her first term at the Big School.

How bad can it be? The school is not a boarding school. Sophie will not be lost to her loving family, communicating only in tear-stained letters written between Practical Torture class and double-period Pagan Rituals. She will be home every evening. The school isn't far; she can practically walk there. Many of her friends from Junior School will be starting alongside her. She has met the new class teacher, who is "terribly nice". Mr Blunkett's proposed new strictures about enforced homework and mandatory bedtime will not affect the school

It all comes down to breaktime on the first day. You've got about 30 seconds to make an impression.

BY JOHN WALSH

since it is private. Everything will be fine. So why am I so nervous about this small step along the highway of my daughter's education?

It's partly because she is. As she circles the pile of name-tagged uniform, marvelling at its comprehensiveness ("What's the white apron for, Sophie?" I ask. "Cookery? Dusting?" She fixes me with a stern eye. "Carpentry, Dad," she says. "Just carpentry", two kinds of alarm are gradually stealing over her.

First, the fear that she won't do well. "I'm afraid of messing up the exams. I don't want to be put in with the thickies," she says. As if. And there's the other fear, equally irrational, that she won't have any friends, that she'll be ignored, disliked, picked on, dissed, found wanting or made to feel unpopular in one of the thousand ways 11-year-old girls can suffer for not being exactly like their peers.

It all comes down to that moment at break-time on the first day, when you first walk out into the playground. It supposedly decides who will be your friends and who your enemies; who will be the leaders and who the led; who will be

style dictator and who style victim for the next few years, if not the rest of your life. "But sweetheart," I said. "You'll all be wearing school uniform. You won't be taking part in some trendiness contest. Nobody will be in pedal pushers or cargo pants or All Saints combat tops, or belly chains or hair extensions or blue-sparkly nail varnish or..."

"Daddy," she said. "That isn't the point. Everyone will be looking to see who seems nice, who laughs too much, who looks cool, who looks as if they might be friendly, and who looks a complete dork. You've got about 30 seconds to make an impression."

Me too. If ever there was a time when parents felt themselves under the scrutiny of the Big School down the road, it's now. Junior School is a breeze for parents - because the scholars are so young, parents and teachers can pretend to agree that tiny delinquents are merely incorrigible and yelling neurotics. Merely highly strung. But once they're past 10, and are at least in the gravitational pull of puberty and moral choice, there's no hiding place. Your little angel is on a downhill race to being

grown up, and will be either a good or bad advertisement for how you've brought them up.

So as the first term approaches, the parents read the school's printed material far more nervously than the children at whom it is aimed. "Read the School Rules and the Uniform List," snarls a communication from the Head to all new pupils. "You have to obey them." Crikey! I sit and read the "Parents' Practical Guide to Homework" as if it's the Ten Commandments. I peruse the "Dealing with Asthma" letter as if it were a newly discovered missive from Shakespeare to the Dark Lady. I nod submissively as I'm told precisely where to find this item of clothing, and precisely how to pay for it. (And take your hands out of your pockets, you grubby little man.)

Smarting beneath the lash of the music department's scorn ("Please do not apply for piano lessons if you do not have, or are not prepared to obtain, a piano"), I watch my daughter talking to her mother about hem lengths. She has tried on the new school skirt and discovered it is an inch below the knee. Aaargh! Sophie knows it is social death to have a skirt anything longer than two inches above the knee. And some of the first-year girls are phoning each other in tears, because Peter Jones has run out of Big School blazers and they must suffer the indignity of their Junior School ones for the first week. Poor them. Poor her. Poor me. We are all heading for a nasty learning curve.

## My first day at school

INTERVIEWS BY  
CAYTE WILLIAMS

**Allison Roberts (half of fashion design duo Antoni & Allison)**  
Pashley Down Primary School, East Sussex, 1968

**F**rom the day I knew I was going to school, I'd known that my teacher's name was Miss Sykes. I had a huge fear of getting her name wrong and called her Miss Skies all that day and all through school. The more nervous I was of getting it wrong, the worse it got. My mum made me this pink cape with a fur hood and I remember walking along with my mum to school on the first day, trying to remember this lady's name.

I started school a bit later than some of the other children. I think some people started in September, but because my birthday was in February, I started in March. My mum took me to the school and I remember being really, really nervous. It seemed that everybody



knew what was going on apart from me.

I remember going into the canteen for school dinners. The dinner ladies would give you a piece of meat pie on a plate and you would have to help yourself to potatoes from this pot in the middle of the table when you sat down. I remember the children passing it around and I saw it coming towards me. I was very ner-

vous and didn't want to draw attention to myself at all. I remember balancing a potato on my spoon, and watching it wobble because I was shaking so much with nerves. Then somebody jolted my arm and this potato went flying across the table and landed in a boy's dinner. Gravy splattered all over his nice striped T-shirt and he was so upset that he screamed his head off. I remember seeing this big cartoon mouth like something out of Charlie Brown. I can still see his tonsils now.

**Meg Henderson, novelist**  
St Philomena's Roman Catholic Primary School, Glasgow, 1954

**I** taught myself to read before I went to school, so when I arrived, there was this great rumpus. I grew up in the Black Hill district of Glasgow which was a place connoted for the poor Irish Catholics in Glasgow. It was the safest and

most moral place I have ever lived, because the police wouldn't go anywhere near there so it was policed by the teddy boy gangs.

When my mother told the teachers that I could read, they produced a book with a smug look on their faces, but were shocked when I started to read. The teachers got stuck into my mother on the very first day, their idea was that learning was theirs to give, and not yours to give yourself. My first day was spent stuck at a desk and given book after book to read while the other children played with plasticine. I didn't realise it was a punishment.

I ran home to my mother at lunchtime to make sure she was still there. When I went back in the afternoon I read books. I was wearing a white frilly blouse, a little Royal Stuart tartan kilt, kiltie shoes with big silver buckles on the front, and a big ribbon which looked like I had a budge on my head.

I remember I was getting up quite excited because my big brother was already there and school. I remember getting all dressed up in that bloody outfit. My mother took me along to school and I remember that all these kids were crying because it was their first experience of being away from their mothers. My brother was in the other part of the school, so telling him that I'd been to school was very exciting.

The funny thing was the teachers regarded me with some esteem, because everytime a school inspector came, they made me get up and read as an example of their success. I knew all the children who were in my class anyway because we lived in a close-knit community.

I remember running home from school, not only because I was excited, but because the gas works nearby opened up all their pipes at around 3pm and there were no filters in those days. If you were out-

side you got the full-blast of the sulphur.

When I got home from school, I couldn't believe that I had to go back the next day.

**Sarah Carleton, Communications trainer**  
College House Juniors, Nottingham, 1968

**M**y father was in the forces so I must have moved to a new school in both England and Germany seven times. The longest time I ever spent was in my last school which was for five years. The day I remember the most clearly was going to the second year of a junior school when I was eight. I was really nervous and I remember walking into the class. The teacher introduced me and everybody was staring at me. It was like taking a deep breath and jumping in to the deep end of the swimming pool.

While the teacher talked about me

the pit



JOHN LEE

Things will be easier once she starts school. For four years now, this has been our mantra. Not to worry about the huge sums we've had to shell out for nannies, childminders and nurseries. Pay no attention to that stack of letters from irate bank managers, concerned credit card companies and unpaid accountants. Come September 1997, we won't have to pay for childcare anymore and our outgoings will be cut in half. We'll be able to start clearing our debts, stop working quite so hard, remember how to breathe.

Pandora is the second child of a second family. My eldest is already at university, so it feels as if we've been at this forever. It's hard to imagine what life is like for people who don't have little children, and it's hard to believe that we're soon to rejoin their ranks. But now the big day has arrived, it is Pandora herself who shocks me.

There's half an hour to go before we have to leave but she's already standing at the door, gazing with admiring disbelief at her shiny navy shoes and her new navy pinafore. Her hair, which she's been wearing long and wild all summer, is in a neat, sensible ponytail. There is not a single trace of the baby left in her face. When did this transformation happen, and why didn't I notice it? I do not ask this question out loud, but Frank seems to be thinking it, too, because after a very quiet breakfast, he says that he wants to come too.

He takes a picture of Pandora alone outside our door, and then he takes another picture of her with her almost six-year-old sister, Helen, as they head up the path. When we get to the school grounds, Helen's best friend, Ella, joins them, and the three girls pose for the camera together, as stiffly and proudly as if they were at a wedding. The two older girls have jaunty smiles. Next to them Pandora starts gnawing her fist and sud-

The older children darting past us are so large, rough and careless. What if one of them ploughed into her and cracked her head open?

BY MAUREEN FREELY

denly looks tiny. When the bell rings and I offer her my hand, she holds it very tight.

"Don't worry, everything will be fine," I say as I lead her into the building, but I have a hard time believing it because I am seeing everything through her eyes. The older children darting past us are so large, rough and careless. There are so many coatpegs lining the classroom wall and the teacher is so tall. But she has taken steps to reassure us - there on the low table, is the album with the photographs she took of Pandora and her classmates when they came in for a visit last term. And there, in the corner, is a pillow with Pandora's name on it.

Helen had this same teacher last year, so I already have confidence in her. I remind myself that the school has nothing in common with the school where my eldest had his first day 13 years ago. He didn't stay there long: the playground bullies had knocked out all his front teeth by the end of the month; by the end of term his teacher still hadn't found out that he already knew how to read. But when I took him to school on that very first day, everything had seemed perfectly fine.

How can I be sure my sense of security now isn't just as false? What if one of those rough older children ploughed into Pandora by accident and cracked her head open?

When I put my key in the door and hear my

phone ringing, my first thought is that it's the school calling to tell me to go to casualty, but guess what, it's that angry bank manager, and then it's the concerned accountant. I've only just finished telling them how much I'll get paid for work already contracted, when the people who've contracted it start calling to ask me where it is. I don't have time to tell them why I am going to have so much more time for them in future, as now I glance at my watch and see with horror that today's ration has already run out.

For the first seven weeks, Pandora's only going to be doing half days. This is an excellent idea from the child's point of view, but how am I going to pay the bills if I only have two and a half hours of work time a day? By the time I reach the school gates, I'm almost foaming with panic. How do these other mothers manage to look so calm, and move so slowly? Perhaps they're all pretending, just like me. But on our way home, I stop pretending. Because Pandora was so glad to see me, and so proud to show me the drawing she did, and I'd forgotten how nice it is to amble down this lane in the middle of the day. I'm glad I'm going to have Pandora to myself this afternoon. There are so many ways we could fill it but what I really want to do is lounge around and do nothing. Before long she will be at school full time, a prospect which I regard with dread.

I am back again trying to teach English calmly in an inner city comprehensive. It is a struggle. First comes the class register with its usual drizzle of interruptions. The contemptuous latecomers; the louche, in-my-face bursting of bubble-gum; my demands that students divest themselves of hats, headphones, crisps, coats, breakfast and gum before we can start. Everyone seems to have PhDs in attitude.

It's not the teaching that pushes you over the edge, but the welter of nonsense that surrounds it. Ofsted, think-tanks, non-think-tanks, the fever for new strategies, monitors, appraisers and performance related, stress management and relentlessly dysfunctional electronic registers. Lady Porter selling cemeteries rather than financing a school play and articles which denounce us for promoting turpitude, illiteracy and the breakdown of the family.

And I have Jiri in my class. Jiri is a traveller from Eastern Europe, a recent immigrant from a war zone. It is his first day in an English school. He is 11 and resembles Oliver Hardy.

He is sitting in the corner chewing gum. His life has led him from the bleak rigours of Prague to the bleak licence of Queensway. Jiri has been hounded by various political systems. It has made him dizzy. He

It's not the teaching that pushes you over the edge, it's the welter of nonsense that surrounds it.

BY JACK STONE

is losing his own language, gaining little else and becoming an un-elected mute. He has never been to school in his life. His introduction to the Western intellectual tradition is the downtown Beirut of this inner city classroom. He can't decide if he's been shopped by the secret police or has escaped to a circus jumble sale or Checkpoint Charlie.

Jiri is bored. A curious smile plays across his vacant face. He is putting gum into the hair of the pupil in front of him. This pupil attempts to divest himself of the gum. He is unsuccessful and merely redistributes it more widely. He starts to weep. It is his only language. Jiri starts to laugh. It is his only language.

But for me this is one too many of the little acts of unkindness I have confronted all day long. It may be interesting, significant or even poignant, but I have had it. Jiri has ruined the lesson. *Stig of the Dump* dies in such shattering incoherence that even the Band One pupils

abandon hope, and join the fierce

of the less dedicated: the appropriation of pens, the shame of modest trainers and a relish for QPR's plunge into oblivion. The lesson falls apart and so do I. The red mist descends. My mind brims with medieval punishments. Instead I bark threats at a model pupil who has become legitimately bored and uncharacteristically chatty. She looks puzzled. This is followed by my tad-driver tantrum to the whole class on the perils of illiteracy in the jungle Out There. It does no one any good. Jiri understands none of it.

I have spent so much time accommodating behaviour which runs counter to most notions of civilisation, that I end up with this red mist, a touch of the Cantonas, Joyce Grenfell on whizz. I could return to my office and hurl a National Curriculum, the latest devious syllabus or the electronic register out of a closed window. It's the first day of term. I may pump for early retirement.

I had to stand in front of the class and afterwards she found me a desk. She said, "this is Sarah, and she's come to us from Germany. I want you to make her welcome". All it did was have the opposite effect. The kids were giggling.

I used to tap-dance, sing and tell jokes. I felt I had to perform in order for them to like me. I just felt otherwise I would be ignored. I do remember it did have a counter effect in that they thought I was a terrible show-off. I used to put on this big confidence thing although I was terrified at the time. I always knew I would be moving on. That is why I had to make an impression immediately. I remember humming in the class, and the teacher said 'Do it for everybody' and so I stood up at the desk and started to sing. I remember I was wearing a little pinafore from Marks & Spencer, my hair was done up in a chiffon scarf and my front teeth missing.

Max Clifford, publicist, All Saints Junior School, South Wimbledon, 1951

I remember my first day at junior school when I was eight. I had a fight. I was quite often involved in physical confrontation when I was in school. It was just one of those playground things. I was playing football. I bumped into someone, they said something, so did I and it ended up in a fight. The trouble was that it turned out to be Andrew Baxter, a well-spoken boy whose father was the headmaster of the school.

Here I was on my first day hauled up for fighting. The other boy had a bleeding nose and he wasn't happy. This all happened at lunch time. My teacher separated us and said that 'you are here so we can make gentlemen of you, not hooligans of you, so change your ways'.

Both of us got it in the neck but it really was my fault. I never got on with him afterwards and the head-



master was a grumpy old so-and-so. My mum often used to tell the story to my relatives. It was one of those family stories you always tell. I think someone at the school must have told her because I kept it to myself. I found early on in primary school that being good at sport things were far more pleasant. I was good at swimming and football. I was the youngest of four kids,

Billie, pop singer, Brookfields Primary School, Swindon, 1967

My school actually opened on my first day, so we were very much aware that everything was new. I didn't want to go. I was really nervous because I knew that I would have to spend so much of my time at school. Both my sister and I did the same thing on our first day, which was to kick the teacher and refuse to let go of my mother's hand. When my mum left I thought she had abandoned me so I started screaming. I hated being

left with all these children I didn't know who kept messing around.

I remember I wore grey tights and black Start Right leather shoes. I've got quite wide feet and my mum bought them because they were sensible. I also wore a grey skirt, grey cardigan, white blouse and a red and white chequered ribbon. I was really brown because I had just come back from holiday.

After a while I got used to school. I made friends with this girl called Charlotte on the first day who became my best friend for three years. I just think it was a chemical bond and we wouldn't separate from each other. We used to sleep around each other's houses. I also remember that I met a girl called Sally on my first day at secondary school who became my best friend ever. If it weren't for her I probably wouldn't be doing what I do now. She has always given me so much support. When I had to leave Swindon to go to London we



never forgot our friendship.

When I got home after my first day at primary school, my mum asked me how it went. I said I hated it and that I was never going back there. We had to do this early morning task where we wrote four things about the sun and drew things that grow from the sun. I liked that because I was always really good at drawing and I got a gold star for my picture.

I found school very bizarre at first because I never went to pre-school, so I found the learning thing really hard. I found the maths and writing very difficult at first but I got into it. By the end of it I loved doing handwriting.

There was also that thing of going from being oldest in your class to being the youngest. I had so many friends at play school and I knew I would have to start all over again at making new friends.

I got really close to the teachers. I still talk to them now when I go to school to pick up my little brother and sister. Sometimes I really miss those days when I could just play in the sand pit. When I went back there recently I noticed that the toilets were so small, and the mirrors and the water fountains are so low down that you have to bend down to reach them. It's quite scary in a way because I can see how quickly I am growing up.

# Reach for the summit of the soul

Why climb a mountain? Because, cold, pain, privation and final triumph can be a truly transcendent experience. By Eric Kendall



In the last week of August, 15 climbers were killed in the space of eight days as they took on the challenge of Mont Blanc

Bonington Library

At some point during the climb up Mont Blanc, you are bound to start thinking the same way as all the valley lubbers who only ever have the one question: "Why?" The best answer is: "Go and climb a mountain. Then you'll know."

Much more revealing is George Leigh Mallory's own question and answer: "Have we vanquished an enemy? None but ourselves."

In the last week of August, "Why?" seemed a particularly valid question, with 15 climbers killed on Mont Blanc in the space of just eight days. To die on a supposedly easy route, even if it does take you to the 4,807-metre top of Western Europe's highest mountain, seems particularly pointless. It raises other questions, too – specifically, whether people should be allowed up there on their own, regardless of experience and ability.

When you consider what is really involved in climbing Mont Blanc, the "why?" becomes even harder to answer, and not just because of the dangers the mountain poses. The

most popular route is one long slog, hard on the heels of a steady stream of other aspirants. You don't need to be a technical expert to do it; your fitness and determination are tested above all else.

First you walk, then you scramble up a well-worn route, which is bolted and cabled at the most exposed, steep parts.

At 3,800 metres, hundreds of climbers crowd the dormitories of the Gouter Hut, which may be luxurious compared to a cold night in a tent or a snow hole, but is far removed from most people's idea of mountain solitude. It is also high enough for people to suffer mild altitude sickness in the form of headaches and nausea. If that doesn't get you, the stench of the toilets will; because of the cold, they cannot be flushed with water.

The final section is climbed in the dark, to reach the summit around dawn, a trade-off between the extreme cold of night-time, even in summer, and the heat of the day catching you on the way down.

It means that most of the climb

is done by the light of a head torch, saving the nervous from seeing the precipitous drops that extend either side of The Bosses' ridge, the setting for the old joke between roped climbers, "If I fall into Italy, you jump into France".

By this time, a combination of

mountain, with or without a guide? The view alone is not enough, although the combination of privation and extreme physical effort, followed by the pleasure of returning to the valley, to warmth, ample food and water, green fields and deep sleep, certainly start to add up. But

challenging enough, by a stricter definition only challenges such as mountains can really cut the mustard. Though you may not be able to see the top, it is there right enough, as a physical and conceptual goal to be reached; yet, until the moment you finally make it to the top, you re-

and commit to a course where turning back may no longer be an option. Also the physical definition of a mountain gives climbers a precise objective, an imperative that they cannot ignore.

Which is where it can start to go wrong. Mountaineers survive by judgement rather than luck, but the lure of reaching the top, regardless of the prevailing conditions, can sometimes be a fatal siren. The aspect of climbing mountains that is hardest to reconcile is that the danger itself, which you strive to minimise, does appeal in some strange way.

Inevitably, this draws the most public interest, while the full picture, the connection of danger with the primitive aspect of mountaineering, is often ignored. If the need for excitement, and perhaps danger, is in part a reaction to modern day life, then so is the need to reduce life to its essentials, boiling it down to a few critical decisions.

Instead of having 100 different things to consider and respond to in a single day, you may have just one

or two, but they will be vital to your well-being: "Do I go, or don't I?" "Is it safer in this direction, or that?" while the rest – eat when you're hungry, drink when you're thirsty – takes care of itself.

Under these circumstances, the dangers of your environment are just part of your surroundings, part of life, and partly the reason you are there. Recognising them and reacting appropriately can minimise risks to a surprising degree, to the extent that learning to cope alone and unguided is not only more rewarding than climbing with a guide, but also allows you to make your own judgements and determine your fate for yourself.

After a while in the hills and mountains, you will know yourself and your capabilities better than anyone. Surviving the risks to reach the top, through a combination of preparation, judgement and effort is probably the closest you will ever come to knowing the answer to the impossible question "Why?" – which leaves anyone who is even thinking about it only one option.

*This is where it can go wrong – mountaineers survive by judgement rather than by luck but the lure of reaching the top, regardless of the prevailing conditions, can sometimes become a fatal siren*

cold, altitude and fatigue has made "Why?" a highly relevant question, even for the keenest, particularly when you discover that your water bottle and food have frozen solid, and you realise that if your companions have tusk-like icicles protruding from their noses, then you probably have, too. Even for someone who likes a challenge, this can hardly be considered much fun.

So why climb this or any other

these sensations, to which we can directly relate, seem to be just side-shows, secondary to the real story of mountain and mountaineer.

As a point of focus, the mountain acts as a unique challenge at which to aim, particularly to those for whom the simple possibility of doing something compels them to try to do it – a distinctly childlike quality, still present in a surprising number of adults. And though life may seem

main unsure that you will be able to meet the challenge.

Most other apparent challenges tend to have an incremental quality to them, with the goalposts moving over the medium or long term. Some of mountaineering has that flexibility, too, particularly in response to changing conditions, but there must always come a key moment if you are to reach the top, when you move beyond that stage

## Fifteen minutes? Not nearly enough

ANDY WARHOL seriously underestimated a nation's appetite for personal fame. Fifteen minutes? Forget it – that's for the sabbos who were content with a quick whinge in a Channel 4 "Right To Reply" booth. Why not aim higher – make it Forty Minutes and rising; a Cutting Edge special or a BBC1 docu-soap.

"It could be you", promises the latest wave of TV verité. In this case why wait for celebrity when hauling out a few dysfunctional skeletons from the family cupboard or just "being yourself" can guarantee a TV spotlight, modelling contract, record deal or tabloid makeover. This, we presume, was the television logic that informed Bradford model Victoria Greetham's decision to appear in a Channel 4 documentary "Daddy's Girl", until yesterday when she was exposed as a fake.

As part of the documentary, a sequence was even made to highlight a "special closeness" between parent and child. Except that 19-year-old Victoria's daddy was, in this case, really her boyfriend, just 10 years her senior, who, say unwitting TV producers, looked a great deal older. The pair decided to present themselves as father and daughter to the filmmakers when her real father refused to take part. Daddy, a managing di-

**There's nothing people won't do to be famous. And more opportunities knocking than ever before. By Emma Cook**

rector of a publishing firm, threatened to sue when he found out. Now Victoria must be content with selling the story to a tabloid newspaper.

"They could have quite easily found out it wasn't my dad, but it is not their fault that we acted so well," said Victoria sweetly, no doubt laying the groundwork for an MTA (model-turned-actress) option. Paul Smith, a Channel 4 spokesman, said that Victoria had wished to promote her modelling career. "It's very much the case that she wanted to be famous. This is about celebrity."

It's also about raising the stakes for those people who yearn for a taste of celebrity. In a rather delightful irony, the Nineties brand of "fame-for-being-ordinary" is actually as difficult to perfect as "fame-for-being-extraordinary" – as Victoria, who hoped one would lead to the other, has discovered.

Projecting reality, rather than fantasy, is a lot more difficult than it looks. Time was when acting out your dreams was a ticket into the limelight; when "Opportunity Knocks" and "Stars in their Eyes" were the

vehicles. If we watched a contestant pretending to be Gary Numan, dressed up in tin foil and singing Are Friends Electric, authenticity certainly wasn't the key to our enjoyment – if anything, it obscured it.

Now realism for realism's sake defines our enjoyment. Fakery and contrivance suddenly offends us. As viewers, once we doubt the "slice of life" before us, we feel duped. Which means that the deal these days between producer and subject can be a lot more insidious, open to manipulation on both sides. As part of a Faustian pact, Victoria and her boyfriend were asked to pose in their pyjamas to illustrate a supposed "unusual closeness" between father and daughter, which sounds a bit creepy, to say the least. The fact that they were so willing to act out this relationship – knowing that her father may well watch it – shows a rather sadder desperation than any even your average Celine Dion imitator – well, almost.

But Victoria is part of a rising breed of television hopefuls who believe that she can manipulate tele-

vision and not the other way round – perhaps that's an empowering way of looking at it, but probably rather naïve. Recently, four aspiring females agreed to have their domestic lives monitored for "The Dolls House", produced by the Bravo cable channel for their web site. In exchange for such exposure, their prize is minor celebrity. "It will be great publicity for me," enthuses 21-year-old Arwen, one of the 'dolls' who's a professional singer, actress, whatever. The foursome's home has cameras in each bedroom, providing Net surfers with live images updated every 10 seconds.

But when the nature of celebrity throws itself so open wide, it's bound to ensnare a few victims. Since fame no longer means achieving greatness, then badness will do just as well. Earlier this week, Louise Woodward told the Television Festival in Edinburgh: "People don't distinguish between celebrity and notoriety. People do recognise me... they are treating me like a minor celebrity, but I'm not famous for anything good."

If nothing else, Victoria's antics ex-

posed this week the subject of authenticity further into the limelight, amid accusations of documentary "set-ups" as well as the material motives that encourage ordinary people to take part. Who can blame them with success stories like Jane McDonald, who appeared in the BBC1 documentary "The Cruise", then landed a record deal worth half a million; her debut album got to No 1. "I'm the Cinderella of showbusiness," she cooed.

What's intriguing is why others should wish to follow in the footsteps of most docu-soap stars; if they're lucky, they'll be wheeled out for a guest appearance on GMTV, "The Big Breakfast" or maybe even a daytime makeover spot on "Style Challenge". Within a year, though, it's almost guaranteed that invites will have dwindled to the occasional shop opening or village fete.

Then they enter that strange netherworld where celebrity meets mundanity, one probably inhabited by Maureen Rees, the learner driver from "Driving School", and Eileen, no-nonsense manageress of The Adelphi, Liverpool's biggest hotel. Even if Victoria doesn't think so, she's probably had a lucky escape. Then again, her story sounds like great real life material for a documentary...



Victoria Greetham and boyfriend found their route to fame by fooling TV docu-soap makers they were father and daughter

STYLING: JESSICA

# Wizard from the world of truth and justice

James Randi is the enemy of psychics, faith healers and spoon-benders, and he's out for blood. By Jerome Burne

**D**o you believe in God? You're deluded. Are you a scientist who believes in God? Then you ought to know better. James Randi, professional magician, science fraud-buster and America's arch-sceptic, is not afraid to offend. In fact, he has spent half a lifetime putting people's backs up and collecting enemies as effortlessly as the rest of us collect CDs. He's an evangelist, a preacher. For him, the world is divided into the believers and the unbelievers, only, in his book, it is the believers who are in error, condemned to the darkness of ignorance. Salvation and light lies on the straight and narrow path of rationality. Even though you are beset on all sides by the lure of psychic powers, *The X-Files*, dowsing, homeopathy, chiropractic, let the scientific method be your one and only true guide.

For years now, he has been taunting the world of mediums, spoon-benders and all who claim paranormal powers. Currently, he is offering more than \$1m to anyone who can successfully demonstrate psychic powers, according to a simple agreement of what constitutes success. Dozens have tried to claim it, but none has succeeded. Has he ever feared he might lose the money? "No one has even come close," he says.

Next week, the amazing Randi will be unleashed on the British public in a mini lecture tour, which starts on Monday at the British Association meeting in Cardiff. At least nine brave souls have declared that they will take up his mocking gauntlet. They should be under no illusion that he will treat them kindly should they fail. For instance, when a nurse wrote to him recently claiming that a form of healing known as Therapeutic Touch worked on the principles of quantum physics he replied: "Cynthia, Cynthia, Cynthia. Dipping into quantum physics may fool a few folks, but your view of it is just plain wrong, silly, unscientific, and juvenile. It's just nut stuff. I hope you're a better nurse than you are a scientist."

Is there any difference between American and British fans of the paranormal? "No, people are pretty much the same around the world, although what they go for varies. In Britain, you are very big on dowsing

for some reason. They seem very honest folk, just self-deluded." Randi will team up next week with our very own bare-knuckle atheist, Richard Dawkins, Professor of the Public Understanding of Science at Oxford University, to bash the believers.

Although Randi is delighted to take on all comers, his name has been inextricably entwined with that of Uri Geller, the professional spoon-bender, for the past 20 years. Ever since he advised Johnny Carson how to make his studio magician-proof, and Geller sat for an agonising 23 minutes unable to manage a single psychic feat, the two have conducted a malevolent dance. Randi wrote a book entitled *The Magic of Uri Geller*, which claimed he was no more than a magician, and not a very good one at that. Geller, for his part, sued Randi in several countries around the world.

However, Geller is still performing - he used "psychic powers" to make seeds sprout in his hands earlier this year in the Albert Hall - and Randi is still pursuing him, although cautiously. "I do this trick by having some radish or mustard seeds poured into the hand of a spectator," explains Randi. "Then I reveal that one or two of the seeds are sprouted, and I gradually move away from the other seeds so that one sprout seems to develop. It's an old trick, mentioned in a similar form by Madame Blavatsky when she visited India." Then he delivers the sky killer punch: "Mr Geller, however, does his demonstration by genuine supernatural means, he tells us. To me, that seems to be the hard way."

Another of Randi's targets was the French biochemist Jacques Benveniste, whose homeopathic claims were aggressively challenged when Randi and others investigated his lab 10 years ago for the journal *Nature*. Has he given up? Not at all. Earlier this year he announced that he could send homeopathic remedies over the Internet. Treatment by e-mail.

And this highlights Randi's problem: the hydra-headed nature of his adversary. However many times he lops off a paranormal head with the simple sword of scientific method, several more sprout in their place. Furthermore, and this is the really galling part, the public goes on believing in them. For years, the polls have been showing that Randi and



For years James Randi has fought the good fight for rationalism and an end to unscientific mummery

the rationalists are in the minority: 61 per cent of people believe there are paranormal things that science cannot explain, and 71 per cent of women believe in some sort of a god, and so on.

What is needed is proper scientific education, says the American Committee for Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal (CSICOP). Randi's own contribution to this is the James Randi Educational Foundation, in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Set up with the aid of an anonymous donation of \$2m from a computer magnate, the 5,200-square-foot facility contains a library of 1,230 books on the paranormal and related subjects, 700 hours of video, and high-speed, 24-hour Internet access for researchers and students. Funds also come from lectures, televi-

sion appearances and regular seminars for \$199 a head.

But, ultimately, Randi's great value is not so much as an educator but as a scientific street fighter. He is a magician, a self-confessed scam artist and trickster. He knows how these things work. Scientists may be suspicious, but often they are hard put to say just where the trapdoor is. Most of us have no way of assessing miracle claims. After all, we go to David Copperfield to be shown miracles on a nightly basis.

However, show Randi a tape of a paranormal exponent, such as João Teixeira de Faria - the "miracle" healer of Brazil, who claims to have cured 15 million people over 35 years with psychic operations such as placing a knife inside the eye - and this is what you get: "The 'eyeball'

stunt he does is very old. I saw it done in carnivals when I was a kid. There are no pain nerves in the sclera [the white of the eye] that would react to a knife being placed there. That is the most common thing that this man does, regardless of the patient's complaint. Refer to my book *Film-Flam!* to see me with a knife under my eyelid. Or try it yourself."

So why do people persist in these foolish beliefs, even when the cold light of reason shows them to be absurd? It is not a question Randi is particularly revealing about. "They want comfort," he suggests. Well, yes, that other great rationalist, Karl Marx, said something similar about opium of the people. Then, like everyone else, he blames the media. "TV programmes don't want to hear

about reality. That Hitler died in his bunker is not a story. Say he's alive in Rio and you've got a series." But this hardly seems a good enough explanation for the sale of about 40 paranormal books for every one of his which debunk the stuff.

But, as he might say, you don't ask a molecular biologist to fix your teeth. Randi is a performer. He's brilliant at knockabout, and has lots of humour. I asked if all his targets were equally risible. Didn't homeopathy have some evidence for it? "Do you know what the theory of it is? It's complete madness," he snaps back. "However, it is one of the delusions you Brits are particularly keen on. Probably because the Windsors have been relying on it for 220 years. Maybe that's why they are in the state they are today."

## UPDATE

**NEXT WEEK** sees the start of the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the biggest science festival in the country, which this year is to be held at Cardiff University. The event begins on Sunday and runs until Friday, and will include hands-on science demonstrations including the properties of "exploding custard", which always proves popular.

**BLACK HOLES** really are not the way to "tunnel" through space, say Israeli scientists who have the computer simulations to prove it. For some years hopeful people (often devotees of *Star Trek*) have suggested that by passing into a spinning black hole, one might somehow escape the incredible forces inside to avoid being torn apart - and then emerge in another part of the universe, having effectively travelled faster than light. But the team showed that as you move towards a black hole, its apparent mass increases towards infinity - and eventually you are ripped to atomic shreds.

**DEGENERATIVE** neurological disorder such as Alzheimer's disease might be treated with nose drops, according to research reported in this week's *New Scientist*. William Frey at the Alzheimer's Research Center in St Paul, Minnesota, realised that the olfactory nerves run directly from the nasal cavity to the brain's olfactory "bulb". Tests in rats showed that this nasal route can surmount the problem of getting drugs across the blood-brain barrier, which usually excludes most large molecules.

Bad weather is expected as a byproduct of global warming, but might it also contribute to it? In a study in *Nature*, scientists at the Bermuda Station for Biological Research suggest that hurricanes may themselves contribute to global warming by cooling the sea - meaning it can absorb less carbon dioxide - and hurling large amounts of that freed gas into the atmosphere.

In 1995 the team at the BSRB measured the increased carbon dioxide levels generated by three hurricanes in the Sargasso Sea (a normally placid part of the Atlantic); with Hurricanes Felix, Luis and Marilyn, the ocean surface cooled while the winds, of more than 100mph, whipped up the sea to exchange carbon dioxide. The three events increased the total amount of carbon dioxide transfer in that region that summer by 55 per cent.

However, it is still unclear what effect the ten or so hurricanes occurring annually could have on the bigger picture of climate change: that is still being investigated.

CHARLES ARTHUR

## TECHNOQUEST

**Q** Why don't woodpeckers get headaches? Woodpeckers have fluid surrounding their brains. They also have very large skulls and small brains - with not much momentum on impact. They also have shock absorbers in the junctions between their beak and skull.

**Q** How is plastic made? Plastic is made by a process called polymerisation. This is where chains of molecules (made up mostly of carbon and hydrogen atoms) are stuck together to make very long chains of molecules and networks. The raw material the chains of molecules come from is usually coal.

**Q** What is Russian multiplication? Russian or peasant multiplication is multiplication by repeated doubling. For example, to multiply 17 by 13 you double the 17 and halve the 13, and add the doubles that correspond to an odd number in the other column. Like this: 17 x 13 =

doubled and halved: 34 x 6 (add 17): doubled and halved: 68 x 3 (add 68): doubled and halved: 136 x 1. So the answer is 136 + 68 + 17 = 221. It's a handy way of writing long multiplication in binary.

**Q** How do cats purr? Recent research suggests that in domestic cats its the vibration of an elastic ligament linking the clavicle bone to the throat - which creates a purr during both inhaling and exhaling. In their larger cousins, things are slightly different, restricting the purring to an out-breathe only. Neither kind of cat ever stops purring - they just control the volume - with loud purrs conveying anything from anger in a Snow Leopard to contentment in a Tabby!

You can visit the Technoquest World Wide Web site at <http://www.science.net.org.uk>

Questions and answers provided by Dial-A-Scientist on 0345 600444

## THE TRUTH ABOUT... GANGRENE



The three-dimensional structure of the gangrene toxin

IT IS a truth universally acknowledged in science that natural poisons are infinitely nastier than anything synthesised by man. Nothing illustrates this more clearly than the toxin produced by *Clostridium perfringens*, a ubiquitous bacterium that causes gas gangrene, a severe infection of open wounds that usually results in death or amputation.

The *Clostridium* family of bacteria is responsible for tetanus, botulism and other disagreeable types of food poisoning. When *C perfringens* - which exists in soil, water and even tucked safely away inside our own intestines - infects an open wound, it can spread rapidly through the flesh.

If it reaches the bone, then nothing can be done short of amputation. If left untreated gas gangrene causes severe blood poisoning, kidney failure, coma and death.

Gas gangrene derives its name from the pockets of gas that accumulate in infected tissue as a result of bacterial action. It is a common illness of the battlefield, where dirt and open wounds provide the perfect opportunity for the

bacteria to enter the body. Hundreds of victims of the tidal wave disaster in Papua New Guinea succumbed to gas gangrene. Many had to have limbs removed.

About 100 people a year develop gangrene in Britain, often from complications after traffic accidents. There is no cure for gas gangrene, which can overwhelm a person within hours. Antibiotics work only if they are taken long before infection takes root. Once infected, the diseased tissue turns black; death can occur within six hours.

Military authorities have taken a keen interest in the toxin produced by the bacteria because of its potential for use as a weapon of biological warfare. Saddam Hussein is believed to have purchased two tons of the bacteria, apparently in order to produce enough toxin for use in missile warheads.

Conflated shrapnel would inoculate the bacterial toxin directly into the flesh of bomb victims. Studies of *C perfringens* began in 1891 and scientists quickly found that the toxin attacks the molecules of the

protective cell membrane. After a century of research, scientists have now found a chink in gas gangrene's armour that may eventually lead to the development of vaccines or drugs.

Professor David Moss, Dr Ajit Basak and Dr Claire Naylor, of Birkbeck College, London, have worked out the three-dimensional structure of the bacterium's deadly toxin with the help of scientists from Forton Down, the Ministry of Defence's chemical weapons research facility. They believe they have found the "active site" that is responsible for binding to human cells and thereby triggering the cascade of chemical reactions that lead to the rapid destruction of cell membranes.

Dr Basak said: "We want to design something that will bind to the active sites on the toxin molecule to stop it working. Identifying the three-dimensional structure is the first step in the development of drugs to target the toxin and neutralise its effects."

STEVE CONNOR  
SCIENCE EDITOR

EN  
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# Rusalka

Dvořák

# The new pavement artists

Collaborations between architects and aesthetes are becoming more common. But there still has to be an element of chemistry. By James Fisher

Artists have long worked with architects to produce art for their new buildings – Broadcasting House, for instance, would be unthinkable without the Eric Gill sculpture over its entrance. But the status of the art work conceived for a particular setting has always been uncertain: stand-alone object or part of the fabric?

That status was cleared up last week with the decision by Deputy Prime Minister, John Prescott, to return a Henry Moore relief to the building for which it was made. His decision has set an important precedent for site-specific art – although quite where it leaves the Elgin Marbles is anyone's guess – and is timely because recently there has been a growth in collaborative work between artists and architects.

In many ways the Glaswegian-born artist, Bruce McLean, is the forerunner of a new generation of artists who collaborate with architects not simply by providing a suitable work for a new building, sculpture for the foyer or painting for the boardroom – but by coming up with a concept for the building where architect and artist become partners in the creative process. "I want to be involved at the outset and not just as an add-on," he says.

McLean became involved with architects in a professional sense when he met Will Alsop in 1978 and they have worked together on real

thing on the actual designs."

What they developed for the Tottenham Hale concourse are three separate pieces: a 16m-high lit heacon (the Tower of Time), a fountain (the Bridge of Signs) and some paving, which incorporates writing by local children (the Path of the People). "There are lots of people at Tottenham Hale waiting for buses, trains and at the traffic lights and that can be a bit boring. The idea was to give them something fun to look at but not too obvious. So it takes time to work out that the fountain's a clock and more time to work out what time it is," says Lyall.

Like McLean, and perhaps influenced by him, he is very clear about how collaborations work most effectively. "The way I feel about the best collaborations is that we start with a blank sheet of paper and work together in free form and what results is something which neither would have thought of separately. I like working with artists because they have a different eye and way of thinking. But some collaborations don't work if the chemistry isn't there or it is one-sided."

Lyall is also critical of other architects who aren't keen on getting involved. "Some architects, even some very famous architects, are a bit strange about involving artists on their projects, believing they are the only creative talent, which is very arrogant and also missing an opportunity by being unnecessarily neurotic about the ownership of creative ideas." But there are enough

produced. The incinerator, which has an 85m-high chimney, was designed by Derby architects Faulks Perry Culley and Rech and the London-based artist Martin Richman. The council's suggestion for involving an artist was enthusiastically taken up by the client and the architects, according to project architect Ray Perry. The only problem was deciding on a suitable art form.

"We felt that a sculpture, fountain or painting would be inappropriate for what is a private building on a very public site and came up instead with the idea of external lighting," he says. Having decided on the appropriate form of art for their "industrial cathedral", the architects set about trying to find a suitable artist. They approached the Public Art Commissions Agency, which arranged a slide show of 30 artists who work with light. From that, they selected six who were given a set of plans for the new building and asked to present their ideas at an interview. Richman was picked, according to Perry, because he was "on the right wave-length for the type of building we had".

Getting the right match of architect and artist is absolutely crucial to the success of the project, according to Vivien Lovell, who is the director of the Public Art Commissions Agency. It is a charitable consultancy which aims to bring collaborative work to a wider audience than that which visits art galleries. Accordingly, it organises installations, temporary schemes and acts as a matchmaker for permanent building projects.

"Collaboration is becoming extremely fashionable but it is nevertheless a process full of pitfalls – sometimes there is too much territorial jealousy involved and sometimes the relationship just implodes," she says.

"Collaboration requires an enormous amount of generosity and time. The artists have to be involved from early on, it is undesirable to stick the art on at the end, that hardly ever works," she says.

In the case of Tyseley, Ray Perry had the necessary amount of generosity to allow Richman's involvement with the project to cause a number of fundamental changes to the external appearance of the incinerator, and that was before he set to work on coming up with a lighting programme for it – a dramatic moving light show.

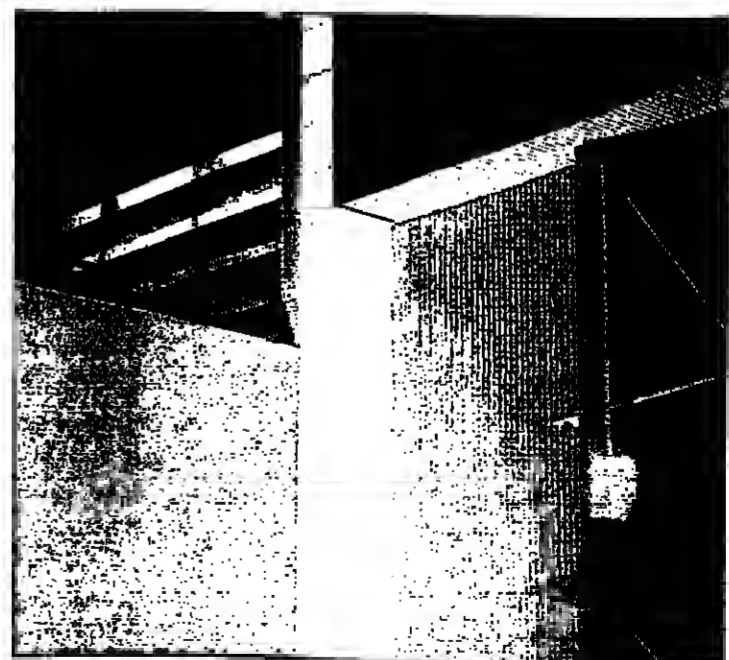
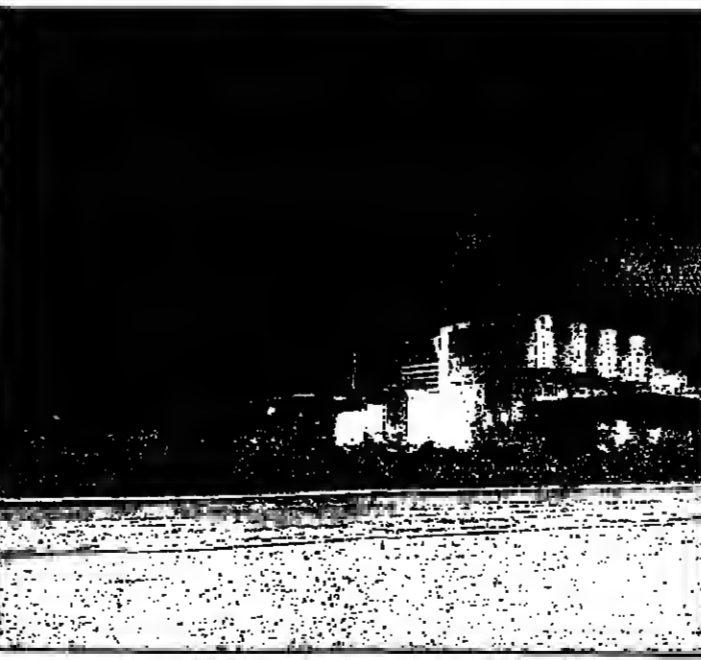
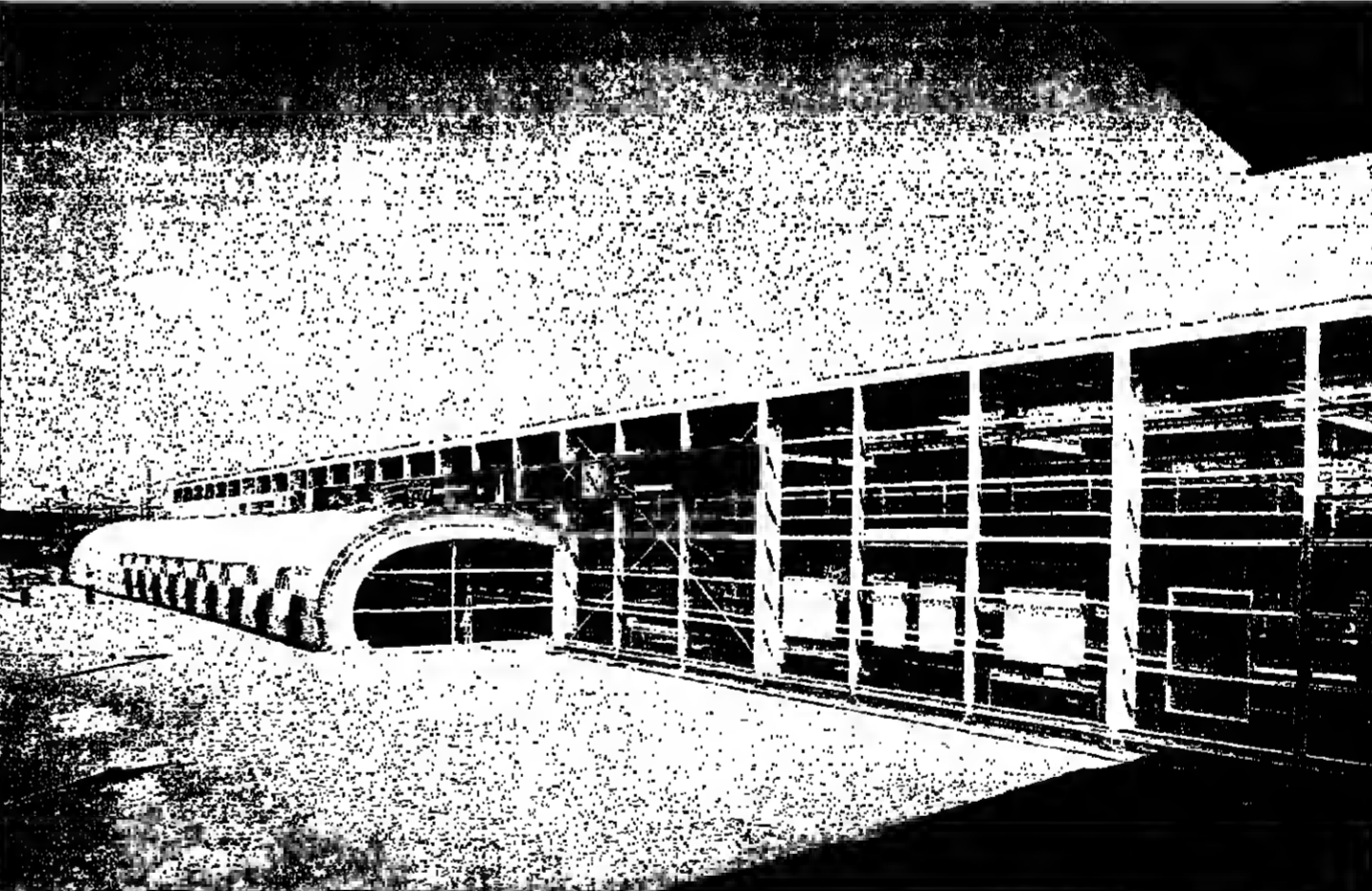
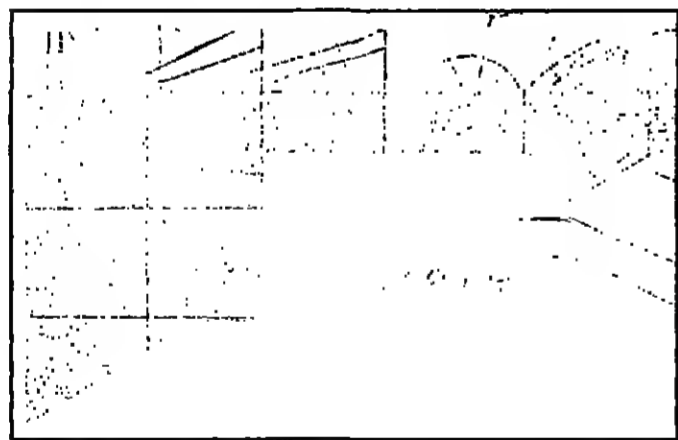
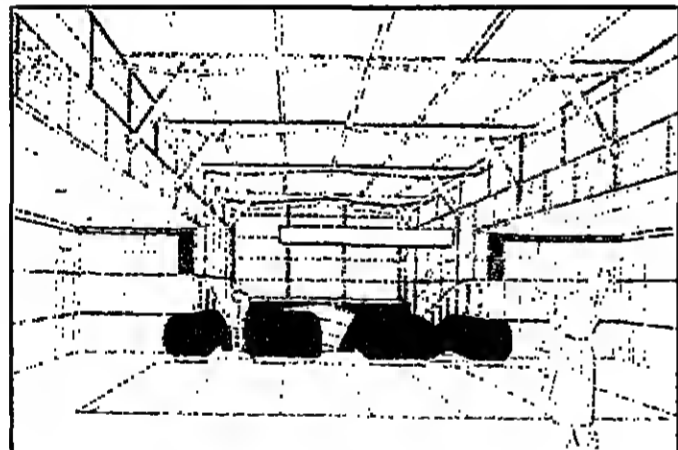
"Martin introduced the idea of red – to highlight the function of the building and its heat – so we changed the yellow cladding to red. He also introduced areas of translucent and transparent cladding to show the internal lighting," says Perry.

Although Richman had worked with architects on projects in the past, Tyseley was the first time he had worked on a building from scratch and had such a large input into its final appearance. Although enthusiastic about the outcome, he does have reservations about the process of achieving it.

"The problem with working in the public realm as an artist is that you have an idea and don't see it realized for three or four years. There's months and months of bureaucracy to get through, city councils, engineers, administrators and architects to deal with. It's all a long way from the interior life of a studio practice," he says.

He has overcome any qualms about public art projects and is now working on two other collaborative schemes with architects in Hackney and Bristol. In Hackney he is about to install a tube of light which changes colour according to wind intensity on the front of a new media centre, while in Bristol he has designed some beacons of light for that city's millennial celebrations.

The people of Birmingham seem pleased with the outcome. "I haven't heard anything from anywhere which is negative, it's all been favourable," says Perry. "And that's something of a first because we architects are used to getting kicked."



Above, from top: the Bridge of Signs in the forecourt to Tottenham Hale Tube station in London, a product of collaboration between the artist Bruce McLean and the architect John Lyall; the painted enamelled frieze on the Tottenham Hale overground station, designed in 1982; and the illuminated Tyseley energy to waste plant in the West Midlands, produced by artist Martin Richman and architect Ray Perry. Left: two views of the ticket hall at Tottenham Hale Tube station

Morley von Sternberg

and fantasy projects since, including proposals for Railtrack's new station at Blackfriars Bridge in London.

But his connection to architecture is more deep rooted, even genetic – his father was an architect as is his son. So although McLean brings an artistic sensibility to a collaborative project, he has an architectural grounding. He has just finished a project with Alsop's former partner, John Lyall, at Tottenham Hale in north east London. Lyall says: "I enjoy working with Bruce because he is eminently practical and pragmatic. Some of his ideas may seem a bit obvious but they have a very direct public appeal. It's certainly not art for art's sake."

At Tottenham Hale, McLean and Lyall have come up with a new concourse and Underground station – schemes which complement the mainline station which McLean, Lyall and Alsop designed together in 1991. Lyall says it was a collaborative process: "We spent lots of Sundays at his studio brainstorming before editing them down and set-

architects around who are enthusiastic about the possibilities offered – aside from Alsop and Lyall. McLean alone has worked with David Chipperfield in Bristol and Tokyo and is currently designing a new foreshore for Bridlington with Rayner Banham.

What started for McLean and Alsop as an experiment and a bit of fun has since been formalised and become more mainstream. McLean suggests: "Will and I started in a real way. We weren't put together as a lottery project and were doing it before all that public arts stuff."

Various organisations now promote artist/architect collaborations, including the Royal Society of Arts with its Art for Architecture programme and Birmingham City Council which has a "per cent for art" initiative, whereby one per cent of a new building's total cost is spent on an art work for it.

One product of this initiative is the city's new incinerator at Tyseley, which burns household waste and generates electricity from the heat

right, no violence has been done to the material." Judge for yourself at a show of work from Japanese collections at Bonhams.  
*Bonhams auctioneers, Montpelier Street, London SW7 (0171-393 3900) from 4-17 September.*

## MUSIC

## Big in Japan... but anywhere else?

Collaborations between Tokyo's finest and the best of the UK's vibrant club scene are finally lending Japanese pop music some much-needed credibility. And, what's more, the cuter, trashier and fluffier the result, the better. **By Fiona Sturges**

CONVENTIONAL BRITISH reserve decrees that the Japanese always take things too far. Chris Tarrant cackles over excerpts from masochistic Japanese game shows and Clive James squeezes scornfully into their little capsule hotels. Even in our so-called cosmopolitan capital, identity-crazed Japanese youths are frowned upon for having the widest flares, the tallest platforms and the silliest hair.

Their irony-free obsession with all things cute in popular culture, (baby doll chic, Lilliputian gadgetry, squeaky cartoon characters, for example) is something that sits uncomfortably with British sensibilities – indeed it is a notion that is completely at odds with their reputation as a super-efficient country full of madly hard-working people.

Even their top-selling style bible, bursting with fanatically outlandish future aesthetics, is called *Cutie*.

We may flail in the face of Japanese technological know-how and marvel at their flair for cutting-edge design, but when it comes to Japanese pop music we snigger condescendingly, safe in the knowledge that here, at least, is something that we do better. Even though the Japanese boast more record shops than us, buy more CDs per week than any other country and churn out premium record- and CD-playing equipment, they seem almost incapable of producing a good mainstream pop record. We may have silently thanked them for taking the likes of Shampoo, Danni Minogue and, more recently, Naomi Campbell off our hands, but their success in Japan confirmed for us that the country's musical taste embodies all that, to Western ears, is thoroughly naff.

But, like successions of European bands, Japanese musicians seem desperate to please the West and the British music industry as a beacon of success, despite the fact that few have made it over here.

The all-girl rock outfit Shonen Knife are one of the few Japanese bands to have dented the market in the West, having supported Nirvana on their British tour. Their tuneful post-punk sound, little-girl attire and frivolous lyrics about boys, cuddly toys and ice-cream appealed to unruly young girls and sent teenage boys into a cold sweat. It helped that they sang in English.

The Yellow Monkey were also a relatively successful Japanese export in spangly glam-rock circles, but they were short-lived and failed to reach the charts, having made the fatal mistake of singing in Japanese. But there is still a multitude of vastly successful pop bands in Japan who have never infiltrated the British charts.

The relentless growth of the club scene has recently afforded an outlet to more underground Japanese artists. Dance music is much easier to infiltrate, since the genre effortlessly crosses language barriers and, hot on the heels of the newly popular Asian club scene, Japanese records have prompted a considerable defrosting in the UK.

The Mo Wax impresario James Lavelle was so enthusiastic about Japanese club music that after his own record label first took off, he travelled to Tokyo in search of new sounds and welcomed DJ Krush, among others, into his fashionable fold.

Other Japanese acts are now finding their way into London clubs – notably Cornelius is a huge icon in Japan and hailed as the country's answer to France's Air. Pizzicato 5 (associated with last year's easy listening fad), Fantastic Plastic Machine, Ken Ishii, Denki Groove and the Boom Boom Satellites – and fashionable promoters are falling over each other to import Eastern DJs and start Japanese nights.

Last year's launch over here of the Beanie Boys' label Grand Royal gave a platform to the discordant electro-rock



Clockwise from top: Towa Tei, formerly of Deee-Lite, (Stephane Sednaoui), Fantastic Plastic Machine and Pizzicato 5

crossover band Buffalo Daughter, who this year have been touring with the Beasties' keyboardist Money Mark.

An independent German label, Bungalow Records, recently identified this trend and, having met up with Pizzicato 5 and been assured of an abundance of other class acts, produced a compilation called *Sushi 4004*. The album is composed of a mélange of different sounds from established Japanese names, as well as including debuts from new artists such as Collette and Qyphone.

Judging by this collection, Japanese dance music bears little relation to the country's traditional music. Where bands

such as Asian Dub Foundation use the silar to give their sound the Indian rubber stamp, Tokyo DJs seem determined to obliterate all references to Japanese tradition, preferring to sample from Western sources and collaborate with Western artists.

But musicians deny that this is simply a tactic to woo Western consumers. Tomoyuki Tanaka, of Fantastic Plastic Machine, one of the album's contributors, says: "A lot of our musicians consciously reject Japanese sounds, as they associate it with poor quality Japan doesn't really have a history of modern music. When you think of America you think of hip-hop, with Germany it's elec-

tronic music and England is associated with punk, new wave and drum 'n' bass. This is something we don't have in Japan. So we borrow from anything and everything."

On occasions this can make their sound virtually indistinguishable from their Western counterparts, though what separates the *Sushi* tracks from British dance is their irrepressible predilection for kitsch, characterised by happy-clappy melodies, trashy samples and bouncing bass lines.

Tanaka says: "We don't really care about whether we fit into a certain style; we just like to have fun when we make music." It is this playful quality that has earned them the label "club pop" over here.

It fits neatly into their fondness for everything that is cute.

The packaging of their albums also reflects this image. They are decorated with reflective or sparkling materials and lurid colours, displaying a honey-coated yet slickly executed future aesthetic embracing astronauts, aliens, spaceships and other typically Western preoccupations.

The collaborative aspect of dance music has also been beneficial to Japanese artists. Ken Ishii is working with Talvin Singh, DJ Krush has worked with the ultra-hip British producer Howie B and recently ex-Deee-Lite man Towa Tei has made a single with Kylie Minogue, though in this

case you get the feeling that Minogue is making use of Tei's far-reaching reputation, rather than the other way around. The track "German Bold Italic" has a significantly more exotic flavour than Tei's customary club anthems and features Minogue talking and giggling over a minimalist house rhythm. A particularly bizarre accompanying video sees Minogue scuttling around the back streets of Tokyo dressed as a Geisha girl and looking suitably sweet.

"She is the ideal icon that appeals to both Japanese and Western people" says Tei. "She is very much a part of the club scene already, particularly among the gay community, and she looks amazing."

Though Tei makes use of Japanese iconography to promote his work, he still insists that the future of Japanese music is in the club scene. "Western notions of Japanese music have always revolved around Karaoke and it's not that far from the truth. But the technology available in Japan has steered artists towards dance music. It would be stupid not to take advantage of that."

*'Sushi 4004' is out on Bungalow Records on 7 September. Towa Tei's single 'German Bold Italic', featuring Kylie Minogue, is out on Coalition Records on 5 October*

WHO'S WHO IN THE  
NIPPON NEW WAVE

Yellow Magic Orchestra is one of the more credible ambassadors for Japanese pop. This all-male instrumental group cultivated an underground following in the late Seventies and early Eighties with their German-inspired electronica. Their 1980 single "Computer Game" (theme from *The Inners*) stayed in the charts for 11 weeks.

Ryuichi Sakamoto left Yellow Magic Orchestra and went on to enter the charts four times in the early Eighties with collaborations with Japan's David Sylvian. He is now an established composer of film sound tracks, with titles such as *Merry Christmas*, *Mr Lawrence* and *The Last Emperor* gracing his CV.

Sandii & The Sunsets are a poodle-haired outfit headed by the PVC-clad Sandii. They were responsible for "Alive", which epitomised Eastern tack and became one of the most famous Japanese pop songs of the Eighties. Despite heavy endorsements from the likes of David Bowie and the Eurythmics, the band had a short-lived international impact.

Shonen Knife is one of the few Japanese rock bands to make it big over here. This all-female ensemble, characterised by a giggly, Riot Grrrris aesthetic, favoured a pop-punk thrust during the late Eighties, citing the Sex Pistols, XTC and the Ramones as their primary influences.

DJ Krush is the ultra-cool Tokyo-based DJ who was appropriated by James Lavelle for his ground-breaking *Floats* album. A far cry from his ostentatious clubby counterparts, Krush prefers lackadaisical hip-hop rhythms overlaid with spooky sampling.

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## RIFFS

THE FIRST AND LAST RECORDS BOUGHT BY JUSTIN CURRIE OF DEL AMITRI

First record: Sylvia, "Y Viva España"

This was one of those holiday records from 1972. Sylvia was lovely – very skinny, with a big, wide-brimmed hat. It was the first time I went to a shop without my big sisters, who were into the Osmonds, and me and my Dad went to Fenwick in Leicester, and looked at the Top 40. I really wanted something by David Essex, which my sisters had, so I plumped for Sylvia because I knew neither of them would like it. It was a case of sibling rivalry. And I remember my dad told me I could pick anything I liked.

I didn't show any interest in pop music until that point. The sad truth is that I did fancy her; she was one of those women that eight-year-olds fancy. I didn't really listen to radio, but had seen her on *Top of the Pops*, among groups like The Sweet

whom I didn't understand, and she was innocent and foreign. For all I know, she could have been from Scunthorpe, not Spain. Because it was this Spanish thing, it had lots of wobbly guitars, like in westerns, then after this introduction she came in singing. Although it was pre-disco, she sang over a four-to-the-floor stomp bass drum. It was jolly. But I certainly didn't dance in those days – I only discovered dancing about 10 years ago.

I think I listened to it once a day for a fortnight. It was the only record I owned, and on the B-side was one of those weird singles which had no song, but it had a groove. Instead of having a blank B-side they would have a fake one, a silent groove which is like a non-wiggly groove, so I just played three minutes of nothing.

Maybe it was a cover version



of John Cage's "Four minutes 33", which he would conduct in front of a thousand people, and was four minutes and 33 seconds of silence.

Perhaps it was avant-garde that Sylvia was into on the B-side. If you were interviewing her, she would ask if you listened to her radical stuff. Sylvia was a classic one-hit wonder, and it would have been a great Eurovision record if she had managed to get it.

Last record: Sparklehorse, "Good Morning Spider"

I normally buy records four at a time. In my last batch, I got Sparklehorse's second album, which, surprisingly, is really good. When a record is the flavour of the month, and gets lots of good reviews, I generally run out and buy it, and don't understand why.

I like this because I like albums which have a variety with different tempos and textures. It starts off with a poppy punk rock song then, after two minutes, descends into a downer song, after which each song is radically different from every other.

Also the lead singer has a lovely voice, similar to Tom Waits. It's like guitar music and American alternative rock. It's odd, and not predictable.

I got in to it immediately I put it on and couldn't believe it is an

improvement on the first album. It's kind of like anti-Lo-Fi in the way the guys sing, but it is recorded really beautifully. There is something perverse, weird, esoteric music recorded really well is a strange combination. It should be an amateur record, but the way it is recorded and performed is incredibly well constructed. It's like a Morris Minor built by a German car maker. Or something like that, anyway.

On the sleeve notes, he thanks a hospital in London who helped him after he took some sleeping pills, and was so sedated that the circulation in his legs was cut off. He had trouble walking and performing for quite a long time.

*'Hatful of Rain: The Best of Del Amitri' is released on 7 Sept*

INTERVIEW BY  
JENNIFER ROGER

# Tall stories, tight trousers and elves

Rock Family Trees returns to our television screens tonight, with another batch of pop secret histories. James McNair celebrates the rockumentary series which reminds us that, regardless of pedigree, most bands have had their Spinal Tap moments

TONIGHT MARKS the return of BBC2's Rock Family Trees programme for a new six-week run.

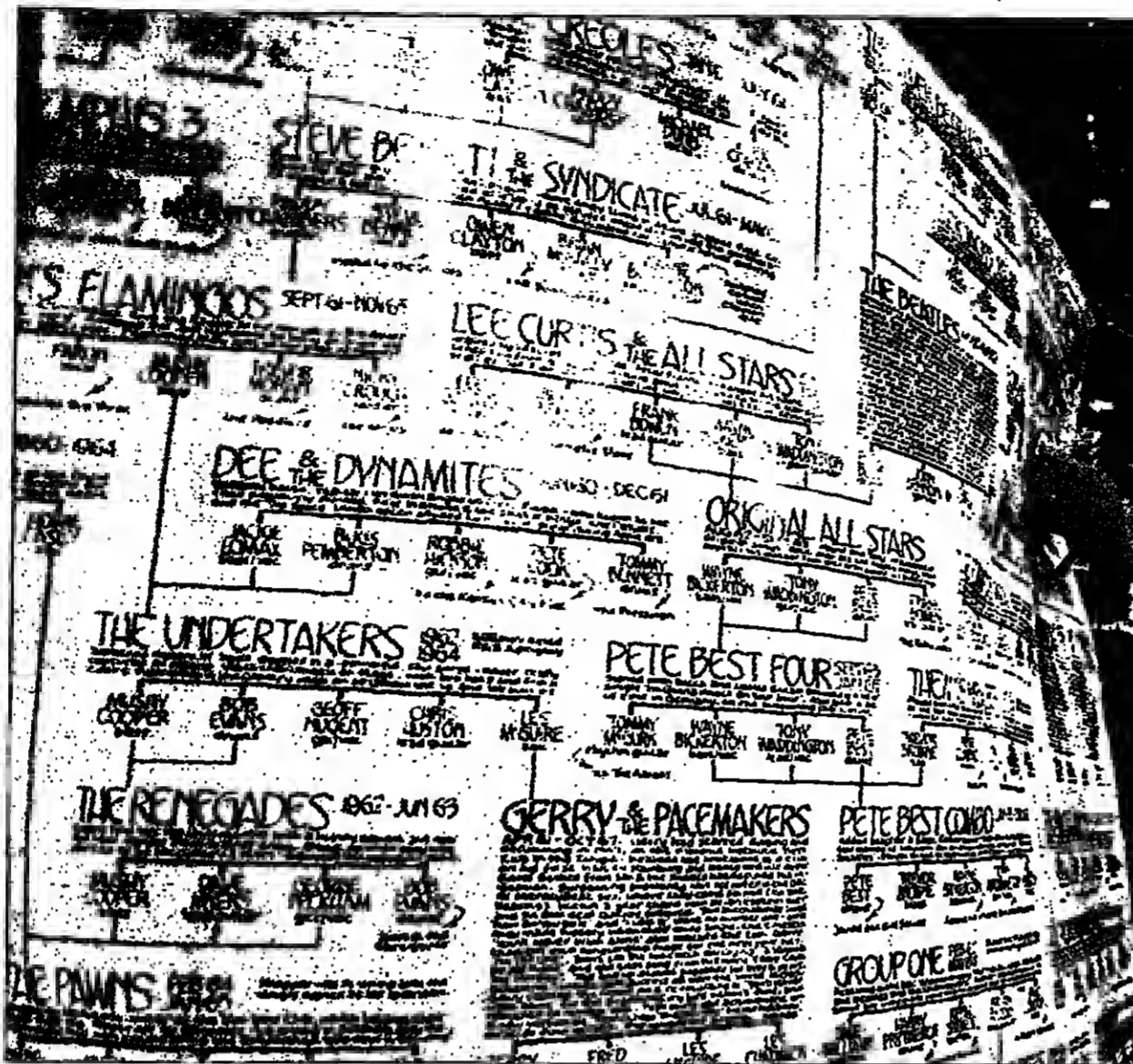
Pete Frame, whose hand-drawn genealogical trees map the fraughtly entertaining internal relationships of rock's institutions, has explained how this second series attempts to capitalise on the strengths of the first. "Because it's a peak-time show, the producer, Francis Hanly, and I went for people who were going to be as funny and eloquent as possible," he says. "We've tried not to make things too trainspotterish."

Though first and foremost a thoroughly researched documentary series, Rock Family Trees' judicious use of wry, anecdotal footage is one of its strengths. The programme highlights both the incestuousness and the ridiculousness of rock but with affection. It's a gentle reminder that most bands have had their Spinal Tap moments.

In "The Frog Rock Years", which centres around the careers of Yes and ELP, keyboard wizard Rick Wakeman recalls a late-Sixties gig with The Strawbs where the bands shared a bill with circus performers. "What you did was you accompanied the various acts," he remembers. "They had Arthur Brown playing for the trapeze artist and we, The Strawbs, were playing for the child jugglers. Suddenly there was a bit of a cheer from the crowd and this old boy with a handlebar moustache jumped up on stage and started waving a stick around. I thought: 'Who's this old git?' and pushed him off. The police arrested me. How was I to know it was Salvador Dali?"

With accessible, fastidiously-edited portraits of the early Sixties Merseybeat scene, the Manchester club scene which had New Order at its epicentre, and the late Sixties folk movement that spawned The Mamas and The Papas in the States, the scope of the new series is impressive. John Peel's relaxed narration links choice archive footage with interviews, while Frame's drawings - often accompanied by an appropriate montage of album artwork and memorabilia - provide ideal pit-stops for cross-referencing and plot denouements.

Older, wiser, and just that little bit less precious, most artists portrayed here can laugh at themselves. Billy J Kramer, though, interviewed for



Rock garden: Pete Frame hangs another rock family tree... on a tree

The Mersey Sound episode, seems less able to let go of old rivalries. Obviously keen to challenge the view that his own band, The Dakotas, were simply Beatles wannabes, Kramer remembers Brian Epstein giving him the original demo tape of John Lennon's "Do You Want To Know A Secret", a song with which he and The Dakotas would later score a hit. Kramer goes on to say that at the end of the demo, Lennon "sort of apologised for the quality of the song and flushed the toilet." The inference is clear.

With around 250 bands regularly gigging in and around Liverpool at the time, demand for strong original material was high. Even one of the Fab Four's finest, though, was deemed unworthy of Kramer.

"Different writers have said that Paul McCartney never offered 'Yesterday' to anyone," says Kramer, "but when I was doing a summer season in Blackpool, he played it to me. I said, 'I don't like it. It's boring and I want a rock 'n' roll song.'" If Kramer seems a tad prickly, then in contrast, the former Adam

and The Ants guitarist, Marco Pirroni, is refreshingly frank about how Adam's image influenced the Ants' writing. "He's a pirate on land and he wears a good hat - that was the sort of thing," he explains in "Banshees and Other Creatures". With indisputable logic, Pirroni adds: "When you've got a song about a highwayman, it has to be called 'Stand And Deliver', and it has to go 'dum, diddle-lum, diddle-lum.'" Adam himself, alias Stuart Goddard, is less willing to trivialise his back catalogue. This tactic of

allowing sidemen to have a good giggle at the expense of their more celebrated former leaders is one which Rock Family Trees has used effectively time and again.

Cleverer still, is the way that the programme's interviewers can gently cajole musicians into talking utter nonsense with no attendant sense of irony. And when heavy metal comes under the spotlight in "Sabbath Bloody Sabbath", we're not short of examples. Witness singer Ronnie James Dio on one of the bands he was in before Rainbow and

Black Sabbath: "We just became Eli, which made sense, because we were all really small men. My cousin was barely five feet tall, and I'm like five four-and-a-half, five-five. We would come out on-stage and the audience wouldn't know what to make of these little tiny people. Then we just bludgeoned people to death with our level of power."

Like the programme on Merseybeat, tonight's snapshot of the late Sixties folk scene in Greenwich Village has value as a social history, but ultimately "California Dreamin'"

is probably the least engaging episode of this series. The Americans' reluctance to dish the dirt makes for rather safe viewing, and given the quality of the rest of the series, it's an odd place to start.

To paraphrase Mick and Keef, though, Rock Family Trees is one of the few examples of the pop documentary genre to declare: "It's only rock 'n' roll, but we like it."

Any artists approached to appear in a third series should be aware that the more self-effacing they are, the better they will come across.

John Voos

## Reading and writhing

The last big rock festival of a soggy summer was no damp squib - just a little moist round the edges, say Rhiannon Batten and Richard Hill



The Reading hardcore: almost certainly not sweating over the Beastie Boys' political karma

PA

AS SATURDAY sunshine spread across the campsites circling Reading Festival, temperatures inside the arena added a certain tang to the sweat and chips vapour stockpiled from the night before.

Friday's young crowd, with their sherbet-coloured hair, henna tattoos and more metal on their body than the average tank, had been an enthusiastic and pretty well-behaved bunch, body-surfing and moshing to the sternum-crunching staccato guitars of the three smaller stages. Breaks were taken for near-end-it-all bungee jumps and visits to the friendly site cannabis-pipe trader. Later on, the same crowd stood glued 20-deep outside the Dr Martens talent-intending stage watching as Gomez sucked in the last joules of warmth from the air and breathed out lazy-beat Southport swamp blues. With Glastonbury '98 sinking

into another covering of chocolate milkshake mud and Mean Fiddler's Phoenix Festival cancelled after poor ticket sales, Reading Music Festival offered 1998's chance to be a festival worth turning up for. Although more than 100,000 did make the trip last weekend - enticed by a decent weather forecast and a line-up bolstered by the aforementioned cancellation - the British festival spirit still seemed a little damp round the edges.

On the main stage on Friday, Rocket from the Crypt and The Afghan Whigs, immaculate in their gangster threads, gained a good few ticket sales for their forthcoming indoor British shows, and the young rascals Ash impressed, but the smaller stages were no match for the deft presence of Page and Plant, except for the skate punk kids, who ran off bored.

What had seemed a large

crowd on Friday seemed immense on Saturday and, despite the efforts of the night-time litter patrol, the morning ground was a soft carpet of plastic forks, well-trodden chips and greasy newspapers. The queue for the toilets soon prompted people to head into the bushes. There were too many people in too small an area.

It wasn't only the ground that suffered. Despite Sunday's performances by Dee Jay Funk Roc and the maturely rehearsed but still cutting attitude of New Order - moving the twentysomethings to punch the air nostalgically - it was clear that the four music tents were too close together to give the bands what they needed to be really heard, even by festival standards.

And the music from the main stage was just too quiet to rock. Saturday's rendition of The Prodigy's "Firestarter"

whispered out more like "Fire-fighter" and the loudest sound of the weekend was probably the mid-set belch from the Foo Fighters David Grohl.

More exciting were battles waged by the performers. First Money Mark, after bringing the marquee down with his opener of Hammond stand-up funk, abandoned his set prematurely as his equipment died piece by piece.

Then word warfare raged between the two main-stage headliners after the now all-grown-up Beastie Boys requested that The Prodigy cut "Smack My Bitch Up" from their set.

Beastie Adam Yanch seemed to absorb the bad karma in his Krishna-orange boiler suit, however, and in any case, the 40,000 or so who jumped up and down to both sets were not sweating over polemics.

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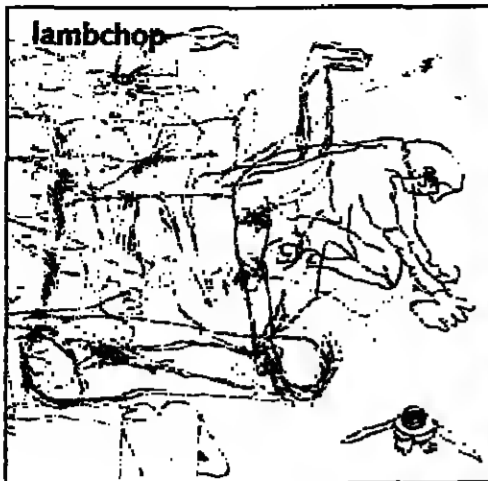
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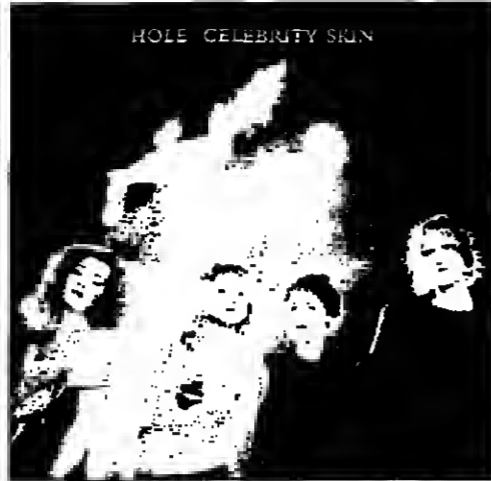
REVIEWED BY ANDY GILL



**LAMBCHOP**  
What Another Man Spills  
Geffen

UNHERALDED in their own land, but justifiably developing a sizeable cult reputation over here, Lambchop are about as intriguing as American pop gets at the moment. Fourteen Nashville musicians based around singer-songwriter Kurt Wagner, they include an invitation to "visit the country music hall of fame in Nashville, TN" on all their album sleeves. The advice seems unlikely to be reciprocated by the country establishment, as rather than ploughing the usual furrow of bars, beers, trucks, tears and line-dancing, they use the comforting textures of the form to present sentiments that can be cruel and unusual, though never punishing. Wagner's songs return country to its roots, dealing honestly with real-life matters and emotions, and his avuncular, semi-spoken vocal style sounds like your grandad rapping.

There's the usual air of acquiescent mournfulness about Lambchop's subtle collusions of strings, vibes, horns and pedal steel guitar – a vast, amorphous, not quite house-trained sound. On last year's tremendous *Thriller*, they leavened their sound with a veneer of MOR muzak and avant-garde *musique concrete*. Here, it's soul music that provides the added spice, with lovely versions of Curtis Mayfield's "Give Me Your Love" and Frederick Knight's "I've Been Lonely For So Long", both delivered in a cracked falsetto that's immensely more moving than the vocal gymnastics of modern soul singers. Again, it's real music for real people.



**HOLE**  
Celebrity Skin  
Geffen

COURTNEY LOVE certainly qualifies as real people – sometimes alarmingly so – and on *Celebrity Skin* she comes closer than ever before to real music. It has already been widely surmised – not least, one suspects, by Billy Corgan – that this might have something to do with the presence of Billy Corgan among the credits. You can certainly hear his dabs all over "Hit So Hard", that ruthless sense he has of how to draw the epic out of the merely ponderous. But it's not so much the music as the lyrics which impress here, and perhaps stung by the suggestion that Kurt Cobain may have written parts of *Live Through This*, Courtney has pointedly claimed sole responsibility for them.

It couldn't really be any other way: Love is her own muse and her own canvas, constantly hacking away at the psychological baggage she drags around. She makes disarming, pre-emptive strikes – "She obliterated everything she kissed/Now she's fading/Somewhere in Hollywood" – and wields parody with subtlety, most movingly when she asserts: "Miles and miles of perfect skin/I swear I do, I fit right in."

Surely, the lady doth protest too much. In her lyrical craft, and in Love's search for some kind of primal redemption, the influence of Patti Smith is clear – there's even some stuff about horses galloping away through "Heaven Tonight". It's a comparison she bears with some distinction.



**MANSUN**  
Six  
Parlophone

IT'S ENOUGH to make you weep. Having been hailed last year as the most likely saviours of the good ship Britpop, Mansun have gone ahead and succumbed spectacularly to the Second Album Syndrome with *Six*, as over-egged a pudding as has been heard in years.

The title-track sets the tone, with a brand of diffuse prog-rock which never allows the song to get established before seeking out new directions, wandering all over the place for eight seemingly interminable minutes, and further obscuring its purpose with pointless vocal effects. The riff, such as it is, sounds like a cross between Supergroup and Smashing Pumpkins – a resemblance accentuated by Paul Draper's voice, which shares some of Billy Corgan's sneaky self-regard.

As usual with the Second Album Syndrome, *Six* is the product of too much giggling and not enough disciplined songwriting. There are no instantly memorable tunes like "Stripper Vicar" or "Wide Open Space" here. Instead of devising strong melodies and secure song structures, Mansun rely on muso flash and acrobatics, adding new storeys before foundations are firm, and using tarty ornate cladding to disguise the fatal imperfections.

Some of their ideas, too, are simply dreadful – "Fall Out", for instance, is simply the "Dance Of The Sugar-Plum Fairy" laden with excess and ill-fitting baggage. What a mess.

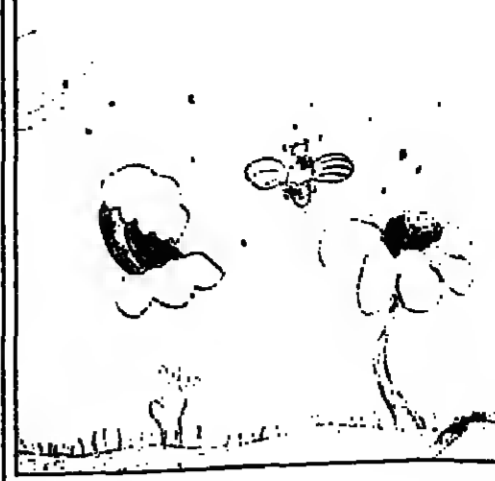


**WILLIE NELSON**  
Teatro  
Island

LIKE EMMYLOU Harris – who appears as backing vocalist on the majority of these 14 tracks, as it happens – Willie Nelson has opted for the warm and welcoming depth of a Daniel Lanois production on his latest album. Gently occupying the spaces around Nelson's characteristically dry and minimal vocal, it's a match so congruent that it seems extraordinary they've never worked together before. The drums are a touch obtrusive on one or two tracks, but for the most part Lanois captures just the right atmosphere.

As with its predecessor, 1996's *Spirit*, there's a pronounced Spanish feel to *Teatro*, which blends new songs like "Everywhere I Go" and "I've Loved You All Over The World" with earlier Nelson compositions such as "Darkness On The Face Of The Earth" and "My Own Peculiar Way", several of which date from the break-up of his marriage in the early Sixties. "I Never Cared For You" is a notable stand-out: the title is a lie, of course, poorly disguising the depth of feeling in lines such as "The sun is filled with ice and gives no warmth at all".

"Home Motel", too, is a strikingly spare, empty room, furnished with just a few sparse phrases of piano and Nelson's desolate voice. The introductory version of Django Reinhardt's "Ou Es Tu, Mon Amour?", meanwhile, ably demonstrates the enduring flexibility of this country legend's 65-year-old digits.



**PLUSH**  
More You Become You  
(Domino WGCCD501)

LIAM HAYES raised perhaps unreasonable expectations with his previous Plush singles, "Three Quarter Blind Eyes" and "No Education", which suggested a post-mod symphonic-pop sensibility in the Eric Matthews vein, trying to breed new blooms from old grafts of Bacharach, Wilson and Jimmy Webb.

On this half hour of sometimes stupefying piano balladry, his focus narrows to the latter, with a startlingly accurate impersonation of the great songwriter's over-extended croak. But that's as far as the comparison goes: for despite also borrowing a few of his chords, Plush songs seem to go out of their way to avoid the magnetic melodiousness of Webb's compositions.

Instead, these desultory smudges of songs slip by unnoticed, a rainy day's worth of weary reveries, drifting into each other imperceptibly, with no variation in style, attitude or tempo (funereal) to separate them save for the addition of a mournful French horn on "Save The People". Some songs, such as "See It In The Early Morning", have a bit more humming in them – but alas, that doesn't in itself make them any more hummable. It is, quite frankly, torture. Eventually, the self-indulgent veil of misery in which Hayes cloaks his musings settles over the album like a shroud, and you become acutely and intensely aware of just how long a half-hour can be.

## It's a sweet song of misery

Singer-songwriter Elliott Smith's existential tales of life and love not only win Oscar nominations but also bring out the mother in the best of crowds. By James McNair

WHEN DIRECTOR Gus Van Sant used a number of Elliott Smith songs in his film *Good Will Hunting*, the blend of music and cinematography was potent enough to draw comparisons with Simon & Garfunkel's soundtrack for *The Graduate*. "Miss Misery" was Oscar-nominated, and when Smith – who looks more like a dustman than a Hollywood bigwig – performed the song at the awards ceremony, Jack Nicholson was sitting just 10 feet away. His performance at Dingwalls must have been a night less daunting for him.

On his latest album, XO, Smith uses Mellotron, vibes

and tack piano to widen his predominantly acoustic palette. So for tonight's gig, support act Quasi (drummer Janet Weiss and bass player/guitarist Sam Combs) were on hand to help the Brooklyn-based troubadour give the fuller treatment to the more orchestrated of these arrangements.

Wearing an old, blue beanie hat and a paint-splashed T-shirt, at times Smith looked genuinely thrilled by the music he and his band were making. With his awkward smile and bottomless sack of fine, wistful songs, it was also easy to account for his disproportionately female audience. Most

girls warm to a poet that they can mother.

Though there's a classicism and easy grace to Smith's material, reminiscent of Paul Simon, *Reverberator* or Alex Chilton's best work with Big Star, his songs clearly reflect a darker, more existentially challenged soul. By performing all his tunes on a crunchy electric guitar, rather than an acoustic one, though, he seemed keen to subvert the "sensitive-folky" image with which he's been branded.

The music is one thing, but Smith the man is another. After "Rose Parade", one fan shouted "I hope you realise that's

one of the best songs of the last 20 years!" Clearly embarrassed by this unbridled flattery, Smith eventually mumbled, "well, I'm glad you think so". This brought out the mothering instincts again, and in a moment redolent of an animation sequence from *Ally McBeal*, I could easily imagine several doe-eyed girls nearby metamorphosing into big, broody bears.

Characters in the city-life cameos Smith has recently taken to writing in Brooklyn bars often sound lost, confused or defeated. "Waltz No.2", a sweetly clunking half-ballad which cleverly referenced The

Everly Brothers' "Cathy's Clown" was a case in point, its protagonist "staring into space like a dead china doll". "Independence Day", based on a sweet, almost ragtime-sounding guitar figure, was something of a contrast, though. Juxtaposing the human lifespan with that of a butterfly, the gist of its more ebullient sentiment was that, though it might seem as though we only live for a day, "it's brilliant anyway".

He encored with an impromptu cover of The Beatles' "I'm Only Sleeping" and forgot the words. But nobody seemed to mind.



Elliott Smith, a troubadour who looks more like a dustman

'WAY OUT WEST'  
'THE MUSIC BOX''SONS OF THE DESERT'  
'HELPMATES'

BOTH FEATURES SHOWING  
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AN EDITORIAL penned by an editor-in-chief of a hip hop magazine claims Fugees' rapper Wyclef Jean threatened the editor of a competitor with a gun. Allen Gordon, from *Rap Pages* magazine, says that Wyclef didn't admit to pulling a gun and argues his body language said the contrary. He says that, after asking the rapper three times if he threatened *Blaze* editor Jesse Washington over an LP review he planned to run, Wyclef Jean shrugged and nodded the fourth time. It wouldn't stand up to journalistic integrity never mind the law – but was evidence for the editor to declare: "I can't let Wyclef get away with something that actually did happen." A spokesperson for Wyclef said that his shrugged response was not an admission but a reaction to having already answered the question repeatedly.

GERI HALLIWELL, aka Ginger Spice – or is it the other way round – has appointed Brits executive producer Lisa Anderson as her manager. Anderson has never been involved in artist management before and it is thought Geri's music career will not be a priority.

Meanwhile, Virgin Records has got tough on the tabloid exposés on the Spice babies. Following an article in the *Daily Mail* which claimed the reported pregnancies had sparked fury among record label executives, it has served lawsuits on the *Daily Mail* and *The Mirror*. Virgin has accepted an apology from *The Sun*.



THE MUSIC festivals scrambled for a crowd-pulling slant this year and, some would say, they quite simply failed to come up smelling of roses. But a completely new festival might pull it off. The all-night "Location Apollo" concert will be staged on a specially constructed stage in the shadow of the Jodrell Bank Space Observatory on 17 October. The performance is being held to promote the new Apollo fragrance. Acts include old school hip hoppers Run DMC, along with Space and Republica, and the likes of Carl Cox, Danny Rampling and Judge Jules behind the decks.

Meanwhile, a band who benefited from the summer festivals, New Order, have been confirmed to play a New Year's Eve gig at London's Alexandra Palace in the wake of their reunion

after five years at last weekend's Reading Festival. New Order have truly come full circle, as little has been heard from them since they stormed off stage at Reading Festival in 1993, claiming that they had succumbed to business quarrels and the usual artistic differences.

THE CHART SHOW's executive producer Gayle Sreenie has confirmed reports in *Melody Maker* that the show may continue. It's original Saturday morning slot has been given over to Ant and Dec's *SMTV/Live*. Gayle Sreenie said: "We are just finishing stuff off this week. We are talking to various people about the show and it's quite commercially sensitive. What is for certain is that it won't be on at that time of the day."

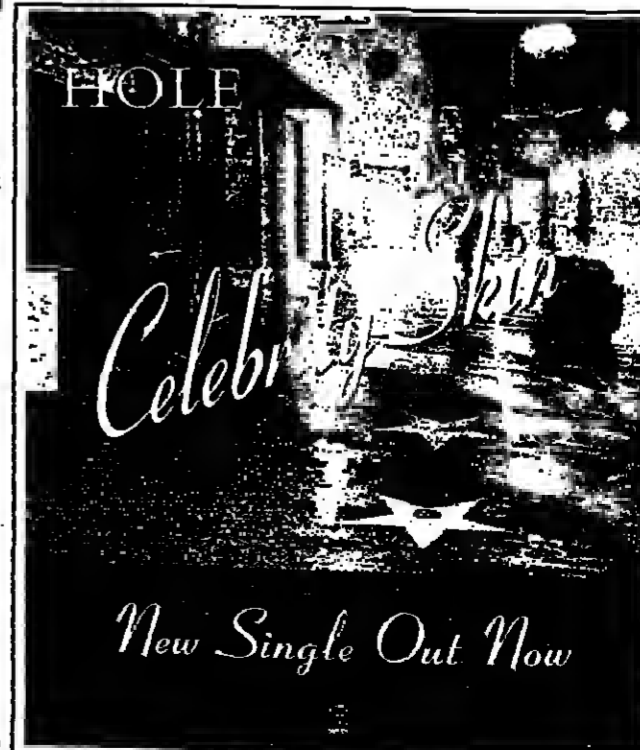
WHO COULD have predicted that Madonna would find a passion for town planning? Well, it would seem that she has, the former Material Girl having recently filed a law suit against the YMCA in an attempt to try and stop it from building a high-rise residential tower near the Lincoln Center in New York. Madonna claims that the building creates a "hazard for me and my child" and is using the recent fall of scaffolding at a Times Square high-rise renovation as grounds for her suit.

FORMER EURHYTHMIC and award-winning producer Dave Stewart is following on the heels of David Bowie

with the launch of his own website (Davestewart.com). The site will be the first to offer Stewart's new album, aptly called *Sty-Fi*, over a month before it's first official release date. The site is also hosting a monthly *Sty-Fi* TV special, which will have a kooky collage of video and art, featuring guests ranging from Lou Reed and Bob Dylan to Demi Moore and late LSD guru, Timothy Leary.

Out in cyberspace, Geffen Records is also offering free downloads of the title track from Hole's forthcoming album "Celebrity Skin" ([www.geffen.com/hole/](http://www.geffen.com/hole/))

JENNIFER RODGER



# Swing it, cut it and can it

Jazz has long enjoyed an artistic relationship with the movies – must be something to do with the light, and the way jazz confers a cool atmosphere on everything it touches. So which are the best jazz sound track albums around? And who is the jazz Truffaut? By Phil Johnson

JUST AS much film music routinely aspires to the condition of jazz, many jazz compositions sound as if they were written especially for the title sequence of a film that somehow failed to get made. Thelonious Monk's famous tune "Round Midnight" remains the great film noir theme that never was, its brooding atmospherics crying out for a visual accompaniment of dark, rain-slicked, city streets puddled with neon. It had to wait until 1986 and Bertrand Tavernier's film of the same name to make the opening credits (in an arrangement by Herbie Hancock), although David Meeker's train-spotter's bible *Jazz In The Movies* informs you that it can also be heard, played by Monk's quartet with Gerry Mulligan, in Peter Hall's screen adaptation of Harold Pinter's *The Homecoming* from 1973.

The cinematic spirit of Monk is invoked in the rather offbeat translated sleeve notes to a remarkable new album by the Italian pianist and composer Rita Marcotulli. *The Woman Next Door* (Label Bleu) is a musical tribute to the films of François Truffaut, and it's one of the best albums of the year so far. Apart from Jean Constant's original theme for *Les 400 Coups*, and two songs by Charles Trenet, the material is all Marcotulli's own, and it doesn't so much illustrate the films as evoke recurring themes and motifs, such as innocence, escape and the limitations of language.

As music, it's very varied, ranging from the opening track's gentle fusion (which recalls Wayne Shorter's *Native Dancer*), to a nearly atonal piano solo, to the accordion-heavy traditions of French cabaret and chanson, but despite this the album manages to work very well as a kind of suite. It's played mainly by a series of small ensembles drawn from a large group of Italian and French musicians, which includes the trumpeter Enrico Rava and the drummer Aldo Romano (who also sings, most affectingly). There's a few rather chewy, free-ish, moments but mostly it's beautifully light, intelligent, rhapsodic work and a perfect counterpart to Truffaut's own heart-on-sleeve, emphatically humanist, approach. The album ends with a recording of Truffaut's voice which leads into a brief piano improvisation on the alien's theme from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, the film by Steven Spielberg in which Truffaut played the role of the benevolent scientist. Like the best of Truffaut, it's an unashamedly emotional, three-hanky-weepie, moment.



There are more accorions on the release of Gato Barbieri's wonderful score for Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris* (Rykodisc), which has been deleted for years. It's one of the best of all jazz soundtracks, and the combination of the Argentinian saxophonist's sand-blasted tone with the swirling strings of the orchestra and those deceptively cheery squeeze-boxes remains compelling listening. Lush, romantic tangos are mixed with Latin jazz solos wherein Barbieri's keening wail sounds more than ever like a small mammal suffering extremes of pain. The soundtrack album was a re-recording of the original score as used in the film, but the reissue also includes *The Last Tango in Paris Suite*, a series of 28 musical cues taken from the actual soundtrack of the film. They're all very brief, but the music is often even more intensely passionate than on the original album.

The soundtrack album for the recent Beat Generation movie, *The Last Time I Committed Suicide* (Blue Note), mixes old bop tracks by Monk, Mingus, Max Roach, Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie and Art Blakey together with period songs by Ella Fitzgerald and the Andrews Sisters, an original score by Tyler Bates, and a few contributions from current Blue Note artists. The old stuff is reliably good, and Bates's score admirably tries to put a bit of punkish retro into its retro-bop modes, but apart from a version of Muddy Waters' "Country Girl" sung by the great Cassandra Wilson with Javoo Jackson, the other contributions by Blue Note acts – pianist Jacky Terrasson and two tracks by the over-rated singer Dianne Reeves – are hardly essential. Neither are the brief snippets of dialogue from the soundtrack, an irritation increasingly common on film albums, and one for which Quentin Tarantino can probably be blamed.

The soundtrack album to the American independent director John Sayles's latest film, *Men With Guns* (Rykodisc), is a real find. The film is set in Guatemala and the music is a Ry Cooder-ish archeological dig through the many layers of Latin American dance-styles (with yet more accorions), together with an original score by Mason Daring, written largely for the

marimba and intended to invoke the spirit of Mayan music. The results are strange, but very effective.

So too is *The Professional: The Best of Laurie Johnson* (Redial). Although the ethnic coordinates of the veteran composer's 21 television and film themes are fixed throughout on the Home Counties, the contents remain – perhaps surprisingly – consistently interesting, whether considered as anthropology or music. And it has to be both really. Original themes for *The Avengers*, old and new, *The Professionals*, *Jason King*, *This Is Your Life* and a stunning adaptation of Ravel's *Bohème*, sound



'Last Tango in Paris' (MSI), left, and Thelonious Monk, the godfather of jazz soundtracks (William Gottlieb)

better than any recording that features the Mike Sammes Singers has a right to. The composer gets to stretch out a bit more on the companion release, *The Musical Worlds of Laurie Johnson* (Redial), which features three suites written in a classical vein, but this has to be one for the seriously committed, while anyone can enjoy high-kicking, Mrs Peel-style, to *The Avengers*.

Finally, although it's more ambient or techno than jazz, *Suck It And See* (Pussyfoot) by the various artists of the Pussyfoot posse – who include the cult mixer and producer Howie B – is dedicated to the proposition that porn movies are the new

rock 'n' roll. Dialogue samples from sleazy Seventies British porn movies; deconstructions of continually climactic themes (some of which sound remarkably like Laurie Johnson), and the odd attempt at old bedroom-soul are bricolaged with drum-machine beats to create a disconcerting soundtrack for the late-night activities of libidinous chubbers. Like most dance compilations, the two CDs go on and on, keeping it up long past the point where you'd be happy to settle for a cup of cocoa and a cuddle, but as a bit of post-coital slap and tinkle they're amusing enough. They're also seriously obscene.

## THE CHARTS

### TOP 10 US SINGLES

- | TITLE & ARTIST                              |
|---|
| 1 I Don't Want To Miss A Thing<br>Aerosmith |
| 2 The First Night<br>Monica                 |
| 3 Crush<br>Jennifer Paige                   |
| 4 My Way<br>Usher                           |
| 5 The Boy Is Mine<br>Brandy & Monica        |
| 6 You're Still The One<br>Shania Twain      |
| 7 Adia<br>Sarah McLachlan                   |
| 8 Daydreamin'<br>Tatyana                    |
| 9 Never Ever<br>All Saints                  |
| 10 When The Lights Go Out<br>Five           |

### TOP 10 UK SINGLES

- | TITLE & ARTIST                                   |
|--|
| 1 No Matter What<br>Boyzone                      |
| 2 If You Tolerate This<br>Manic Street Preachers |
| 3 Music Sounds Better With You<br>Stardust       |
| 4 One For Sorrow<br>Steps                        |
| 5 What Can I Do?<br>The Corrs                    |
| 6 To The Moon And Back<br>Savage Garden          |
| 7 Everything's Gonna Be Alright<br>Sweetbox      |
| 8 Mysterious Times<br>Sash!                      |
| 9 Real Good Time<br>Aida                         |
| 10 Finally Found<br>Honeyz                       |

## Auntie gets down on the dancefloor

The BBC fully embraces dance music as the new rock 'n' roll (at last). By Jennifer Rodger

TO ANY regular clubber, the Radio One Essential Mix at the Brighton Conference Rooms presented a familiar scene: mind-bending visuals, tanned clubbers, glam girls with their knickers exposed and big name DJs spinning the tunes. But hang on a minute – good old Auntie presiding over what amounted to a rave? The recent tabloid outrage over Radio One's coverage of some of Ibiza's wilder club nights is a bit of a red herring too – the real question is: "What's dance music done to pop music?"

It's only been a few years since the BBC extended their definition of "popular music" beyond the likes of Sonia and Jason Donovan. Under the much criticised revolution instigated by former Radio One Controller, Matthew Bannister, the station has increased its dance music coverage from just a few hours a week in the early Nineties to a staggering 34 hours today. Despite plummeting listening figures, the station ought still to be considered the de facto arbiter of what constitutes pop music. Up until about 1992, Radio One

more or less ignored the dance music scene that had not only filled fields and warehouses across the country but also tabloid front pages.

That the Beeb for a long time chose not to acknowledge the biggest underground music development since punk was everyone's loss. After all, the last 10 years have proved that dance music has the traits of virtually every previous youth cult: the anti-authoritarianism of early rock 'n' roll; the idealism of flower power; the hedonism of rock and the DIY ethic of punk. According to the station's music policy in the late Eighties and early Nineties, however, the only specialist listening beyond the rump of sugary pop was a smattering of soul, a dollop of heavy metal, the odd hit of reggae and John Peel sitting over the leftovers.

In one respect at least, the hubbub over Radio One's presence in Ibiza illustrates that dance music has usurped, for the time being at least, the hedonism with which pop groups were traditionally associated – the tabloids have fallen on salacious accounts of

libidinous goings-on in the Balearics and Sky is even screening an Ibiza Special focusing on Radio One's jaunt on the party island.

Back in the slightly less glamorous surroundings of Brighton last weekend, Auntie appeared to have done its homework with a flawless line-up of DJ talent on offer: Danny Rampling, Judge Jules, Grooverider and LTJ Bukem. In terms of a live pop gig, though, it looked more like a larger-than-life Eighties disco in a venue which usually plays host to sales conferences and graduation ceremonies. Even on the terms in which clubbers have mythologised the genesis of the dance scene, it was hardly an alcohol-free carnival in a disused warehouse. Not a temporary autonomous zone in sight, in fact.

The evening's eclectic line-up provided other clues as to how pop is trying to absorb the assault of the multi-million pound dance music industry. Alongside crowd pulling DJs were up-and-coming live bands. Your mum would recognise Monkey Mafia and the Lo-Fidelity Allstars as pop

groups but they, like other smaller acts here tonight, owe their existence largely to dance music. The DJs took top billing, however, and it's a measure of their power that Pete Tong and Judge Jules (who along with other Radio One DJs made his name at the dance-orientated Kiss FM) are allowed to choose their play list for their Radio One shows – a privilege indeed in the strictly regulated studios of BBC Radio.

Star DJs have been increasingly common in what was once a collective scene priding itself on anonymity and last Saturday's DJs literally found themselves on pedestals. However, various attempts to recreate the excitement of a proper live gig – in particular, the organisers tried to rouse the audience with a placard announcing hit tunes on the decks – fell flat.

A less than successful synthesis, then. Perhaps the Beeb will never fully be able to appropriate what remains a thriving underground phenomenon. Until then, Mohamed, it seems, will continue to demand the presence of the mountain.

## Music to stare into the distance to

EVEN IF the songs weren't as great as they are, Mojave 3 would still deserve a lengthy ovation for contrariness above and beyond the call of duty.

The band's vocalists, Neil Halstead and Rachel Goswell, spent their formative years in Slowdive, making records which consisted largely of feedback and mumbling about clouds. Strange though it now seems, Slowdive personified an entire era in indie rock – the grim, pre-BritPop early Nineties. They were the depressing apotheosis of the we-just-do-it-for-ourselves-ethic, where doing anything so showmanlike as actually peering through your fringe at the audience every seventh song was regarded as a bit, you know, flash.

Mojave 3, Halstead and Goswell's new incarnation, have rarely been in danger of attracting comparisons to

POP  
MOJAVE 3  
BORDERLINE, LONDON

Van Halen, but they no longer look faintly embarrassed about being on stage. There again, there's no reason why they should. They're about to release their second fine album – the inaccurately titled *Out of Tune* – in two attempts, and the venue is absurdly full. This doubtless looks encouraging from the stage, but it's not much fun as far as hot, crowded, airless, smoke-filled basements go, but it is entirely unsuitable for Mojave 3 and their gently rocking country laments.

Halstead's fine songs are reflective, contemplative, the kind of thing you listen to in those bleak, lost, staring-

into-the-middle-distance early hours when, say, AC/DC's *Back in Black* just isn't going to do the trick.

Live, they would be best appreciated somewhere where you can sit down, and not have to struggle to hear over the incessant yammerings of the rest of the audience, who seem to be having just as much trouble keeping their attention focused on the stage.

There are five of Mojave 3, including former Chapterhouse guitarist Simon Rowe, and they are joined for some of tonight's nine-song set by BJ Cole, the pedal steel player who has recently been appearing with The Verve. (An incestuous camaraderie appears to be developing among musicians who can recall the days before Oasis walked the earth – Halstead also plays guitar in Bernard Butler's band.) With one exception ("This Road I'm Travelling"), all the

songs they play are from the forthcoming album, which suggests a certain confidence, and fair enough, too.

While no meaningful stylistic leap has taken place since the debut – the oft-cited comparisons to Nick Drake, Cowboy Junkies and Gram Parsons remain valid – Halstead sounds more comfortable than previously.

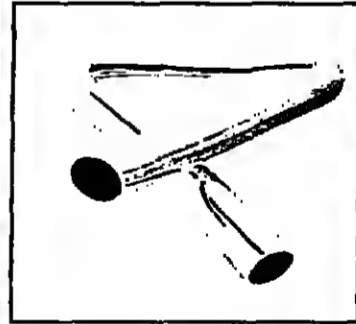
In parts, particularly on the finale, the glorious "Baby's Coming Home", he even looks it – and, suddenly, so do the rest of them.

If Mojave 3 can start to find it in themselves to throw themselves into their performances like this a little more, they may be able to carry venues like this. Until then, they will remain an oddity, albeit a treasurable one – a country band whose natural setting is the studio.

ANDREW MUELLER

## LYRIC SHEETS

MARTIN NEWELL



Mike Oldfield launches 'Tubular Bells 3' at Horse Guards Parade tonight. The latest instalment of his instrumental opus is released this month, and features a dance beat and techno bassline underpinning the more familiar tubular bells.

### Tubular Bells Revisited

**Tubular Bells**  
In Horse Guards Parade Across St. James's Park The sound drifts over Downing St. In damp autumnal dark Reverberates in Admiralty Across the roofs to Treasury As somewhere in the M.O.D. A middle-aged clerk Remembering the record Pauses for a second

**Tubular Bells?**  
In Horse Guards Parade? When he was in his prime The only sounds in Whitehall Were cars and Big Ben's chime And if it all seems strange somehow When summer's gone you must allow That it gets late much earlier now Good Lord, is that the time? The piece went on forever In those days it was clever

**Tubular Bells**  
In Horse Guards Parade An added beat with techno bass The soundtrack's last resort But in September's clammy fist Reminds one of *The Exorcist* Forgive me, That's your train you've missed No acid – mine's a port It's churlish to decry it My son may go and buy it

Deutsche Grammophon and a chic hi-fi firm are pushing out the boat. By Robert Cowan

## Now it's bang up to date

THE FASHIONABLE marriage of lifestyle and classical music was newly consummated in Edinburgh on Sunday when, at Leith Harbour on board the lavishly attired liner *Seabourn Pride*, Deutsche Grammophon consolidated a "corporate partnership" with Seabourn Cruise line, and the Danish audio-visual company Bang & Olufsen.

The partnership will yield a "themed cruise" in the spring of 1999 (where DG will host some of their most prestigious artists), and a specially prepared six-CD set for sale in B&O's retail outlets.

Another CD initiative centres on *The Art of Seduction*, a lavishly presented single-disc package which, like the multi-disc set, "will be presented to the public with the latest Bang & Olufsen technology", the "latest" being B&O's minimalist BeoSound 9000 CD Player. What a pity DG's pioneer of the techno-classical revolution, the late Herbert von Karajan, wasn't around to see it.

If there is any truth to the rumour that classical music sits more comfortably among the affluent classes, then B&O UK's marketing manager, Graeme Taylor, will have his work cut out. "We need to explore the myriad possibilities that are open to us," he told me, fresh from attending a promotional mini-concert where the violinist Augustin Dumay raced headlong into a Brahms sonata. "We're thinking in terms of product placement within theatres or concert halls, so concert-goers can explore B&O."

Deutsche Grammophon's president, Karsten Witte, spoke of his company as being especially "future orientated", and he prides himself on the "beautiful CD packaging" that finds a rough parallel in B&O's sleek, decidedly futuristic designs. Both product ranges are traditionally highly priced, but will the principle of selling premium-price CDs



Jian Wang, above left, performs on the liner. Violinist Augustin Dumay, above right, is involved in promoting the partnership



in a hi-fi shop anger local CD retailers who are trying to shift the same titles? "We have to face a differentiation of the market-place," replies Witte, somewhat guardedly.

Competitive trading is rarely a comfortable subject for discussion, least of all for the man in charge. "Maybe things were easier when you had just the one record shop in town," he adds. "I mean by that your shop, a place where you could listen, get advice, and so on. But times have changed; nowadays

people buy their records at very different kinds of places."

Witte fancies the idea of selling discs in a "boutique-style" shopping environment. Plainly, the gentleman's not for dishing down. But is this just another ploy to help prop up a tottering market? And is it really the way forward?

Listening among us in the ship's lounge were patrons of the current cruise, mostly elderly and prone to doze. And yet, one performance in particular held their attention. Cel-

list Jian Wang told us of a blind Chinese street musician who learned of reflected moonlight from his mother, then wrote a song about it. Wang played us the song unaccompanied, and everyone sat spellbound.

You see, that's how the big-time hits work. Directness. Simplicity. Sincerity. Human interest (think of Gorecki's girl in a Gestapo cell, Bryars's homeless singer, Heligott's half-cock antics and Kennedy's punk protests). The rest is, with due respect to Seabourn, plain sailing.



## Modern tempos

Raymond Monelle reviews the best and the worst from the Edinburgh Festival

IN A world of cheapjack trivia, the music of Pierre Boulez seems like an island of purity. This kind of Modernism is never a portrayal of anything, over merely picturesque or pretty. Occasionally in the monumental *Pli selon pli*, performed by the vibrant soprano Valérie Anderson with the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, you hear familiar sounds such as the clamour of a bell or the rippling of water. But this music is always a doing before it is a picturing, a working out of possibilities in a rational musical world. The conductor, Martyn Brabbins, gave a practical, no-nonsense account of the piece, his excellent musicians mastering the difficulties with a great deal of sang-froid. It was an inspiring achievement.

Even if audiences were not always large, it was good that this weekend of modern music took place in the Edinburgh Festival's main venue, the Usher Hall. The previous evening, Boulez himself had directed a concert of progressive music from the whole span of the 20th century, his own Ensemble Intercontemporain flashing and sparkling in the virile, forthright *Intégrales* of Varèse, witty and wry in the gurgling Chamber Concerto of Ligeti. Laura Alkin was the seraphic soloist in Stravinsky's *Japanese Lyrics*.

In the final concert of the group, Alain Daniéls moomed around the stage as soloist in Elliott Carter's *Clarinet Concerto*, and David Robertson directed the ensemble in two world premieres. Boulez's *Sur incises* is an expansion for chamber group of his own *Incises* for piano; the cascading virtuosity survives in this new work, in which three pianists and three harps, with an array of percussion, maintain rhythm through a network of enormous complexity.

The other new work, Philippe Manoury's *Fragments pour un portrait*, seemed to summarise the history of Modernism as well as pointing to a post-Modern future. The

primitive atmospheres of Stravinsky led to traces of dance and ritual and to grinding, swirling and veering textures that were strongly visual.

The Festival Chorus, sung by the bad reviews they received for earlier concerts, pulled out all the stops in Brahms's *Deutsches Requiem*. The Finnish Radio Symphony Orchestra did not impress; the strings were anaemic and there were mishaps in the wind. However, Jukka-Pekka Saraste proved to be the right conductor for the job. He began in a broad tempo, heavy with sadness, but soon his explosive and ferocious rhythms brought out the mighty power of the chorus, and he pressed them mercilessly to greater and greater outbursts.

Ryan Terfel, having withdrawn from his earlier Festival commitments, was at last present for this concert. His terrific rhetoric was worthy of a Wagnerian god, and was balanced by the more serious, detached soprano of Karita Mattila.

In earlier concerts, the Orchestra of the Eighteenth Century presented a sorry spectacle. Bands of "authentic" instruments can sound sparky and flavoursome, but the oldwater has not been invented that is as dull as this outfit.

Best was the rather inconsequential ballet music from Rameau's *Naïs*: Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony fell flat, and in a soporific evening of Mendelssohn only Thomas Zehetmair's *al fresco* account of the *Violin Concerto* had any life, though the conductor, Frans Ellegren, gave all the wrong tempos. His attempts to sabotage the Italian Symphony were, unfortunately, successful.

A performance of Wolf's *Spanisches Liederbuch* by the inactive, charming Amanda Roocroft and the jovial Olaf Bar could have been one of the Festival's glowing pearls. It was vitiated by a wrong choice of venue, with a tiny audience in the Usher Hall, the voices faded into the vast empty space, all intimacy lost.

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# The music outlives the murder

AS EMMA Thompson is bursting to tell us, she's making a film about the Chilean singer-songwriter, Victor Jara: hence the concert she's shooting at the Festival Hall on Sunday. But now is the time to praise Victor Jara, for it's 25 years to the month since he was machine-gunned down by Pinochet's thugs, after days of torture during which his hands and wrists were methodically smashed. His weapon was the guitar, silencing him, and banning his records after his death, was part of the fascist regime's sacred mission.

This week sees the release of a Jara compilation called *Manifesto* (ESMCD 6667), plus the re-publication of his widow Joan Jara's biography, *Victory: An Unfinished Song*, which she has brought up-to-date (Bloomsbury £7.99). And if you read her harrowing tale - ideally in conjunction with the four-CD box set *Victor Jara Complete* (Piano 88747) - you may begin to understand why this glorious performer mesmerised his generation, and why Pinochet was so desperate to liquidate him.

Jara was born poor and stayed poor: every ounce of his energy went into his campaign to improve the lot of Chile's peasantry. He was a Communist in the idealistic Latin American sense of the word: a man of action, not ideology, who was always ready to roll up his sleeves and labour with the people he loved. And about whom he sang, for the songs are as much a social chronicle as an autobiography. A chance encounter was enough to set him off - a weaver he met by a lake, a sick child dumped at the door of the college where he taught - and the lyrics are lovely poems in their own right. Moreover, he knew how to find the universal in the intimate. One of his most famous songs - "Te recuerdo, Amanda" - contained, says Joan Jara, "both his mother's smile and the promise of his daughter's youth".

The limp label "protest-singer" undersells him grossly, but it accurately describes the song he wrote on hearing of the massacred squatters in Puerto Montt: he named names, and pointed the finger. And as the bourgeoisie mobilised to crush Allende, so the Chilean Song Movement of which he was leader became inexorably politicised. One of his most haunting works, inspired by the murder of a friend in a peace-



MICHAEL CHURCH

*Jara was a man of action who rolled up his sleeves to labour with the people he loved and sang about*

ful demonstration, was an oblique prophecy of his own death, though the way that came - the soldiers hated him as the Spanish fascists had hated Lorca - was infinitely more terrible. The last track of *Victor Jara: Manifesto* is a reading of his final poem, scribbled on a piece of paper and smuggled out of the sports stadium where his body was broken. "What I see, I have never seen..." Listen to these words, then listen to his warm and vibrant voice in happier days.

As I found on a recent research trip to Chile, the battle Jara fought is far from won. Musicians told me of their residual fear of the army, which still looms like a ghostly threat after eight years of quasi-democracy. Opera is thriving, thanks to Pinochet's insistence that Chile should compete in the international league, but other forms of music are desperately marginalised. A whole generation of writers, film-makers, and musicians were forced into exile after 1973: for two decades culture came to a halt. "We have been effectively lobotomised," said one. "Our task is to recover our communal memory."

NOW TO pianistic events, which are hotting up for the autumn. Those within striking distance of Blackheath Concert Halls this weekend have the chance to sample a unique festival in which every aspect of the piano is being explored. Meanwhile, Glasgow prepares to host the new

and thriving Scottish International Piano Competition (Sept 10-19). And on 17 September, the most remarkable documentary ever made about a pianist - *Richter: The Enigma* - is being screened at the Barbican.

Whereon hangs a tale. This film may be long and serious, but that hasn't stopped it winning prizes, nor has it deterred European TV networks from buying the right to show it. But the British networks have turned it contemptuously down: par for the course, given the philistine dimwits who currently rule the television roost. So it's nice to be able to report that it's now available as a Warner video.

For piano fans with a longer purse - and longer sleeves - next week sees the launch of something momentous: a 200-CD collection from Philips called *Great Pianists of the 20th Century*. According to Philip's director of repertoire, Tom Deacon: "We realised that at the end of the century we should look at how piano playing has changed, and we decided to expand the idea beyond the Polygram labels." And so, for the first time ever, the big labels are sinking their differences in a joint venture. Everybody who is - or was - anybody is here, with the oldest being Paderewski and the youngest (by a mile) Evgeny Kissin. The translated liner notes leave a lot to be desired, but the discs themselves are piano heaven.

MY SUGGESTION two weeks ago that superstar counter-tenor, Andreas Scholl, had been lured to Decca from Harmonia Mundi by filthy lucre has been greeted with outrage by his agent and recording manager. OK. OK. Ignoble insinuation, take it all back etc etc. But now I hear something even more deplorable. It seems the boy is not merely going to do crossover stuff, but will record at least one album, which is firmly on the other side of the divide. Let's rock with Scholl!

This is madness. He may be, as we discovered at Glyndebourne this summer, the most perfect singer of his breed, but he's still a one-hit wonder. Prudence should have dictated a consolidation period of at least two years, before he stakes all on what Decca sweetly terms "an exciting, long-range recording plan".



'What I see': the Chilean singer-songwriter Victor Jara, whose words and music so threatened Pinochet

## There's nowt so queer as our folk music

### ON THE AIR

THE WEEK ON RADIO REVIEWED BY ROBERT MAYCOCK

IMAGINE: A caravan rolls up in the town square and opens to disgorge a little concert platform. Out come an amplifier, a pair of loudspeakers and a grand piano. Soon a Prokofiev performance is in full swing - the locals look a touch nonplussed as they peer out of their windows.

No dream, this. It was happening around the Languedoc-Roussillon region, the caravan bore the name of Radio France, and the Arte television channel carried a report about it. We claim in Britain to be serious about "audience development". Could you see the same thing

happening here? Either the project would be scuppered by hawkish purists who thought amplification destroyed the integrity of the music, or the townsfolk would be so patronised they'd leave the windows shut.

In another holiday encounter, a radio report investigated the new concert hall in Lucerne. State-of-the-art building work includes ready-made television facilities, so that broadcasters don't have to spend half the day setting up the basics. The hall has acoustic design by Russell Johnson, as in Birmingham's Symphony Hall - at least that's something we've got right.

Who paid? The city voted to provide half the cost, and now it gives free public transport to ticket-holders. This report was on the BBC World Service, so there is no excuse for ignorance. Future UK city mayors, please note. Which way the vote would go, of course, is another matter.

If we really were developing audiences, instead of planning to throw money into cheaper seats for people who already go, there might be grounds for hope. But a lot of us hate sharing privileges. Look at the rubbishing Ken Russell got for making popular films about classical composers. There he was again on Bank



Ken Russell Geraint Lewis  
Holiday Monday, safely hidden away in a late-night Channel 4 slot in case anybody got ideas. They would have, too. Ken

Russell in *Search of the English Folk Song* was one of his quirky classics. If you survived the opening dream sequence, and Percy Grainger's orchestral version of "Brigg Fair", you will have decided that the mix included a dose of self-mockery.

Setting out like a collector of the early 20th century, he found a guitar band in his local Hampshire pub that writes its own songs. The leader's father, a devotee of Native Americans, is even more prolific and composes anti-redneck numbers, eg "You Don't Have to Join the Ku Klux Klan to be a Wizard Under the Sheets". "Haven't got anything a

bit more English around here, have you?" asked Russell. But that was the point. On went the trail, to Bob Appleyard of Lymington who sang poetically about the Fawley oil refinery, to the derelict Greenham Common site where three veterans recalled their anti-missile lyrics, to June Tabor delivering a touching tale of a heroic pigeon-racer, to veterans Fairport Convention and Osibisa, to the creative Waterson/Carthy family, to Donovan still droning on about Nirvana, and to the dynamic Edward II fusing reggae with Celtic tunes. Russell's foibles faded away.

He slipped in his conclusions so deftly that you might have missed them, and left Ashley Hutchings of the Albion Band to say that the old function of folk song died before the television age. And now? "We English have always plundered other people's cultures," Russell summed up. "Maybe there's no such thing as an authentic English folk song." But you didn't need to catch him saying so; the whole programme showed the land heaving with sincere, strong and sparky music in all sorts of guises. The spirit is alive and well - the substance has just grown a bit.

## Rostrum star rises

### PROMS

BRENDEL/HONECK:  
WEBERN, BEETHOVEN,  
PROKOFIEV

Honeck's innate sense of timing was equally in evidence for at least part of Prokofiev's Fifth Symphony. The first movement was at its most impressive for the animated development section, though elsewhere the orchestra's lack of tonal weight - especially among the strings - proved something of a stumbling block.

The cheeky second movement emerged as pert, articulate and witty (no string problems here), its quacking brass trio accelerating slowly for a riotous coda. In the Adagio, you could visibly follow Honeck's good intentions, but again, the orchestra's pooled sonority fell somewhere short of the ideal. The finale, on the other hand, found the entire band giving their all. If Honeck could achieve these results for one concert, imagine what he could do in a whole season. And, with so many conductorships currently up for grabs worldwide, he deserves to be given a break. And so do we.

Webster and Prokofiev flanked a performance of

Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto, with Alfred Brendel as soloist; supple and contained for most of its course, though with a striking statement of the bigger and more harmonically adventurous of Beethoven's first-movement cadenzas.

After a typically well judged opening solo, Honeck drew salient woodwind lines from the main tutti, then kept fully on the alert throughout a notably perceptive first movement. Terraced dynamics were in evidence virtually everywhere and, this time, the BBC strings surpassed themselves. The second movement's stern opening was properly con moto, terse and emphatic, so that Brendel's humble response was all the more affecting.

Only the finale seemed a little short on sparkle, but that may have been due to a mismatch between Honeck's clear-cut dynamism and Brendel's relative restraint. Whatever the ultimate verdict, I have a suspicion that, in years to come, when connoisseurs swap notes about Brendel's performances of Beethoven concertos, a knowing handful will cite the collaboration with Honeck as something rather special.

ROBERT COWAN

## Deutsche girl

### PROMS

MARIA FRIEDMAN  
BRECHT SETTINGS BY  
EISLER AND WEILL

IT'S EASY to deride classical music's obsession with anniversaries: "Who died 100 years ago? OK, let's play their music." Yet anniversaries can also cast new light on music we think we know, and illuminate music we don't know at all. Hanna Eisler was born in 1893, and his life embraced many of the contradictory possibilities facing the 20th-century composer: serialism, populism and communism; Weimar Germany, Hollywood and East Germany.

He studied with Schoenberg, collaborated with Brecht, got kicked out of the United States for "un-American activities": if not hidden from history, still a perfect candidate for a "centenary celebration".

Last Wednesday the Proms devoted most of a programme to his music, albeit in the late-night slot that almost confesses, "Sorry, this is a bit marginal." Nevertheless the turnout was good, perhaps because the singer originally advertised was Ute Lemper. In the event, Lemper's substitute was Maria Friedman, a different but no less forceful personality.

Conductor Robert Ziegler provided the Matrix Ensemble with arrangements of some of

Eisler's Brecht settings, as well as of four Weill songs, his instrumentation spiced with accordions and banjo, but tending to make Eisler sound like Weill, and vice-versa. Or perhaps that was Friedman's delivery (united for clarity). All texts were sung in English, a wise decision when first-rate translations, mostly by John Willett, are readily available. Friedman gave them her all. Not for her the ironic distancing that Brecht invites. Instead, she emitted the voice graven with vibrato, arms spread to embrace the whole Albert Hall. In a word, she Sondheim'd.

Authenticity may be chimerical when it comes to singing Weill and Eisler, but Friedman sacrificed pungent tunefulness for the swallowed sob, the bellowed howl that are West End style. Still, she sang 'em like she meant 'em, and that counts for a lot. The evening's highlights, though, were elsewhere: Ziegler opened with Eisler's *Kleine Symphonie* (1932), full of ideas, from the elemental string

figures that provided the work's foundation, to the early vocal wa-wa trumpet and trombone of the third movement. Hardly less impressive was the suite Eisler made from his score for Viktor Trivas' 1931 film *Niemandsland* (No Man's Land), with sax, tuba and banjo bouncing tunes around with merry abandon.

If that had been all, it would have convinced us that we should hear more Eisler, but the performance of *Bilder aus der "Kriegesibel"* ("Pictures from the War Primer") was truly special. The texts (sung by the BBC Singers, Andrew Murgatroyd, Stuart Macintyre and Carolyn Foulkes) were four-line epigrams which Brecht wrote to accompany war photos clipped from picture-magazines, their bitterness all the more emphatic for being understated: "Those murky forces, woman, that torment you! All have a face, an address and a name."

Eisler's music matched them with a sparseness that was quite stunning: no excessive gestures, no decoration, absolute clarity of colour and line, an angry masterpiece superbly performed. Eisler's time may have come at last.

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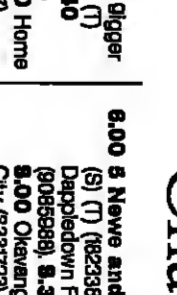






**THE FRIDAY REVIEW**  
The Independent 4 September 1998

# Channel 5



## TELEVISION REVIEW

(R) (7386655), **3.15** Weather Show (S) (7) (27153564),  
**3.25** Children's BBC, Playdays (R) (S) (7) (72830267), **3.40**  
 The Busy Month of Richard Scarry (R) (S) (7) (7024467),  
**4.10** The Lullaby Pet Shop (S) (4) (4647838),  
**4.20** Children's BBC, On Your Marks (S) (7) (6882025),  
**4.35** Cartoon Cinema (R) (S) (7) (5370723), **5.00**  
 Newsworld (S) (7) (3701076), **5.10** Byker Grove (R) (S)  
 (7) (6204075),  
**5.35** Neighbours (S) (7) (7027278),  
**6.00** News! Weather (7) (639),  
**6.30** Newsworld South Seat (7) (397),  
**7.00** Celebrity Roast, Steady, Cook, Sherron Davies  
 and Winnie Jones go 'oot' as Alamy Harroff and Phil  
 Vickery do miracles with a popper and a single (S)  
 (7) (5471).

**7:30 Top of the Pops.** Main Street, Peaseporc, Faldsea, Skep, Harpur, Harpur, Boyzone, The Corrs end Moderns eddy our youth (S) (T) (K2).

**8:00 Family Towers.** Basil wants to put some money on dead oart (R) (T) (R9).

**8:30 Only Fools and Horses.** Del wants to increase his social standing (R) (T) (R46).

**9:00 News/ Regional News/ Weather** (T) (R22).

**8:30 Hetty Wentworth Investigates.** Last part in the lovely Patricia Routledge old-age quinine series. Hetty tackles the case of the disappearing Victorian school me em (S) (T) (A807).

**10.20 CHOICE** *Greylock: the Legend of Taranis*, Lord of the Apes (Hugh Hudson 1994 US/LUX). Rather charming take on the Rice Burroughs' fable, with Christopher Lambert, Ralph Richardson and André MacDowell. See *Film of the Day*, below (8) (7) (7081385)

**12.25 ELM** *Percy* (Ralph Thomas 1971 U/L Hywel Bennett) is the nephew of the wordsmith (Paul Jones) and becomes obsessed with tracking down the 'Oxford Sex' (comedian) who has been almost forgotten (688600).

**2.15 Johns BBC News 24** (91985582) To 7am

**DOCUMENTARY OF THE DAY**

**ROCK FAMILY TREES** (Midson 1992, *Alpha* John Peel (*right*)) returns with a second six-part series of the wonderfully gossipy programme that traces the antecedents of the new aristocracy: rock musicians, who make up for what they lack in Norman ancestry with spades of money. This week, a travel back through the Sixties' acoustic scene. While Dylan and the folk-revolution contemporaries were buying electric plings for their guitars, the Mammas and the Papas and the Lovin' Spoonful were turning out hit after hit of happy-romantic harmony. They were also indulging in yows, self-abuse and Dive-In behaviour to elicit anything bands get up to today.

**There's something**

**OREYSTEKE, THE LEGEND OF TARZAN, LORD OF THE APES** (M20pm BBC1, 8pm) This was the moment when the face of Christopher "Sgt. Ripley" Lambert really took off. Hugh Hudson has a creditable stab at reproducing the novel with more plaudits on the cut, though the film has generated itself more publicity on the cult front for the misreading of the two central roles. Lambert looks great with long hair, but has the emotional subtlety of an elephant gun, and model Andrea McDowell's voice turned out to be so refreshingly Midwestern that they had to draft in the then little-known actress Glenn Close to lip-synch throughout.



**OREYSTEKE, THE LEGEND OF TARZAN, LORD OF THE APES** (M20pm BBC1, 8pm) This was the moment when the haze of Christopher "Lightbulb" Lambert really took off. Hugh Hudson has a creditable stab at reproducing the novel with more plaudits on the cut, though the film has generated itself more publicity on the cult front for the misreading of the two central roles. Lambert looks great with long hair, but has the emotional subtlety of an elephant gun, and model Andrea McDowell's voice turned out to be so drastically Midwestern that they had to draft in the then little-known actress Glenn Close to lip-synch throughout.

**6.00** **B News and Sport (S)** (6833910). **7.00** **WideWorld (S)** (1502910). **7.30** **Mikhekel (R)** (5006900). **7.35** **(S)** (1502910). **7.30** **Mikhekel (R)** (5006900). **7.35** **(S)** (1502910).

D. (c) *Wagon Farm* (R) (1939/34) **5.00** *Heavenly* (S)  
 (1938/38) **6.30** *Alien and the Dinosaurs* (R) (1934/40)  
**5.00** *Chameleon* (1938/75) **5.22** *Legend of the Hidden*  
**5.00** *Leziz* (Z) (1934/40) *Summit Beach* (S) (T) (1944/55)  
**4.10** *Leziz* (S) (1934/40) **1.20** **5.00** *News at Noon* (S)  
 (1938/47) **12.30** *My Fair Alana* (S) (T) (1937/45) **1.00**  
 (1938/47) **12.30** *The Band and the Beautiful* (S) (T) (1935/55) **1.30** *The*  
*Band and the Beautiful* (S) (T) (1935/55) **1.30** *Don*  
*and Daughters* (1938/52) **2.00** **100** *Per Cent Good* (S)  
 (1937/57) **2.30** *Open House* (George Glendon Humford) (S)  
 (1938/39/41)

**5:10 The Oprah Winfrey Show.** Harrison Ford tells us beams up with a bounty hunter to track a smuggler. Romantic tosh with Cynthia Geary (2361297).

**6.00 100 Per Cent (\$)(4452181).**

conquest (S) (T) (443433).

**7.30 Wildlife SOS.** The seagull from the last episode has a check-up, George the fox cub is returned to the wild, and Malcolm rescues a badger (S) (T) (4449617).

**5.30** **Slack as a Parrot.** Fatima Whitbread and darts maestro Eric Bristow, a natural comedy duo if ever I saw one, gust (5) (6/20/82).

**5.00** **ELIM** **Payback** (Ken Cameron 1987 US). Mary Tyler Moore is still as elegant as a crooked cop. Bad movie. Also stars Ed Aarns (38073365).

10.35 Stephen King's Golden Years (S) (T) (822418).

11.35 **ELM** Indecent Behaviour (Lawrence Lancot 1991 US). Sex therapist becomes a murder suspect.

**1.26 FILM** *Cleopatra* (Richard Burgin, 1992 US), Nelive Americans stand up to evil loggers (29898940).


**3.16 FILM** *60 Red the Rose* (King Vidor 1935 US), CW. Wer romance. (27890834).

**4.40 Prisoner Call Block H** (4529259), **5.30 100 Per Cal** (S) (4422389), to 8am

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